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THE BOOKMAN

JOHN FARRAR, *Editor*

THE POINT OF VIEW

MIDDLE AGED BOOKS

ELSEWHERE in the pages of THE BOOKMAN there is a small space allotted to "Books That May Have Escaped You". It is a space devoted to one of the best of causes — the cause of the "middle aged" books which are still too young to have taken their places beside "Vanity Fair" and "David Copperfield", and at the same time too old to be thought of among the newer books. They are the books of the middle distance which for the moment have no existence for the general public.

As everyone knows, there are by no means enough novels of taste, distinction, and merit published in a single year to provide for the needs of the novel reader of discrimination. Out of the hundreds of novels which come each year from the presses there are far less than fifty in which a reader of taste may find satisfaction. Meanwhile the middle aged books sit on the dusty shelves of the publisher and bookseller, not yet having attained the distinction of being included in a collected edition and yet, for the moment, forgotten. Many of these have in the shuffle escaped the discriminating reader. Many of them are well worth reading more than once. But there they lie, neglected for want of someone to shout their names.

One can think of an endless number of such books — "Howards End" and "A Room with a View" by E. M. Forster, "The Voyage Out" and "Day and Night" by Virginia Woolf, "The House of Mirth" and "Ethan Frome" by Edith Wharton, "The Rise and Fall of Susan Lenox" by David Graham Phillips, "The Turmoil" and "The Magnificent Ambersons" by Booth Tarkington, "The Conqueror" by Gertrude Atherton, "Carnival" by Compton Mackenzie. And so on. One might provide a long, long list with something for the taste of everyone. The classics have a place of their own and the advertisements of the publishers provide sufficient ballyhoo for the books of the moment. It is the poor middle aged book which is neglected, and it is the reader who is likely to be the serious loser. You

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may have missed a book or you may find great pleasure in rereading it after years. They are all there, waiting in the dust of some bookseller's alcove.

WIT VERSUS REALISM

IN the last few years since the war there has been waged fiercely among us a battle which is reflected admirably by the books of our time. Probably not since the Age of Pope has wit for wit's sake so called out plaudits in drawing room and in literature. The columnist finds himself not only the arbiter of the breakfast table but the director of morality, or the champion of the unmoral as the case may be. The light novel, as written by Messrs. Arlen, Van Vechten, Huxley, et al. reaches not only the highly sophisticated, but the tables of less precious rooms. Vast numbers of persons in varying social groups watch prayerfully the progress of their own smartness, and award laurel wreaths to the reigning princes of the bon mot. A sense that solidity in life and manner is intolerable pervades the journals of opinion, and we are faced with theatrical performances that, although sometimes genuinely funny like "The Cradle Snatchers", are flip to a point which must completely disenchant the Kiwanis Club member from Iowa. All this points possibly to the hollowness of the times. Is it likely that we shall be known for our sins as a godlessly clever age? Or will that other side of us become more strikingly apparent with the passing of years? That other side of us that is producing men like Eugene O'Neill, Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Carl Sandburg, Laurence Stallings, Wilbur Daniel Steele, Sinclair Lewis — what of that? It is passionately eager to understand life. Often, as in O'Neill and Anderson, it shows no knowledge that such a thing as a sense of humor exists. While the wits do their best to disguise life, these others delve further into the human soul than is comfortable and find material for novels, plays, poetry.

Between the two lies the ground of ease and comfort, the pleasant reaches of the urbane, the genial, and the quietly beautiful. Would it be a surprise if our era should somehow emerge by reason of those authors occupying a middle ground, authors like Cabell and Willa Cather, Hergesheimer and Edith Wharton, and the important group of English writers whose prose is excellent and whose stories are well constructed and logical? Perhaps not. Perhaps we are destined to be known by the badge of our extremists, for it is often they who understand best the peculiar publicity methods of the day. Would it not be a tragedy if we should be known as the Age of Columnists? Yet carefully considered, it becomes apparent that in personal characteristic and method these fashioners of daily pleasantries have much in common with the petty, vain, glamorous, and brilliant Alexander Pope; and we, ah we, hover about as the sniggering satellites in a court far less golden than in that golden time.

THE TRUTH ABOUT NATURE

ONE of the most marked developments in American fiction of the past ten years has been the change in front of the American writer toward nature and the soil. It is necessary at

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once to say that by the term "American writer" one means the writer of honesty, sincerity, distinction, and first hand knowledge, and not the man or woman who sits, crouched behind his typewriter, tearing off heart throbs for a two million circulation. And turning to those whose work deals with farm life, one is limited almost at once to the writers who are middle western in origin; who are, in other words, the sons and daughters of the men and women who subdued the prairie wilderness . . . such writers as Glenway Wescott, Ruth Suckow, Sherwood Anderson, Walter Muilenburg, and John Frederick. These are the ones who have known the soil and nature in all her capricious and frequently cruel manifestations. From them we do not have a pretty sentimental picture of farm life which is a combination of Pollyannishness and a Watteau idyl. It is something quite different.

There is a long gap between "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" and such books as "Country People", "The Apple of the Eye", and "Prairie". The difference perhaps has its origin in two causes: (1) that literary fashions have changed and that truth and the interpretation of life in its relations to the individual has taken the place of a joyous and unalloyed romanticism; (2) that a writer like Kate Douglas Wiggin (who was without doubt a charming person gifted with a charming imagination) never herded in the sheep during a cold rain that killed the first young lambs, nor husked corn on a freezing November morning, nor watched a garden being killed slowly by the drought. When "Rebecca" was written, the middle west was articulate only in such delightful far away books as "Monsieur Beaucaire". But times have changed, and those who know nature are writing of what they *know*. The result is not pretty. What they know is what Zola knew and what Thomas Hardy knows — that nature is not kind and sweet and sentimental, and that farm life is not an Arcadian idyl. Sometimes the fierce struggle against nature is a brutal picture and sometimes a tragic one, but always there is in it a fierce kind of splendor, as there must always be in the spectacle of so tiny a creature as man battling against the elements and in the end conquering them. It is a finer spectacle, more noble, more elevating, than all the specious, Pollyanna happiness which streams from the typewriter of the novelist who knows nothing of the truth. There is a fine available collection of American novels dealing with the struggle against nature — a finer collection perhaps than exists anywhere else in the world. It includes such books as "Country People", "Poor White", "The Apple of the Eye", and "Prairie" — books which have in them something of the fire of immortality because they are related closely to truth.

WORDS

PROCEEDING, with the prudence so necessary nowadays, through a typical New England city, the motorist's eye may note a remarkable advertisement. He is introduced to what are called "insuperable fabrics". His wandering gaze returns hastily to the street, and he obeys the glowing signal on the rear of the car ahead which reads "SLO".

Here are two significant "trends", as the English lecturers say, in the modern American Language. First, the use of a long word which means

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nothing because it is used incorrectly, and second, the abbreviating of an adequate and exact monosyllable to a three letter word meaning illiteracy. The amusing feature of this new development is that both solecisms are perpetrated by the same type of citizen. Together with a simple minded reverence for "words of learned length and thundering sound", he cherishes a passion for revealing his executive incisiveness by spelling "through" as "thru" (and pronouncing it that way into the bargain, no doubt).

And yet it is hardly correct to describe this attitude toward language as carelessness. It is rather a matter of indifference. It is a feature of modern democracy worthy of remark, that with all his hero worship and love for many admirable things, our average citizen is insensible to the love of speech. He is, as far as one may divine by observing his abuse of a singularly flexible and powerful instrument of expression, unaware of any elements of beauty in its sound and form. It affords the philosophic observer a certain amount of amusement to see the growing passion for early American furniture, early American glass and china and samplers by people who would be startled at the suggestion of any genuine beauty in early American speech! It would not be fair, of course, to lay too much stress upon this inconsistency. A man may admire Stiegel glass and pine cupboards, and talk of "putting the curb on the tide of crime", as one prominent person did the other day, and remain a valuable citizen. What we deplore is something very difficult to define in an age of mechanical efficiency. It is the lack of a reverence for words, so that we would not knowingly demote them from their high office of expressing what they mean. To have a familiarity with good English should not imply a lack of respect for it. To search for the origins of our speech is to evoke images of plangent beauty. Conrad alludes, in his famous preface to "The Nigger of the Narcissus", to "the old old words, worn thin and defaced by ages of careless usage". As though they were coins! And so they are, of varying value; and in destroying them, or mingling them with basely uttered counterfeits, we lessen the wealth of our speech.

TWO MORAL POLES AND MR. RUTH

ON the same morning two great New York City daily papers found editorial space to moralize concerning the exploits of Babe Ruth. These were not brilliant editorials. Each, in its way, was sentimental. They represented, however, the opposite poles of ethical thought, or perhaps of lack of thought. They give a striking example, also, of two journalistic attitudes. The New York "Tribune" betrays itself as still wearing remnants of the garb of itinerant preacher:

YOUNG AMERICA'S LOST HERO

All normal boys have to have heroes to look up to. When one topples from his pedestal and takes a nose dive, as Mr. "Babe" Ruth seems to have done, a condition arises.

What's to be done in a boy's world that shelters a great ball player who refuses to remain great and a heavyweight boxing champion who'd rather have his nose done over and get married than defend his title in a fight for less than a million dollars? We pause for reply.

The great baseball players of the past have gone to oblivion or to the grave with heads grayed or bald, but unbowed; the great fighters have passed only after an authoritative wallop has laid them authentically low. But what's to be done

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with a hero whose crown will not stay put simply because he won't let it?

With the fall from glory of "Babe" Ruth a million young Americans are bereft. Being a boy isn't as certain fun as it used to be.

The New York "World" discloses the equally popular tolerance for the picaresque:

THE AX FALLS ON RUTH

Babe Ruth has been fined $5,000 and indefinitely suspended. And are we, the great American public, virtuously shocked? Not at all. We long to look him up, pat him on the back and shake the bruinoid paw. If it were anybody else who had provoked Mr. Huggins to such summary action we would point a finger, shout "Fie, fie!" and read a moral about a player's duty to his club and team-mates. But not with Ruth. There is something about him, even when he is under the dark cloud of disgrace, which makes us find excuses and love him still. That is probably because we realize he has never grown up. He started life as a bad boy, and he is still a bad boy. And if now and then he pays the penalty that bad boys pay, he also reaps the reward that they reap. The whole world loves a bad boy. It ought to love Rollo, but actually it loves Huck Finn.

THE DODO LITERARY CLUB

CERTAIN stuffy societies purporting to spread a knowledge of literature should be definitely pursued by the Black Hand or any other organization of anarchy which practises the gentle art of bomb throwing. These little groups in various places throughout the country, and several groups not so little in the cities, are presided over by ladies or professorially inclined males with a tendency to literature and a large sense of the need for exercising executive ability. It is the prejudices of these always prejudiced organizers that dictate the policies of their faithful followers. The result is that the fresh current of present day literature is damned for them. Stuffiness reigns. Queen Victoria sits on one side of the rostrum and Lydia Pinkham on the other. Between them literature can be seen, a bled and waning damsel increased by ancient laces and a bustle.

Perhaps it does not greatly matter, and this type of badly rigged enthusiasm might as well sail the boat of letters. Yet it is a pity that an affair so vital as the writing and reading and discussion of books should be marked with the brand of stiff tea table and unfeeling dodoism. This type of thing has crept into organizations as well known as the Poetry Society of America, which should stand for vivid and constructive development of an interest in poetry in America, if it is to exist at all and have its present name. As it is, the group of ladies and gentleman in meeting act simply like a literary Rotary Club. Hour upon hour in the rooms where dodo societies meet, discussions progress as to the morality or immorality of current letters or, in some cases, of letters not so current. Still members become excited over the ways and sayings of the Brownings, and elaborately pursue the Shakespearian phrase over savory tea. It is ridiculous and unimportant; but it is a phase of so called cultural life in America that cannot be overlooked.

Excellent literary clubs there are, and they should be fostered; for when women cease to be interested in books, who indeed will read at all? Is there no way for the younger spirits (in feeling, not in actual years) of communities to break down the bars that hedge in the dodos, and convince them that all that is new is not radical, and that books can be read for pleasure as well as moral uplift? Let the dodo literary clubs vanish from the earth!

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MY DEAR MENCKEN

An Open Letter from Hugh Walpole

MY DEAR MENCKEN,

Once before in the pages of this same admirable journal we fought a little amiable battle.* I don't remember now precisely the cause of this old struggle of ours but I suspect that it was first cousin to the cause of this present letter, namely, a scream and a yell on your part because of the agonizing decadence of contemporary English literature. Now these screams and these yells proceeding from you are very puzzling to me because I have known you for a good many years and I have never seen you anything but restrained and quiet and as humorous as anyone I have ever met; but sometimes, when the pen is in your hand or you are dictating to a patient stenographer, you seem to be bitten by some demoniacal fly and a personality appears that I cannot believe to be yours. It is as though you said to yourself. "These people I am writing to are so damn stupid that unless I shout at the top of my voice they'll understand just nothing at all"; but you shout so loudly that you can't hear yourself write and, never condescending to look again at anything written, you never realize the strange cries that you have uttered.

You have, as an example, recently published an article, syndicated I imagine in every town in the United States — since I have received at least a hundred copies of it — of whose gesture and manner the words "scream", "shriek", and "yell" are only mildly descriptive.

The point of this article is, I gather, one of your old points, namely, to prove that contemporary English literature is in a sad and moping decline and that contemporary American literature is coming prancingly to the front. I use the word "prove" because that of course must have been your original intention; merely to "assert" something is of no interest to anybody, as you yourself have so frequently said during your splendid journalistic career. Your original intention, I repeat, was to prove that, according to the headlines above your article in a San Francisco paper, "Kipling, Hardy, Shaw, Bennett, all played out"; "today's English novels are decidedly second rate"; and "Americans in lead". Now if you had proved these things to be true or given fine argument enough to persuade many people to believe them to be true, what a fine work you would have done, because undoubtedly in England we are too complacent, we disregard too readily American opinion and we are not interested enough in the study of modern American literature; or if you had been a little more modest in your statements and had merely proved that the younger American literature is quite as interesting and important as the younger English literature and that America has now, after being far too long under the patronage of English literature, evolved something absolutely individual and of her own, you would have delighted us all.

* May and June, 1922.

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But, my dear Mencken, through what agony of soul have you been passing; under what outrageous English patronage have you been suffering? Has the success of "A Passage to India", "The Constant Nymph", "The Green Hat", Lytton Strachey's biographies, James Stephens's poems, Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan" in your country been too much for your local patriotism? I don't know; I am not arguing with you, I am only asking you, and much more in sorrow than in anger.

You will not read this letter if it is too long. Since I want you to read it I shall suggest only one or two things and then, offering you on your next visit to my decadent country a bottle of the very best Château Yquem (I speak in terms of Mr. Michael Arlen), I shall modestly withdraw.

Of these suggestions, then, the first. In general, isn't this comparison of national literatures a futile and hopeless thing? We have idiots at home, Richard Aldington and others, who are forever endeavoring to persuade us that the English novel ought to be French or Czech or Roumanian. Is it of any interest at all whether one literature is better or worse than another? Every country in its daily life provides for itself certain artists who do their best to bring their visions of truth and beauty home to their fellow human beings, and from these efforts once and again fine creative things result. A national literature does not all in a moment fall into decadence; moreover, contemporaries are never able to judge contemporary things, and it is certain that there are men and women writing both in England and America today unknown to their fellow men who will be seen in later days to have given magnificent gifts to their country. In any case, the literature of a nation is neither greater nor less because of the literature of another nation; and if you feel, as you obviously do, that American letters have been suffering for far too long under the patronage of English letters, you do not cure that evil by shouting at the top of your voice that English letters are no longer of any account.

Secondly, to come to some of your assertions. Bennett, you say, is writing bad plays and occasionally a worse novel—you instance "Riceyman Steps". Well, every man is his own critic and a plain assertion on my part that "Riceyman Steps" is a beautiful novel well worthy of a place in a contemporary literature of any country is of no value at all, but I believe that the finest critical minds of both England and America (with the exception of course of your own) have found the book to be an example of beauty at its very best and far from a sign of decadence, and I do ask you to consider honestly for a moment whether, if "Riceyman Steps" had been written by Sinclair Lewis or James Branch Cabell, you would not be acclaiming it proudly in this very same article of yours.

Thirdly, you say: "I point to E. M. Forster's 'Passage to India'. It was cried up at home as something rare and superb, a piece of writing of the first rank. . . . But what is it in fact? It is a very respectable novel, workmanlike, amusing and inoffensive. . . . Every year there is another 'Passage to India'—nay, every six months." Here again there is no value in the positive assertion; it is only your opinion against mine; but I believe that no unprejudiced reader of taste could justly consider Forster's work and apply to it these adjectives. He is not respectable, and the respectabilities are precisely the evils he has attacked in every novel that he has written; he

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is not workmanlike nor is he inoffensive; and to respectable readers, whether he is a good or a bad writer, he has a personality entirely distinct from every novelist, English and American, now alive — you could not read an unsigned page of Forster's and have any doubt as to the author. Every year, alas, another "Passage to India" is not published, nor will be unless (a happy event for many of us) he himself publishes a novel every year.

Katherine Mansfield I leave to your denunciation. Such stories as "The Fly" and "The Dove" need, I think, no defense from anyone. If you think her short stories to be as "devoid of genuine imaginative passion as so many bond circulars" then I tell you (and here there is a personal assertion naked and unashamed) you don't know what genuine imaginative passion is.

Don't you betray a little your ignorance of contemporary English literature by speaking of Sheila Kaye-Smith as a "revolutionary English novelist"? If there is any English novelist writing today, other than myself, less revolutionary than Sheila Kaye-Smith, I should like to hear of him or her. Her novels are absolutely in the English tradition, in form, in narrative, and in presentation and development of character; she is blamed continually for not being revolutionary enough; and to class her as you do shows, dear Mencken (I know you will forgive me for this impertinence), a deep and surprising ignorance.

You say that Shaw is sunk in his dotage—Shaw, whose last play, "Saint Joan", has been universally considered in England, America, France, Italy, and, above all, in Germany, the finest work of his life.

No, I wish for your own sake that you had not screamed so loudly. There is a great deal of value to be said about the present English indifference to American letters so that fine works like Willa Cather's "Lost Lady", Hergesheimer's "Balisand", Frost's beautiful poetry, pass over here almost unnoticed. Yes, we have our sins and you in America have yours; but our contemporary literature is not decadent, nor do you prove it to be decadent by making bald assertions with no argument behind them.

Believe me your most sincere friend,

HUGH WALPOLE.

WIND

By Alice E. Clear

WIND, blow upon my heart;
Fill it with melodies,
As you fill yielding poplars.
Bend its desires as grasses bend
Earthward, to rise again.

Wind, blow upon my heart;
There is a fear in quiet.

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OUR YOUNGEST CRITICS

By Margery Williams Bianco

IF an actor were called upon to produce a play, entirely alone, and before an audience at once eager to be amused yet highly skeptical of the deliberate attempt to amuse; uncertain of what it does want but amazingly definite as to what it does not; demanding continual diversion and surprise; appreciative of results when they come out right but wholly devoid of that weakness which makes us bear with an artist through sympathy either with himself or with what he is trying to do; and not bound by any canons of mere politeness to remain if the play does not please — that actor, I imagine, would be very much in the position of the author who deliberately sets out to write a story that will please children.

I say "deliberately", because there it seems to me you have the root of the whole question. Nothing is easier than to write a story *for* children; few things harder, as any writer knows, than to achieve a story that children will really like. Between the two lies that great mass of literature, often charmingly written, instructive, attractive, containing apparently every element that should appeal to the child mind yet destined, for no reason that its creators can see, to remain nicely kept upon the nursery or library shelves, while the public for whom it is intended thanks us politely and returns to the comic strips.

It isn't that children are not easily pleased. They are the most eager and receptive audience that anyone can have. They are pleased, as any adult knows, by the most absurd and ridiculous things; and being pleased by these things once, they will continue to enjoy them to the end of time — but they are not always pleased by the very thing that we think is going to please them. For this reason, one is inclined to believe that the really successful children's book is just a thing that happens; that it is very rarely the result of deliberate plan or foresight or, if it began that way, that it took, somewhere, a mysterious turn of its own in the making. Just as we might imagine our actor, if he were a good actor and his play any sort of real play, becoming so engrossed in it that at a certain point he would forget all efforts to please his audience, would consign it to oblivion, and simply go ahead and do the thing to please himself, only to find perhaps at the end that his audience was for the first time really with him.

Children are extraordinarily quick to detect any effort to engage their attention. They have at times an almost diabolical clairvoyance and skepticism regarding the grown up's intention; they are eternally suspicious and ready to jump the other way. Say to any intelligent person of four or five years, "Look at the pretty flower!" and he will, unless he is a hypocrite or hampered by mere politeness, give you a blank pitying stare or else turn his back. Not that he doesn't appreciate the flower; it is simply that, approached directly, his

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instinct is to question your motive and suspect some design on his personal liberty. To engage children's interest in anything you have to be keenly interested in that thing yourself; if you are not, if you are merely pretending or playing up to them, they will promptly catch you out.

There are two things the story teller can always count on with some degree of certainty, love of adventure and love of surprise — the kind of surprise that is really an open secret between the inventor and the listener, something which the listener has all the joy of expecting beforehand and can await trustfully, knowing that after whatever suspense or complication it will unfailingly appear, at just the right moment and with all the accumulated dramatic effect. Children love to be taken, as it were, into the writer's confidence. However often the miracle appears, it will never miss fire. The author of "Swiss Family Robinson" realized this to perfection. He knew that the child mind would follow him faithfully through pages of tedious moralizing, through veritable morasses of instruction, solely for the joy of seeing the needle-and-thread tree perform its useful little stunt just at the very moment when it becomes imperative for the boys to have new trousers, or Mother Robinson's famous reticule — which must have exceeded a pantechnicon in capacity — yield up, in the instant of emergency or discouragement, just the one article without which family life could not proceed. I would wager that whatever the grown up reader may have forgotten of "Swiss Family Robinson", he will not have forgotten that reticule.

But the surprise must always be a logical one; it must arise out of something indicated beforehand, not merely happen like that, for no reason, out of a clear sky. I think a good many writers for children are apt to forget this, to think that invention may consist of a series of quite unrelated and extravagant incidents, that imagination simply means having anything at all happen at any moment you like; whereas if true invention lies anywhere it lies in making the utmost use of very definitely limited means, and imagination which does not spring from some correlation of ideas is apt to be just about as interesting as delirium. In a world where anything at all can happen, nothing can ever be surprising. In other words, there's no sort of fun about it.

The child mind is far more logical and orderly, far more concerned with the value of realities, than is sometimes supposed. It is concerned with them, in fact, very intensely and stubbornly, and it is ready to preserve and defend them at all cost. The fact that these realities may differ from our own has no bearing on the question. To the child a doll, let us say, may have an existence quite apart from its material one. The laws of that existence are to her quite clear and definite. To the grown up, whose attitude toward the whole thing is that of concession to the child's imagination, these laws do not exist. He cannot see why, if a doll is assumed to do certain things, it cannot do certain others. He will never, for instance, realize the enormity of making a doll stand on its head or fly through the air.

In the world of imagination these same laws hold good; you cannot successfully evade them. Here everything must be on scale, everything preserve its own definite characteristics. You must observe the conventions. It is a game in which the author is expected to play fair. Your ship must not at a certain moment become

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an airplane; your crocodile's egg cannot, without serious danger, suddenly bring forth an elephant or a fairy princess, though it may hatch as sophisticated and unsaurian a crocodile as you like. If your stage setting is a forest all that happens in it, however fantastic or nonsensical, must be evolved strictly from the materials and possibilities of that forest and from nowhere else. Thus and in no other way did Cinderella's fairy godmother produce the fairy coach from the resources of the kitchen, and its real appeal to the child mind lies in its being a pumpkin, not in its being a coach, and in the fact that it was drawn by rats and not by horses.

Children will usually respond immediately to any association of the fantastic with the commonplace. The goblin in the enchanted forest isn't nearly so thrilling as the goblin in the tea kettle, or the little man who lives behind the kitchen cupboard and squeaks whenever the door is opened. What appeals to children is not so much adventure in its wider sense as the possibility of adventure in everyday surroundings and among everyday things — something that might, by a happy chance, conceivably happen in their own lives. It is not the cavern on a remote mountain top but the rabbit hole and the parlor looking glass that are the true gates of romance. And not for nothing has the harlequinade, one of the oldest of all magic plays, been staged invariably outside a prosaic grocer shop in a most prosaic street.

If one goes back to the old classical fairy tales, the ones that most children like the best will be found to be "Little Red Riding Hood", "Cinderella", and "Jack and the Beanstalk". Here, in each case, we have the mysterious and dramatic arising unexpectedly out of quite commonplace circumstances. Any little girl may go on an errand to her grandmother, any little boy plant a row of beans in his mother's back garden, any small household drudge sit at home and dream of the party to which she hasn't been invited.

Details loom very important in a child's mind, especially with young children. If there was a supper they want to know exactly what everyone had to eat and how much of it; they insist on knowing whether the baby elephant was so big, or only *so* big. They have in fact a passion for detail and verisimilitude which is not so very far removed in kind from the passion of the confirmed detective story reader — which by the way has nothing to do with mere hunger for the sensational. Not only is the shape, color, or size of things of such importance to them that they will hold up an exciting narrative in order to have some minor point of this nature determined, definitely and beyond doubt, but they do seem to get a real thrill from facts as facts, apart from any relative value to the story. How else account for the absorption with which they will devour page after page of minutiæ which to older minds would appear about as exciting as a trade catalogue. However much detail you put in a story, you can seldom put enough to satisfy a child. I am convinced that the popularity even today, among such children as are lucky enough to possess them, of the "Harry and Lucy Book" (known in the family under that title but I believe collectively called "Early Lessons by Maria Edgeworth"), of "Mr. Rutherford's Children" and other books of much the same period, is due very largely to the hypnotic effect induced by their minute chronicling of the events of one single day in a child's life, from putting on his shoes and socks

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to going to bed, and the manner in which each incident is given its due and proper importance. Far from prosy, they are filled with a wealth of detail the value of which later writers are sometimes inclined to overlook. They produce an effect of reality which brings them very near to the child's own life. Whatever tinge of priggishness these early little heroes and heroines may possess to later minds, they were at least very human, very solid, very actual. They did real things in a real way, they yielded to foolishness and curiosity and conceit as well as to more generous impulses, their experiments came out wrong and their foolishness was laughed at, and it is this, and not their moralizing and fine sentiments, that makes them so alive today. As to moralizing, I don't believe children mind it half so much as is frequently supposed.

They have certainly a very clear sense of justice. Things must in the end come out right. They take a healthy pleasure in seeing the wicked punished, or at least frustrated, and they have an equally healthy dislike of unnecessary tragedy, or of having their feelings harrowed merely for the exigencies of the story. It is taking an unfair advantage. They prefer in the main stories about happy people and happy things, and thus they go back in their demand to the original purpose of a story, which after all is to entertain. And I think on the whole they thoroughly despise sentimentality.

It is true that some of the most beautiful stories ever written for children, including the greater number of Hans Andersen's, have been sad stories. But it is the sadness which is inseparable from life, which has to do with growth and change and impermanence, and with the very essence of beauty. These after all are conceptions of the older mind. It is quite possible that to the child, so far as he is aware of them, those things may not be sad at all: they may be quite natural and inevitable, and just as they should be — perhaps his way of looking at them, and not ours, is the right one. Possibly what his mind grasps is really the essential truth. The Little Fir Tree did have a happy time while it lasted, and after all its memories and regrets of lost youth it did ultimately finish in a blaze of light, and that final glory may just as well have been the flame of life as the pyre of death.

There is a very real satisfaction in writing for children. They are both deeply appreciative and highly critical. Before them the author is put on his mettle. They refuse to be sidetracked by any mere exercise of art. All those skilful embroiderings and unessentials, the nice picking of phrases and building up of "atmosphere" which he may fall back upon to cover an awkward gap or to get away with a story which he knows to be fundamentally weak, are perfectly useless; through them all his emptiness will be revealed. To these critics style means very little. They care more for the thing itself than for how it is done, and they are the one audience whom you cannot hoodwink nor deceive. Unless your story is there no ingenious juggling with words is going to save the situation for you. If it is, and it's a good story from their point of view, and if you have once got their confidence, then there is established magically that cooperation which almost amounts to a conspiracy between story teller and audience, by which they will be willing to forgive you almost any shortcoming and bear with you through all vicissitudes to the end.

Invention, sympathy, humor, sentiment — all these count, but the one

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essential thing the writer must have, to succeed at all, is a real and genuine conviction about his subject, whatever it be. It has got to be real to him. He must believe in it himself, or no one else will. He has got to write it out of sheer enjoyment or not at all. This you may say is true of all art, but it is especially true where an audience of children is concerned. They are very ready to detect insincerity, and they will have none of it.

Here at least there must be no olympic standing outside one's own creation. The personal element counts above all else, and this is a thing that cannot be faked or simulated successfully with all the art and ingenuity at one's disposal. I believe, if one came to analyze it, that all the most successful children's books, irrespective of subject, were actually written in this spirit of sincerity. I am sure that Louisa Alcott's little men and women were as real and living to her as they are to her readers, that she really did enjoy them herself whether the public was going to or not. Though she wrote other books later to meet the demand, it is still those earlier ones that one finds thumbed and dogeared the world over. I think that Ballantyne got just the same thrill over his young icebound adventurers as the boy or girl who is torn from them, with an almost physical shock, by the ringing of the supper bell; that Peter Pan is something far greater than a beautiful and amusing fantasy, and that when Barrie brought Wendy and her brothers back to the open window in obedience to conventional sentiment he felt somehow the same pang of regret that all children do when they watch the play. Edward Lear's extravagances amuse us because they amused him, because he did not merely invent but was himself the man with the Runcible Hat; and the laughter that will echo forever round the Mad Hatter's tea party is only the echo of Lewis Carroll's own mirth in its creation. I don't for an instant believe it is mere artistry alone, however perfect, that moves us when Thumbelina finds the frozen swallow at the end of the mole's tunnel, when the Selfish Giant's garden breaks at last into blossom, or when the trumpets blow so valiantly for Jackanapes on his last ride.

JOHN JONES

By Gamaliel Bradford

IF I could throw my nerves away,
Into the rubbish hole,
And graft some other person's clay
Upon my splendid soul,

Could take John Jones's mortality,
His flesh and blood and bones,
Why, what a genius I should be —
Or should I be John Jones?

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THREE ROUSING CHEERS!!!

The Parody Adventures of Our Youthful Heroes

III: WHEN A ROLLO BOY'S A ROLLO BOY

OR, VIRTUE TRIUMPHANT IN THREE WEEKS

By Corey Ford

With Sketches by Gluyas Williams

THERE is a land where a man, to be a man, must be a man, if not, why does he wear suspenders; and in this man's land a woman, if she be not a woman, must be a man, or a fine state of things we'd be in, to be sure. And this is the story of how a man's man among men saved a woman from paying the price in full, at a substantial discount, less two per cent for cash.

It was afternoon. Wearily the Man rode on over the wide, unfenced ranges, through the mountain passes, where the trail doubled and redoubled and bid two spades. Slowly he passed the lonely, deserted ranches toward the creeks and flats and valleys of the great open country beyond the rim of civilization itself, to the silent spaces where men are men only there aren't any.

An observer of men would have said that Nature had made this man to be in physical strength, mental fortitude, and spiritual prowess a comrade and leader of men — a man's man. An observer of men like that would also undoubtedly refer to him later on as a man among men, and probably live in New Brunswick or else wear yellow spats. You can always tell.

Alone in the hushed bigness of that land the Man walked with his thoughts — brooding perhaps over what had been, or was, or is — dreaming, it may be, over that which might have been or which yet might be — or probably simply filling space. The afternoon was well on its way, pausing now and then to glance back at him over its shoulder. His legs ached under his heavy leather chaps and high heeled, spur-ornamented boots. He was tired and thirsty and hungry. It was so still that he could hear himself think, and so he listened to himself thinking for a while, but he couldn't hear anything. The silence grew oppressive. He wanted to shout but he had no idea what to shout. He thought of shouting: "Hello!" but this was before the invention of the telephone, and so that would have been silly. A lone buzzard wheeled over his head, gripping the handle bars for dear life, and was rapidly lost to view.

"Old pard," the Man whispered to his horse, "we're lost." And the old, white haired horse nodded and replied smiling: "We are hall lost in this world, Master Patches! Shall I turn hout the reading lamp, sir?"

Darkness closed her sable wings over the lone prairie; and slowly a great fatigue came over him. His head nodded; his eyelids shut. He snored,

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"Look at me", she commanded

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and his mouth fell open, like a book. The Man was asleep. . . .

* * * *

Slowly the Man opened his eyes and gazed about him in bewilderment. Surrounding him were masses of flowers — roses, big white ones — tuberoses — they were under his feet, they were heaped on his knees, they fell from his lap as he sprang to his feet. He bounded up the steps and onto the terrace. He could dimly see the outline of a Woman as she passed into the room beyond, through some heavy pale mauve-orchid curtains. The lights were low, and incense smoked beside a couch at one side of the room. Such a couch! covered with a tiger skin and piled with pillows, all shades of rich purple velvet and lush silk, embroidered with emeralds and diamonds — lettered "Yale" and "Harvard" and "U. of Western Reserve" and "Memories of Happy Nights Under the Balsams, Woonsocket, R. I." — the whole thing was different — and strange — and intoxicating.

"I must go", he struggled; and at once two Nubian slaves named Dmitri and Vasili seized him and bore him three steps nearer.

"My baby — Patches!"

The Woman was reclined at full length along the tiger skin, garbed in some clinging garment of heavy purple crêpe, its hem embroidered with gold and five dollar bills, one white arm resting on the beast's hide, her back supported by the cushions, while between her red lips was a rose not redder than they — an almost scarlet rose.

"Come," she said, and her voice was like rich music, "you may sit beside me — here!" And she moved over a little.

"I reckon I got to be runnin' on", he faltered, and then yielded to the soft insistence of Dmitri and Vasili, and landed beside her, picking himself up painfully and dusting off the rouge from his leather chaps. She had not stirred, except to work three fingers which he had slightly crushed when he stepped on them. Her expression was wicked and dangerous — and *provocant.*

"You are beautiful, Patches", she said. "So pure — so tall — so young. Why were you upset just now, baby — Patches?"

He reddened to the roots of his fair, wavy hair, and pointed to his spur which had caught in the rug. "I guess — I fell for you, ma'am", he stammered.

"Look at me", she commanded; and she bent forward over him — a gliding, feline movement infinitely sinuous and *attractant.* With a lightning slither she lay on her face, raised her elbows on the tiger's back, and supported her chin in her hands, to the count of one two three and repeat. Perfectly straight out her body was, the twisted purple drapery flowing in graceful lines beyond — like a serpent's tail, sinuous, *insistant.* She flung a velvet pillow at him, and knocked off his glasses.

"Patches — what do you know of lovers — or love?" she laughed, running her fingers through his hair and pulling it out in little yanks. "My baby — Patches!" . . .

Alone on the balcony later he loosened his collar, and mopped his brow reflectively. "On second thought," he decided, "I reckon I'd better stay and reform that there Woman."

CHAPTER NINE

THE Man was up early; and if you were an observer of men, the dark

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rings under his eyes would have meant that he had been thinking deeply, planning the sermons he would preach to her on the morrow. And if you were an observer of men like that, Santa Claus is your uncle.

She advanced slowly down the garden path, her eyes radiant with youth and love, her arms filled with a bunch of fragrant *asterisks* which she had plucked from the good, rich dirt where they grew in profusion, the tips of their star shaped petals suffused with a passionate pink glow and exuding at times an almost overpowering odor.

"My Queen — " he began.

"Be young with me," the Woman whispered, "and lie under the blue sky." But she glanced up quickly to see if it were really blue, for she had never been up so early before.

"Virtue will triumph", muttered the Man doggedly, as he followed her.

The elderly horse watched them pass down the walk, and a shadow crossed his kindly old face, and he paused and shook his head; but he made no comment, for he had been in the family for years. Gently seizing his hat he tiptoed from the Garden, and set off rapidly for "Ye Olde Spynnynge Wheele Ranche" again.

"Hurray for the Rollo Boys!" he thought to himself as he ran.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

A WEEK had passed.

"Patches," said the Woman quietly, "you have taught me much."

He gazed at her intensely. True, she had changed. She now wore a trim tailored coat, with high collars and long sleeves, and heavy Sensible Shoes. "You have changed, my Queen", he said, as he took her in his lap to show her how to throw a lariat.

"And you, Patches," she sighed, "you have changed, too. . . ."

Something tickled his ear; he reached up and untangled it from his hair, and stared at it in astonishment.

It was a vine leaf. . . .

CHAPTER FORTY

"WONDER what's happened to Patches?" asked Dick Rollo, as he and his brothers were branding cattle at the "Spynnynge Wheele Ranche". "He's been gone a long time."

"He was chasing wild cows", said Harry.

"Perhaps he went off on a bad steer", came back Tom like a hawk, and as his brothers rolled over and over in hysterics, the fun loving Rollo slyly ran the branding irons down their necks to make it even funnier. Tom could always see a joke, when no one else could.

"Look!" cried Harry suddenly; and over the horizon toward them galloped the faithful horse, panting and wiping his forehead with a red handkerchief.

"What is it, Tompson?" asked Dick Rollo, as the elderly steed paused to catch his breath.

"Hit's Master Patches", panted the horse. " 'E's been gone just — "

"Three Weeks!" gasped Tom Rollo, exchanging significant glances with his brothers.

"Pray God we are not too late!" cried Harry, as the Rollo Boys and Tompson set out to the rescue, followed by the cheering cowboys.

CHAPTER TWELVE

AS the Rollo Boys and their followers drew near to the Garden, they halted in amazement at the sight that

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met their eyes. Down the road with pious eyes downcast advanced a long line of nuns chanting a hymn, while at their head walked — the Woman.

"Virtue has triumphed!" gasped Dick, as the long line passed out of sight, while the Woman led them appropriately in the chorus of "Abide with Me".

"Master Patches!" gasped the elderly horse weakly, "God forbid!" And the Rollo Boys stared in horror where Tompson pointed.

In one corner of the Garden lay abandoned the heavy leather chaps and high heeled, spur-ornamented boots; in another was flung the dusty cowboy shirt and lariat. And around and around the marble fountain in the centre, clad in a leopard skin and uttering piercing bird cries, danced the ecstatic Man, pursuing Fauns and pelting them playfully with luscious grapes as they ran.

"Patches!" cried the Rollo Boys sternly; and rushing toward the startled Man they washed out his mouth with soap and water and mounted him on top of Tompson, who shook his head sadly. "Men will be men", sighed the elderly horse philosophically.

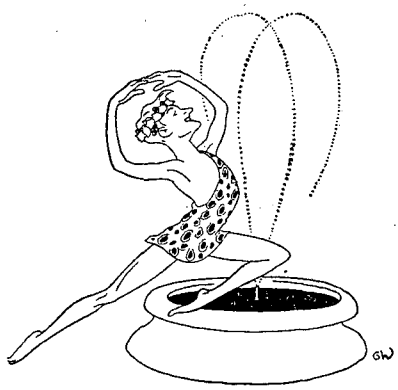
"Three rousing cheers for the Rollo Boys!" shouted the cowboys, tossing their wide brimmed Stetsons in the air and shouting lustily.

The cheers were given with a will; but the contents of that will, and how it affected the fortunes not only of our young heroes, but also of the author and his publishers, will all be related in the next volume of this Series, to be entitled:

"The Rollo Boys Among the Crazy Fools; or, A Parody Outline of Humor."

And here let us say Good-By.

Good-By.



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ETIQUETTE OLD AND NEW

By R. le Clerc Phillips

IT has been said that etiquette is the minor morality of life; and the immense amount of attention bestowed upon it in all civilized and semicivilized countries would certainly lead us to believe that this estimate of its importance is by no means exaggerated. Indeed, as soon as Europe began to emerge from the barbarism of the Dark Age men began to write "courtesy" books, and have been writing them ever since. Sneers have been directed in plenty at the present popularity of these books, although one does not well understand why. Surely, any aspect of life which has engaged the serious attention of peoples as diverse as the Chinese and Americans, the English and Italians, the French and the Scandinavians, and at epochs extending from the Middle Ages to the present day, is one which is not to be neglected with impunity. Certain customs of life there are which have been hallowed by long sanction; and the observance of a ritual of etiquette is beyond all question one of them.

It may seem incredible but it is nevertheless the fact that Emily Post's well known book entitled "Etiquette" has passed the 100,000 mark, although the price of it is four dollars. At the other end of the scale are those etiquette booklets sold at five cents. The other day I asked for one at the Five and Ten Cent Store. The young woman behind the counter searched diligently among her stock of five cent literature; there were five cent classics of every description, but all the etiquette books had been sold. Still seeking information which might throw some light on what is unquestionably the present etiquette craze, I made my way to the Public Library on Fifth Avenue. I found the huge array of catalogue cards on etiquette dark and greasy with continual thumbing. I called for certain of the best known and best advertised books and found most of them in very much the same condition. The pages were dirty, dog-eared, and frequently torn, but carefully repaired with strips of transparent gummed paper to hold the parts together. One of the books I called for I failed to obtain, although I asked for it on two consecutive days; on each occasion my slip was returned to me marked, "In use."

The earliest English etiquette book is probably that written by one John Russell in about 1460. It is entitled "The Boke of Nurture" and its author describes himself as having been "sum time servande with Duke Umfrey of Glowcetur, a Prynce Fulle Royalle, with whom Uschere in Chambur was Y, and Mershalle also in Halle". It is impossible to read this and other similar books of the period without being struck by the unchanging character of the fundamentals of good manners and correct deportment. It is true that the mediæval wording of some of these oldtime precepts of etiquette is frequently very quaint and occasionally even a little disconcerting; but the precepts themselves are practically identical with our own and might

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serve as instructions to modern small children without undergoing any alteration beyond slight changes in expression. "Youre hed ne bak ye claw, a fleigh as thaughe ye sought" (Claw not your head nor your back as though you sought a flea), commands the Duke of Gloucester's "uschere" and "mershalle"; and I fancy that the rule still holds good to this day. Russell also drew up a table of precedence, and it is really remarkable how little it differs from that which rules in modern England. It begins thus:

> The Pope hath no peere;
> Emperoure is next hym every where.
> Kynge corespondent.

The second earliest English etiquette book was written about 1475 and is called "The Babees Book". It was written by a man who had served for years as chief steward in great mediæval households and, as may be guessed from its title, is addressed to children. "Oh Babees yynge, my Book is only made for youre lernynge", runs the opening sentence in the original text of this quaint old work. It may be wondered why small boys should have been the object of this attention; but a realization of a curious social custom of mediæval England gives an immediate explanation. It was the fashion for fifteenth century English boys of good birth to cease to stay at home as soon as they had reached seven or eight years of age and to enter the household of some great noble as page boys. The reason for this was the desire of their parents to make gentlemen of them, it being, apparently, the belief of these mediæval fathers and mothers that strangers could more successfully put the fear of God into their sons than they themselves could. As a result of this universal practice, little books teaching these young boys their duties in their new surroundings and instructing them in correct deportment became very prevalent. Foreign visitors to England, it may be remarked in passing, did not fail to express astonishment at the strange means employed by English parents to teach manners to their sons, and some expressed it with a rather caustic pen. An Italian visitor to England, writing about 1550, commenting on the custom, stated his opinion as follows: "But for my part, I believe they do it because they like to enjoy all their comforts themselves, and that they are better served by strangers than they would be by their own children. Besides which, the English being great epicures and very avaricious by nature, indulge in the most delicate fare themselves, and give their household the coarsest bread and beer and cold meat baked on Sunday for the week, which, however, they allow in great abundance. If they had their own children at home, they would be obliged to give them the same food as they make use of themselves." The same writer, still harping on the dangers of this custom, relates that the young Duke of Suffolk was thus boarded out with a rich old widow, who actually succeeded in inducing the unfortunate little boy to marry her!

We cannot help but smile a little at fifteenth century etiquette as expounded in "The Babees Book". It is written in a sort of blank verse, of which the following gems are examples:

> Youre hede, youre handes, youre feet, hold ye in reste.

And again:

> Whenne ye shalle drynke, youre mouth clence with a cloth.

And here is a warning against the impropriety of telling tales that should not be told:

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Whenne ye er sette, tell noone unhoneste tale,
Foule tales looke noone to other tell.

Probably the precepts of William Caxton's "Book of Curtesye" are even quainter. The famous printer wrote this book in 1477, and, like the two preceding works quoted, it is addressed to youths. The following extracts are not without interest as demonstrating the real continuity of good manners:

Kembe (comb) youre hede and loke ye kepe hit clene,
Youre eris (ears) twayne suffre not foule to be,
In youre visage wayteth no spotte be sene,
Purge your nase (nose), let hit not combred (cumbered) be.

Youre handes wassheth, that is an holsom thyng,
Youre nayles loke they be not geet (jet) blake,
Suffre hem not to ben over long growyng.

The table manners laid down by Caxton are absolutely identical with our own and do not differ in the slightest way from those taught very small children today.

Bloue not in your drincke ne in youre potage,
Ne farsith not youre disshe to full of brede,
Ne bere your knyfe towards your visage,
For therein is parell (peril) and mekell drede.
Clawe not youre face ne touch not youre hede,
Wyth your bare hande, syttyng at the table,
For in norture that is reprovable.

The following is crude, but is too droll to be unquoted:

Lowse (loosen) not youre gyrdyll syttyng at youre table,
For that is a tache (task?) of uncurtesye,
But and ye seme ye be enbrasyed streite (strapped tight)
Or then ye sitte amende hit secretly,
So covertly that no wyght hit espie.

That is to say, if at table you feel your belt to be too tight, do not unloosen it before everyone, but seek to do so secretly, so that none shall see it.

Evidently, hearty eating was common in the fifteenth century!

Force not youre mouth to fulle for wantounesse,
Lene not uppon the table, that is but rudesse,
And if I shall to you so playnly say,
Over the table ye shall not spette (spit) convey.

It is true that we do not need to be told not to spit across the dinner table in these days, but it is regrettable that some of us make up for this restriction by spitting so copiously elsewhere. Nor do we moderns have to be told that we must not pick our teeth with our knives; although I suspect that this is largely because we are a less hardy lot than our ancestors and frequently prefer to pick them with the less dangerous wooden toothpick. Caxton puts it like this:

Ye shall not also at the bord youre nayles pare,
Ne pike not youre teth wyth youre knyfe, I you ensure.

Neither does our author fail to tell his readers of the importance of good manners. "Remembre well that maner maketh man", he says. The English of the fifteenth century were very far from being an effeminate people; yet virile and warlike as they were, they were not too "red blooded" to be ashamed of good manners.

The best known etiquette book of the sixteenth century is Hugh Rhodes's "Boke of Nurture", written in 1577. The English he uses is far easier to read than that of Caxton, while the quaintness of his phraseology is as delicious as that of the earlier etiquette writers. Here are a few of his precepts:

If any man eate of your dish,
Crum (crumble) you therein no Bread,
Lest that your hands be found sweaty.

And suppe not lowde of thy Pottage
no tyme in all thy lyfe:
Dip not thy meate in the Saltseller,
but take it with thy knyfe.

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Pick not thy teeth with thy knyfe,
nor with thy fyngers ende,
But take a stick, or some cleane thynge,
then do you not offende.

The following is excessively plain spoken:

Blow not thy Pottage nor Drincke,
for it is not commendable,
For if thou be not whole of thy body,
thy breath is corruptable.

Just as our modern etiquette books frequently draw up menus for a special dinner, some of our fifteenth century "courtesy" books do the same. Here are the menus for an Easter Day dinner and supper:

DINNER

First course: A calf, boiled and blessed; boiled eggs and green sauce; pottage with beef; saffron-stained capons.
Second course: Mamery; pigeons; chewets.

SUPPER

Broth, chickens, veal, roast kid, pigs' feet, fried tansey, green sauces of sorrel and vines.

An early seventeenth century etiquette book, written by one Richard Weste and entitled the "Book of Demeanor", is done in verse. The precepts are practically identical with those of the earlier "courtesy" books, although on certain points the author permits greater latitude than would be accorded today by the most rigid authorities on the deportment befitting a gentleman. For instance:

If spitting chance to move thee so
thou canst it not forbeare,
Remember do it modestly,
consider who is there.

Many of us who so frequently have narrow escapes on the street would like to see this little verse distributed among those who appear to find such difficulty in "forbearing" and are so unmindful of "who is there".

The early French etiquette books vary very little on the whole from the English; which goes far toward proving the solid, logical basis on which the ritual of etiquette is constructed. A fifteenth century production, entitled "La Manière de se Contenir à Table", also written in verse, contains the following quaint injunctions:

Ton morceau ne touche en sallière
car ce n'est pas belle manière.
(Do not put your food in the saltcellar, for that is not good manners.)

And again:

Ne boy pas la bouche baveuse
car la coutume en est honteuse,
ne parle pas la bouche plaine,
car c'est laide chose et villaine.
(Do not drink with a wide open mouth, for that habit is disgraceful; do not speak with your mouth full, for that is an ugly and coarse thing.)

There are commands such as: "*Garde toy bien de sommeiller à table, ne de conseiller*" (Be careful not to fall asleep at table or to argue), and: "*De la nappe n'essuye pas tes dens*" (Don't wipe your teeth with the tablecloth), and again: "*A ton hoste dois mercis rendre*" (You must thank your host). Another old French work contains an injunction which I have not seen duplicated elsewhere. "Don't stuff your stomach and so spoil you face", the translation runs; but the precise meaning of the hint I cannot guess. Was it fatness of face that the author had in mind or merely the red flush of indigestion? It is impossible to say.

One well known Italian book of manners by one Giovanni Della Casa, Archbishop of Benevento, translated into English in 1576, has a curious little precept that is of some interest to women. "Likewise", writes the learned Archbishop, "it is unsavourie to talk of things out of time, not fitting the place and company; although the matter itselfe, and spoken in time, were otherwise both good and godly. We must not reherse Friers sermones to

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young gentlewomen when they are disposed to sport themselves." Few young men, one imagines, stand in need or ever could have stood in need of such an injunction as this; since one has never noticed any marked tendency on their part to discuss theology with young women plainly bent on "sporting" themselves. Or was the good Archbishop merely enjoying his little joke, knowing well that he might just as well have told young men not to fall in love with old ladies of eighty and not to fast on feast days?

One curious point about the old etiquette books is that all of them deal almost exclusively with manners for men. The making of a gentleman was, apparently, a thing of far more consequence than the making of a gentlewoman. Certainly, the art of being a gentleman consists less of negatives and far more of positives than does the art of being a gentlewoman. There are a large number of things that a lady may not do if she desires to be a lady; but there are an even larger variety of things that a gentleman *must* do if he is a gentleman. Probably this truth held good in earlier days than our own; and if it did, it may explain the absence of any instruction in manners and deportment for ladies. Possibly, again, less importance was attached to the manners and deportment of women, just as less importance was attached to their education than to that of men; or the chivalry of mediæval days may have frowned on the insinuation that any woman could be in need of instruction on anything. The authors, too, of all the early etiquette books were men, just as the authors of all the modern ones are women; but if the male writers of olden times saw no necessity for laying down rules for the social guidance of women, the modern women writers certainly cannot be accused of returning the compliment by refraining from telling men what is required of them in the way of manners!

Judged purely from the social point of view, by far the most interesting of etiquette books is that of which the famous Count Alfred D'Orsay was the author. In view of the preeminent position that he held as a social arbiter of international reputation, it is scarcely an impertinence to say that never has any other etiquette book possessed so unquestionable an authority behind it; for the word of this remarkable man was law on all matters relating to dress, deportment, and fashion in general. It speaks much for his good sense, unusual charm of manner, and great social gifts that, although he was a foreigner, the English world of fashion never dreamed of disputing his dictates.

D'Orsay defines etiquette as "the barrier which society draws around itself as a protection against offences the 'law' cannot touch" — a definition, by the way, considerably more outspoken and explicit than those advanced by the majority of modern writers, who are doubtless afraid of being considered undemocratic if they make use of any terms or express any views that could not be approved by the most rigid pillar of the most rigid form of democracy. Etiquette is, continues D'Orsay, "a shield against the intrusion of the impertinent, the improper and the vulgar — a guard against those obtuse persons who, having neither talent not delicacy, would be continually thrusting themselves into the society of men to whom their presence might (from the difference of feeling and habit) be offensive and even insupportable". The dicta of the famous dandy are, as might be expected, quite candidly worldly. He says but little about kindness of heart

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and consideration for others as being the basis of good manners, although he does not ignore these qualities. But unlike so many modern etiquette writers who assert that good manners come from the heart, D'Orsay says that good form comes from the *mind*. He is not in the least hypocritical concerning the great importance of the purely social, as distinguished from the moral, aspect of good manners; and he is frank enough to declare that his remarks on etiquette will not be sufficient in themselves to make his readers gentlemen, although they will enable them to avoid any glaring impropriety and do much to render them easy and confident in society.

His reasons for offering precepts are blunt and practical to the last degree. "In a mercantile country like our own," he says, "people are continually rising in the world. . . . With the possession of wealth, they acquire a taste for the luxuries of life, expensive furniture, gorgeous plate, and also numberless superfluities, with the use of which they are only imperfectly acquainted. But although their capacities for enjoyment increase, it rarely happens that the polish of their manners keeps pace with the rapidity of their advancement: hence such persons are often painfully reminded that wealth alone is insufficient to protect them from the mortification which a limited acquaintance with society entails upon the ambitions." Consequently D'Orsay offers his book to those sensitive souls who wish to avoid the mortification of "publicly proclaiming the deficiencies of an imperfect education".

It is interesting to note that "the last of the dandies" did not hesitate to declare that to be dressed in the extreme of fashion was in thoroughly bad taste. And although a Frenchman himself, he asserted that in spite of the folly of the English in sometimes copying them, "the French (with a much greater affectation of politeness) are infinitely inferior to English gentlemen in true good breeding".

The etiquette expounded in the best and most recent American etiquette books is practically identical with that of England; and most of these American books cover the ground so thoroughly as to go to some pains to give the correct manner of addressing British Royalty and the members of the British Peerage. Evidently the authors of these books would give little support to the opinion of the late David Graham Phillips, as expressed in his book "The Reign of Gilt", that "whether at home or abroad, the big asset of the American is his lack of deference", for all of them are cosmopolitan enough in tone to advise Americans that when in Rome it is best to do as the Romans do. As an example of the urbanity of tone of one of the best known of these books, I need only quote its dictum that "if a gentleman has enough (money) to allow him the decencies of existence, he has what is necessary". This is the point of view of a highly civilized person.

The latest French book on etiquette to appear in this country is called "La Politesse Française", its author or authors being anonymous. Unlike English and American etiquette books, it deals less with definite rules of deportment and manners, such as regulated visits, country house parties, engagements, weddings, dinner parties, introductions, etc., and more with the general aspect of social conduct; as a result, it is livelier in tone and more interesting than the usual run of etiquette books, and some of the anecdotes related are very amusing. The author of a series of articles on the Prince of Wales which has recently

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appeared in a certain popular weekly under the title "My Friend the Prince", would perhaps be interested in the following, although the point is sufficiently subtle to escape some people altogether: A certain French author who had been thrown into touch with a wide variety of celebrities, once wrote a book and called it "My Friends". He sent a copy to Francis II, King of Naples, one of the well known personages of whom accounts appeared in the book. On receiving it the king smiled and remarked: "I knew that Mr. X. was one of my friends; but I did not know that I had the honor of being one of his."

Another amusing tale is told of Pasteur, the French scientist. After he had become famous, he was much courted by society and frequently dined out. But in spite of all admonitions from friends, he refused to break his habit of cleaning his plate, knives and forks with his table napkin as soon as he sat down to table, or of dipping his grapes in his tumbler of water before eating them, his invariable defense being that he was a scientist and knew the dangers of microbes and other noxious germs. One night at a dinner party he cleaned his grapes in his usual manner and a moment later, in a fit of absentmindedness, drank his tumbler of water. His friends were unable to restrain their merriment, in which Pasteur joined. Nor does he appear to have contracted any disease as a result of drinking the germ laden water.

The author of this lively French book quotes another story as illustrating the perfection of politeness. Louis XIV of France had been informed that a certain foreign ambassador, who had recently arrived at the French court, was without exception the most polite man in the world. The king was anxious to put him to the test, and one day, meeting him at some social function, walked beside the ambassador until they arrived at a doorway. The king turned to his companion and said, "Enter, *Monsieur l'Ambassadeur.*" "Sire, I obey", replied the ambassador, passing through the door ahead of the king. "It is true that he is the politest man in the world", said Louis afterward in relating the incident. "He knows how to obey and that is the first step in politeness."

The anonymous author of "La Politesse Française" dwells long on the subject of the "grand air" and the "look of race". These, it appears, are not the same thing at all; and since most people are apt to confuse them, minute explanations are given by which we may be able to make the proper distinction between them. Thus, we learn that a man of the people may possess a "look of race". Health, vigor, and sound stock may create a magnificent human specimen; and should this specimen possess a certain physical conformation, regularity of features, good hands and feet and, above all, delicate wrists and ankles, he or she may be said to have a "look of race". And yet the "grand air" may be lacking all the same. On the other hand, according to our authority, it is easily possible that a man or woman of high birth may occasionally have no "look of race" whatever. And the "grand air" — what is the "grand air"? Our author knows it when she sees it, but like the word "gentleman", it is evidently not a thing that is any too easy to define in cold print. "The grand air", she says, "is something which is absolutely natural and instinctive, inspired by a sentiment of dignity without pride, creating an attitude of sympathy toward the young man who possesses it and of respect

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toward the old man who is fortunate enough to have it." But to be a "*grand seigneur*" or a "*grande dame*" one must have something more than the "look of race" or the "grand air" or both combined; for in addition, there must be such qualities as perfect sympathy, great amiability, and generosity, as well as high birth and a certain degree of fortune. Our author observes that there are few indeed to whom the term of "*grand seigneur*" or "*grande dame*" may correctly be applied.

Touching, as it does, so closely on the subject of etiquette, it is interesting to note that within the last four or five years the French Academy has officially received the English word "gentleman" into the French language and has incorporated it into the famous dictionary of that institution. The word, as is well known, has always been notoriously difficult to define; and it has even been asserted that no English definition has ever been really satisfactory in spite of the fact that practically the whole aim of the upper reaches of English education is to produce gentlemen. But the French, with their proverbial genius for clear and felicitous expression, have defined a gentleman as one in whom are combined a certain elevation of character with a certain elegance of manners. Could anything be better than this?

Meanwhile, the present rage for etiquette books continues unabated. Babbitt may smile, and so may the ultra-sophisticated cynic; but the desire to do the right thing socially is no more to be sneered at than the desire to do the right thing morally. Indeed, the desire to be "correct" as regards social usages is so deeply ingrained in the human breast that the rector of a well known New York church told me the other day that, whereas some of his women parishioners would bristle with indignation at the suggestion that because it was an ecclesiastical law they should attend church with their heads properly covered, they would meekly appear in the requisite headgear when informed that the "best people" always wore hats in church. Which goes to prove that social rules sometimes have a greater influence on human action than either moral or theological precepts.

EPITAPH

By Charles Norman

HE always talked of ships,
The sea was in his speech,
The sea was on his lips
Like waves along a beach.

And now he lies below
Where never a wind will stir
His dust to see them go
When the tide is wanderer.

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DUBLIN HOURS WITH "A. E."

By Harold Speakman

"YES," said the lad at the door of Plunkett House, "Mr. Russell is in. Go right up." I climbed a broad stair and knocked at a door to the left. "Come in" — and there at a great desk was "A. E." himself — large, rubicund, shining faced, chestnut bearded, with steel rimmed spectacles; and flanked by two pleasant ladies, neither of whom by the wildest stretch of imagination could be fitted to the mental image which rises in the New York mind at the word "stenographer".

"A. E." read the letter which I gave him, and advanced with kindly, outstretched hand.

"Just sit down for a moment, won't you? I'm sending a letter or two. Will you have a paper?" He looked a little doubtfully at a precarious pyramid of journals on the top of his desk. I had a paper of my own, however, and while he went on with his dictation, I made an effort to read it. But in spite of myself, the low, hesitating voice of "A. E." came drifting across the room.

Now the lady who was taking his notes had gone, and "A. E." was saying, "So you are traveling with a donkey and donkey cart. I know a man who traveled that way in company with tinkers about the country — Padraic O'Conaire — a man who writes in the Gaelic language perhaps better than any other living man. An undoubted genius. . . . It takes a young man to travel like that. Ah, it is interesting, but it is not a thing for a man of years. And why are you traveling that way?"

I told him that I wanted to see the Irish people as intimately as I could, and that I wanted to see Ireland in peace.

"Peace?" he repeated in some surprise. "Certainly no one considers the Irish a warlike nation!"

"I'm very much afraid", I said, "that that is the impression just at present on our side of the Atlantic."

He raised large, friendly, protesting hands, and looked seriously out from behind his steel rimmed spectacles. "But Ireland is a very peaceful country! When you meet a man, he being fifty eight years, who has only once seen active 'trouble' in all that time, it cannot mean that the land is a very militant land. And it was only a very small rebellion then — nothing like your Civil War. Do you know that there are more people murdered every year in New York and Chicago than were killed in the last 'trouble' in Ireland?"

I did not know it, but having lived for several years in Chicago, and having had two personal burglars of my own in New York, I was quite ready to believe it.

"It is perhaps reasonable to think that the reports of our experiences here are exaggerated," he went on, "because we have been a country standing in an empire's way. If the little fighting which we have done in Ireland had taken place in Denmark or Sweden, nothing would have come of it at all. But here, every shot is noticed and megaphoned all over the world. Particularly, these things are magnified when they cross the ocean. It is like this . . ."

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As he continued talking, I listened with increasing pleasure to the words rolling simply, melodiously forth. Occasionally there was a trace of hesitation which gave his pronouncements a charming imprint of modesty. But now he had changed to an interrogative.

"Why is it you are taking a donkey, rather than to be walking alone?"

"I'm making some sketches in oil on the way, Mr. Russell, and the paints and canvas are too heavy to carry."

"You paint then! That is interesting. I paint a little too."

"I know", I said.

"Now how do you know that?" he asked in evident surprise.

"I knew it before I left the United States", I said. "And besides, I saw some of your paintings at Glengariff in the south."

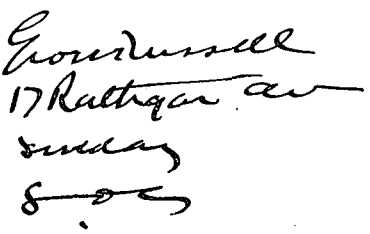
"Those weren't very good ones. Of course, at best, I'm only an amateur. You know, I didn't begin painting until I was forty. Are you to be in Dublin long?"

"For a week, I think."

"I'd like to show you some of my other things if you would care to see them. Are you going to be busy Sunday night?"

"No", I said.

In the meantime, he had risen and had gone to his desk, and was writing something on the back of an envelope. Now he returned saying, "Some other people are coming in Sunday evening. Padraic Colum may be there." He held out the envelope to me, and I read:



"Sunday evening at eight, then", he repeated as we said goodby.

So one who had gone up the steps of Plunkett House with numerous misgivings came out again without them, but holding very carefully in his hand an inexpensive — though by no means ordinary — manila envelope.

"A. E.'s" house is the second in a connected row of modest brick dwellings which stand each behind its small enclosed plot of greenery in Rathgar Avenue. Rathgar Avenue is not in any way ostentatious. Between the tram line and the house — a matter of a hundred yards — one passes a grocery shop, a contractor's office, a sweet shop, and a bootmaker's. Tiptoe on the flat top of a dwelling across the way stands a Cupid, a veritable Irish Cupid with drawn bow, caught into painted iron in the entirely illegal act of ambushing passersby.

I turned into an iron gate, climbed a few old steps which might have been precarious in the dark, and knocked. A quick, youthful footstep was heard, the door opened, and "A. E." behind the friendly Thackerayan barricade of beard and spectacles again stood holding out his hand.

It was just eight, no one else was there. I could see the paintings at leisure, he said, before the others came. We went from the little hall into the first of two large rooms which opened into each other from front to back, after the fashion of most town houses. Canvases hung in uninterrupted rows and rested in stacks against the walls. He began at once in a businesslike way to show the paintings — selecting, displaying, discarding, and making occasional explanatory comments on the countryside. When he had finished, we sat down before a wide fireplace in the back room and he asked me about

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my travels through the country. Of all the counties in Ireland, Donegal appealed to him most as a place to paint in, he said. And above other places in Donegal, he preferred painting near Dunfanaghy, for "at Dunfanaghy there is every sort of thing in the way of scenery that you can imagine, all crumpled up into six miles of coast".

All manner of elements were there, he said — land's ends, wide coasts, cliffs, picturesque people, houses, fences, gates . . . The gates of Donegal! One could spend a lifetime studying the gates there, and not be finished even then!

First there was the most primitive gate, which was made merely by tearing down part of the wall of a field and building it up again when the cattle had passed through. When the rebuilding process seemed to be too much work, a piece of gorse was simply put into the hole in the wall. For the next sort of gate, two or three poles were laid across the opening. Then too, people would be having beds, and there is nothing better for a gate than an old bed, except, of course, a swinging gate.

"There is still another I have seen," added "A. E.", "and that is made of two thin, forked, vertical sticks with another stick laid across the top. The beasts go up to it, but they do not attempt to force it with their horns. All these gates are still to be seen in Donegal."

He had interrupted himself several times to let people in and to introduce them — Mrs. Russell, a few writers, a playwright or two, an American named Arthur whose grandfather was once President of the United States, professors from Trinity College, and others of Dublin's literary household. The party divided itself into small groups and I, as a chronicler, underwent the painful experience of knowing that "A. E.", just beyond my ears' horizon, was dropping golden, roseate phrases, and writing high symbols and imagery in the smoke of his briar pipe.

But in the general hegira of cakes and tea, matters were altered; and now he was showing me a large bundle of Irish folk verses with drawings by Jack Yeats, and commenting with the unrestraint of a young man over the various types in Jack Yeats's pictures. A sketch of a youth with very few teeth in his head led me to remark on the very serious lack of care in that particular which I had noticed in Ireland.

"Yes," said "A. E.", "you know what Shaw says: 'You teach your children to speak Gaelic, but you don't teach them how to keep their teeth to speak it with!'" And having broached the subject of Gaelic, he went on to say that Synge had done only mediocre things before he learned it, and that Lady Gregory had been writing little more than stories of gossip until she came by it, and that without Gaelic the early Yeats had hardly done more than follow Keats; while at one time even James Stephens had seemed to be running dry until he began the study of the native language.

"And yourself?" I asked.

He smiled. "No, I am the only outcast. I followed the East Indian influence very early." It happened that I knew from personal experience something of the inner working of a Buddhist monastery, so soon we were talking of the Mahabharata and the Bhagavad-Gîta; and "A. E." quoted a line from the Song of Krishna which he liked particularly, about a young girl's coming of age. "She is a woman. Her eyes have caught the dancing of her feet . . ."

Now he was away again to answer a late summons of the bell, returning

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immediately, followed by a small man with a Napoleonic forehead, and a lady with superb ruddy hair and a complementary green dress.

"This is the man I wanted you to meet. I thought he had gone to Donegal. This is Padraic Colum."

I shook hands with Dr. Colum and was about to say something pleasant but casual when, much to my surprise, I found that he was no longer there, but was talking quite intently to someone else on the far side of the room! "A. E.", however, was still at hand, speaking for the moment with another American about America, and saying that he hoped some day to visit us.

"The thing you will perhaps notice most", said the American, "is that many of our newspapers have considerably more relation to something called news than to something called truth."

"Ah, I know", he answered. "There was one of your leading magazines which published an article called 'The Opinions of "A. E."', purporting to be an interview with me. But there had been no interview, and most of the opinions were quite the opposite of my own. I wrote to the editor in protest, but he answered by asking me to write an article for him. That I refused to do, asking him to correct some of the 'opinions' which were entirely false. But no corrections were made, and I never heard from him again."

"What was the magazine, Mr. Russell?"

He gave the name of one of the greatest monthly periodicals in the United States.

Now people were moving about, and looking at the paintings, and eating up pieces of cake which, through the merest chance, had remained on the tea table.

And here was Padraic Colum talking with a professor from Trinity about the most ancient civilization of Crete, and whether it might not be identified with that of Atlantis. Some of the Greeks had thought so. And certainly the early civilization of Egypt was a partial basis for Greek culture. The only Greek who did not fall for the Egyptians was Plato. . . . Then the professor moved away, and I told Padraic Colum a fact which any man might be glad to hear of his native land: that in the highways and byways of Ireland I had found his work, of all the modern Irish poets, to be foremost in the hearts of the people.

Later, I asked "A. E." why the others were not read to any great extent in Ireland. He replied that he and Yeats were anathema because of their beliefs, but that Dr. Colum, who wrote beautiful poetry, had not run against any reefs of creed, and that some of his work had been used in the schoolbooks for the Irish children. In proof of the quality of that poetry, he got out a book of Colum's poems and, with raised hand almost imperceptibly beating the accents, he read for me, in a chanting voice which was almost Grecian in its emphasis of the stressed syllables, the finest of the poems.

There may be those who would find "A. E.'s" reading a little didactic or perhaps a little rhapsodic — a little reminiscent of the myrtle branch at an Athenian feast. I am not among them. For as I listened, there came to me in swift vision the stir of sunlight on the Mediterranean, an Ionic city, and the voice of a blind poet chanting mighty lines from the Iliad or the Odyssey.

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FRONTIER CHARACTERS

By Hulbert Footner

WESTERN fiction (together with its northern variant) has got a bad name. People still read it but privately, I think, they consider it all bunk. They believe that there is no such country; that the last frontier has passed. This belief is due to the fact that some of the most conspicuous performers in this field use the west (or the north) as a Never-Never Land in which they can cause the most amazing things to happen to the most amazing people, without any danger of being called to account. That's all right for those who enjoy that sort of thing; still it is a pity it should be forgotten that there is a real frontier even now. It is not at all like the scene of the novels that I have in mind; but ever so much more interesting. It is rich in character; in fact, every man you meet up there *is* a character. I purpose describing a few chosen at random.

The first time I "went in" I was driven the first hundred miles by a breed whom I shall call Paul Smiley. Anything less like the traditional halfbreed of fiction it would be impossible to imagine. A little old man with a dark, seamed face, he might have been of any age between forty five and seventy. As it turned out, he was within three years of the latter figure. He had a mild, humorous, blue eye, and a gentle, deprecatory manner. He wore a brand new pearl fedora cocked over one eye, a new store suit, and a pair of new shoes that screeched with every step he took. The road being bad, our journey extended over three days, and during the whole way he poured his stories of the country into my ear: grisly stories of cannibalism, magic, and ghosts among the Indians; rollicking stories of the tricks the halfbreed guides used to play on the self sufficient British officers during Louis Riel's rebellion in 1885.

Toward the end of the journey, he mentioned in the most casual manner that the quarter section of land he had had from the government was now included within the limits of the city of ——, and that he had just sold for $70,000.

"What are you going to do with it?" I asked, gasping.

"Well, I dunno", he said with his delightful grin. "I bought me a new hat and a new pair of shoes."

The next stage of this journey was to be undertaken by steamboat. It was the first steamboat in that country. It looked as if it might have been built by boys out of odds and ends in somebody's back yard. The skipper, whose real name I have forgotten, but who appears in several of my stories as Cap'n Wes' Trickett, was as quaint as his craft. He had a very red face and gooseberry eyes, which bore a perpetual expression of indignant surprise. He had a bush of grizzled curls on which was balanced a yachting cap several sizes too small. This was his concession to a sailor's calling. Cap'n Wes' collected patent medicines; and his principal conversation had to do with the respective merits of Pain-Killer and Golden Medical Discovery.

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Whenever anybody told him of a new one he sent to town for a bottle of it. At the foot of his bunk there were two shelves crowded with bottles. They said he lay in bed half an hour of a morning, trying to make up his mind with which to start the day. If he didn't get any kick out of the one, he would mix two together at a venture, and try that.

When I went to engage passage on the steamboat, the conversation as nearly as I can remember it ran like this:

MYSELF (*affably*): When are you going to start up river, Cap'n?

CAP'N WES' (*astonished*): *I* can't tell you, Mister.

MYSELF (*nonplused*): But you've got steam up.

CAP'N WES': I might go down the river.

MYSELF: When will you be back?

CAP'N WES': Well, in about three weeks, if I don't bust anything.

MYSELF: Then it's up to me to find some other way of getting upstream.

CAP'N WES': Suit yourself, Mister. I didn't say I wasn't going up.

MYSELF: What am I going to do then?

CAP'N WES': Oh, just stick around for a couple of days, and I'll let you know.

It subsequently transpired that the real difficulty was owing to the lowness of the water. After three days, the water in the meantime having fallen another foot, Cap'n Wes' suddenly decided to start up river. We traveled for two days, tying up to the shore at night. On the afternoon of the second day we ran aground in a rapid; and Cap'n Wes' went about in despair, shaking his fists above his head and crying: "I told you so!" to everybody on board. Passengers and freight alike were carried back to their starting point; only I insisted on being put ashore in the bush.

I had not been long by myself when some Indians were attracted by their mysterious instinct to the spot. By means of signs we came more or less to an understanding, and they carried me to their camp for the night. The head man very courteously invited me to share his tepee together with his three wives and countless children. (I could not be sure of the exact relationship of the ladies of course.) A special place about two feet wide was swept off for me in the circle about the fire; but I beat a retreat outside. I confess I was a little scandalized. This was some years ago. However, in the morning I unwittingly scandalized them by padding around my own tent in my bare feet. The women fled from the sight, covering their eyes.

At the head of the rapids I bought a little boat shaped like a flatiron or a slab of pie; and in this, with immense pains, I made my way up some sixty miles or so of a smaller river, only to be halted at the top by a lake stretching to the horizon, which certainly could not be crossed in a slice of pie. Looking about me in some uncertainty, I beheld a shack almost hidden among the sand dunes of the lake shore, with smoke coming out of the chimney. As I approached it, I was greatly cheered to hear voices, as I thought, obviously of white men, coming through the open door. But when I looked in, there was only one. It gave me quite a turn. He had been talking to himself; and what was more, after he had made me welcome with casual friendliness he went right on talking to himself, perfectly indifferent as to whether I listened or answered. Yet he was not mad. I cannot remember much of his talk; it was just a pleasant drool, punctuated by a vigorous spit-

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ting right and left. He was very old. He said he had been in the country for sixty years, and he looked as if he had not taken off his clothes in all that time. They did not look like clothes any more; they had accommodated themselves to his body like a very skin. His tiny shack was papered and ceiled with newspapers; and great piles of newspapers almost filled it. The old man would look around at them fondly, and speak of "My papers!" in an affectionate voice. He was grieved, I think, when I elected to sleep out of doors; but after several hours of that gentle, toneless babbling, which went on just the same whether I was inside or out, I was almost ready to yell aloud.

In a few days a York boat came up the little river manned by a breed crew and skipper. I sold the slice of pie to a native and took passage in the "Loseis" (Little Duck). The skipper, Hooliam, was another comical character. A skinny little rat, openly scorned by his crew, he nevertheless had a grand conceit of himself. He affected to ignore me (as indeed they all did) but as soon as I came aboard he opened a doll's trunk at his feet, and took from it a black velvet waistcoat heavily embroidered in gold; a red worsted sash; and an orange silk neckerchief. These he put on, looking grandly around at the horizon. I had a glimpse inside the trunk; and in addition to the articles mentioned, I saw a slab of smoked moose meat; a plug of tobacco; some fish hooks with decayed bait upon them; and a Bible wrapped in a filthy rag. Later, when they had put up a sail, Hooliam yielded the tiller to one of his men and, putting on a pair of steel rimmed spectacles of antique style, sat down to read the Bible. He volunteered the information that he was "a very good reader". As soon as I had registered this, he put away the Bible. It was almost the only time he addressed me.

At one place where we went ashore to spell, we ran into a couple of tenderfeet struggling into the country with their outfit. At this time I was green enough, heaven knows, but this outfit was tragic! Vigorous men, in the prime of life; one was an ex-dining-car conductor, the other a chiropodist. The latter's claim to fame was that he had once treated Sarah Bernhardt's toes. With a string of broken down city horses, and a high express wagon mounted on springs, they were making their way through the woods, chopping as they went. Conceive of the labor! In six weeks they had covered sixteen miles. Their wagon was loaded with such useless things as cases of canned vegetables (about 90% water), a case of toilet paper, and an iron cook stove. They were heading for Red Willow Prairie, an Eldorado, some 500 miles distant. Here they intended "to sit down and raise cattle while they waited for the railroad". "Where will you get the cattle to begin on?" I asked. "Oh, from the Indians." Even I knew that the Indians of that country have no cattle. When we got to the head of the lake the news overtook us, by moccasin telegraph, that the express wagon had overturned on a stump, pinning the younger man beneath and breaking his back.

Such were the incidents of just a few days' travel. From them it may be gathered that human nature on the frontier is much the same as it is elsewhere. That is the point that I wish to make. The heroes are there, and the black and bloody villains also; but they do not obtrude their qualities unduly. In wild and free America, such as there is left of it, *to take yourself seriously* is the unpardonable sin.

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A LETTER TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN DISSATISFIED WITH LIFE ASHORE

By William McFee

MY DEAR SIR:

I had some difficulty at first in convincing myself that your letter was not a mild hoax on the part of someone familiar with my sympathetic character. Like most men of my way of life, I have some extraordinary letters in my morning mail. They come from widely diverse personalities and express many interesting problems. But I do not believe I have ever received a letter which aroused so many emotions as did yours. I have been amused, interested, annoyed, astonished, and worried. More than once, in meditating a reply, I have been stopped by sheer wonder at such a letter's being penned. But in spite of these difficulties, so apparent to me and so invisible to you, I shall endeavor to put you in the way of discovering what you want to know.

"I am a young man of twenty six," you say, "enjoying good health, but otherwise generally miserable, because disillusioned with life, and with few friends, as a result of a selfish morality and perverted philosophy, brought on by much introspection and little activity. I have drifted about in the local business world, but have proved far from a success, due to lack of commercial training and what is characterized as a 'business personality'."

And so you want to go to sea!

We can deal with the rest of your letter later. The above paragraph seems to call for some comment.

I am bound to say that your case presents unusual features. The average age for disillusioned people to write to me is twenty. At twenty life seems to offer modern youth nothing more save a slow descent into oblivion. That I can understand, because the universal tendency of modern education is to destroy all illusion. Even the nursery rhymes and fairy tales are to be abolished, I hear, because they are fiction. Nobody has any illusions about Timbuktu and Samarkand, about Bagdad and Prester John. We see them all in the movies. The heroes of history are being laid one by one upon the dissecting table, where they prove to be rather smelly subjects and inferior, if anything, to ourselves. Irony, like quicklime, burns what it touches, and although the result may be hygienic, you can raise no flowers of fancy where it has been strewn.

But you are twenty six, and you attribute your sad state to "a selfish morality and perverted philosophy". So you think that, having failed in business, you can achieve success by going to sea. And knowing that I have been a seaman you suggest that I may offer you some counsel which will assist you in your search for happiness. "Perhaps", you say naively, "some step I shall take upon your counsel shall prove a joy and rejuvenation to my commonplace existence."

Now it is plain to me that when a young man of twenty six, presumably

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sane and sincere, and living, not in the distant midlands, but within a mile or so of the greatest port in the world, makes such a proposal, it is time for a few plain words on the subject of the seafaring profession.

In the first place, what do you imagine you can do on a ship? What is your conception of a ship? Are you under the impression that ships are operated for the purpose of affording discontented landsmen a romantic existence? Or do you cherish the thought that working on a ship will suddenly endow you with a miraculous accession of virtue and skill? If you do, I can only offer a few remarks designed to correct this unhappy misconception of the nature of seagoing.

I am aware that in many places I have written of sea life in a way that might be taken as suggesting to those ashore certain remedial qualities to be found in it. And so there are. But common sense will remind you that underlying any such view of the sea there must be a certain amount of hard fact. The beauty and consolation of the sea comes only to those who fit into their place in the life of the ship. And I know of no profession in which it takes so long and in which such exacting demands are made upon a man before he can forget the material exigencies and can move in perfect comfort within the bonds of discipline and technical aptitude.

You go down to the docks, let us say, in a mood of profound discontent with your own destiny, and you watch a steamship leaving her pier for open sea. You observe the commander on the bridge, the chief officer on the forecastle, the second officer on the poop, and the chief engineer by the engine room scuttle, the last watchful of what is going on before his eyes and attentive to the sounds down below. These men seem to you to have a fine time of it. And if they know their jobs, which is generally the case, they do. But the quality of their enjoyment — supposing they are not married — is based upon their entire familiarity with their problems, and that again derives from their years at sea. You watch that ship straighten out in the North River, her whistle blowing a warning to the ferries and tow boats, and you see her move on at half speed. She gains the Narrows, and soon all you can see is her smoke trailing across to the Erie Basin. She is gone, and you experience an extraordinary longing to have been on board of her, bound to those distant places in foreign lands of which you have heard and read, but which you have never seen.

You must not imagine I am trying to be satirical at your expense. Nothing is easier, but I have other more useful things to do. My object is to lead you, and as many other Americans as possible, to gain an objective view of seagoing before you begin to disport yourselves upon an ocean of sentiment. There is no harm in your dreaming of seeing "strange lands beneath the arched white sails of ships" so long as you don't impose yourselves upon us long suffering seafarers as genuine seamen. Consideration of this problem — your particular problem — has led me to the conclusion that one of the fundamental difficulties in presenting maritime affairs to Americans is this very propensity for forgetting the practical side of the question.

Take, for example, the illusion that by going to sea you escape the close contacts with humanity that are so irksome in factory and office. Nothing could be more erroneous. Until you have been at sea for some years you will be under the necessity of sleeping in the same cabin with one or

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more shipmates, who are possibly antipathetic to you, within a couple of feet of your own bedplace. You will have to share to a degree unbelievable ashore in the lives of the others. Long before you have achieved a rank where you can have a room to yourself, you will have had such a disciplining of the spirit, such a chastening of the ego, that no "selfish morality and perverted philosophy", as you phrase it so strangely, will have the smallest chance to flourish.

Now this involves misery for such as you. And a man who has reached the age of twenty six is certainly not wise in planning to go to sea unless he has some technical training which he can turn to useful account. I am aware I am responsible for some of the notions prevalent concerning the solace to wounded spirits available in going to sea. I have even made the statement that I ran away to sea. And this is true. I abandoned a shore career at twenty five and began at the bottom in one of the oldest and most deplorable tramp steamers in the service. But a man who has been an engineer all his life is not precisely in the position of those like yourself, who wish to go to sea without any equipment whatever. Even then I should be loth to inflict such an ordeal upon the young men of today in America, raised to expect so many luxurious adjuncts to existence. There was a stark simplicity about life in those old ships that evokes in my mind many reflections. We had very little time to be sentimental in those days. Our pay ranged from twenty dollars a month for a coal passer up to a hundred dollars for the commander. We had salt meat and preserved vegetables, day after day. We slept on straw mattresses with grey blankets. We had no ice, no fruit, no wireless, no electric light, and our working day was eleven hours six or seven days a week.

But you say: All this may be true but that is what I want. I am willing to forego the conveniences of life ashore if I can find my soul on the great waters.

To such an argument I have nothing to offer in rebuttal. Your course is clear and you can leave on the morning tide! I am far from discounting the passionate desire to go out beyond the skyline. It is one of the primal forces of human life. It is the complement of the peasant's passionate attachment to his native earth. You remember the pathos of the old man who died at last without ever seeing Carcassonne? It was not that he could not have made the journey had he really wished. It was because he hated to leave his own village.

But personally, if you will allow me to suggest it, I doubt your willingness to leave the life to which you have been accustomed. I doubt whether you and many millions of Americans like you quite comprehend how very much in the clutch of comfort you are dwelling. And your complaint that you are suffering from a selfish morality and perverted philosophy is construed in my mind into a mere surfeit of living. The real trouble is, my young friend, that you are too comfortable in this fat land of yours, and you know it in a vague roundabout way but lack the energy to effect the cure. To go to sea would undoubtedly make a change for the better in your condition, and a job as an ordinary seaman is not very difficult to come by.

You see, when you ask for advice on this subject I am reminded of the many young Americans who used to make a trip or two with me in the days following the end of the war. What a time it was! We had, I may tell you, a very high turnover, as the efficiency

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engineers call it. I used to give our young Americans two voyages each — one to find out what it was like and another to get tired and decide to stay ashore. They came and they went. We would eventually take on a Scandinavian, a German, a Dutchman, a Spaniard, or a Britisher, who would hang on to his job with his hands, his feet, and all his teeth; and the union officials would pay me a visit and reproach me for not carrying an all-American crew! I am not saying that those young gentlemen, who abandoned us so gaily "to accept a position ashore", had been disillusioned with life, as you put it. I only say that we became very thoroughly disillusioned with them, and decided that if the ship was to be kept going and kept up we should have to employ men who did not expect to be promoted every other day, who understood the necessity for eternal vigilance on watch, and who had some faint conception of the ethics of sea service.

And this seems to be a good place in which to discuss the problem of success mentioned in your letter. You say: "I seem to be out of tune with the present tendencies in this country, and find it difficult to adjust myself to them, for which I must pay with my wellbeing. To me it has always been a question of what I can offer life, and not the reverse. The contrary seems to be the accepted creed of the successful."

I don't think you have quite grasped the nature of the problem. Assuming that success with you is achievement and not money, and leaving out the question of the success of the artist, which is another matter entirely, I am under the impression that you misunderstand what you have to do in order to be successful. After all, the work you have to do on a ship is like the work you have to do in an office or a factory. The first thing you must do is to make a reputation for security. The moment your superior, after giving you work to do, dismisses you and the work from his mind because he knows you will do it, do it well and do it quickly, you are on the way. The Communist will assure you that your superior is being carried on your back because he does nothing. I, on the other hand, assure you that all the "business personality" in the world is of small avail against the integrity of those who do their job. Your use of the silly phrase "business personality" reveals to me the nature of the pseudo-philosophy with which your mind is clouded. There is no such thing as business personality. There is character and the lack of it. There is publicity and the lack of it. The above rule holds good afloat or ashore. Let me tell you a story.

When I first went to sea I had been in business in London for five years, so you will imagine readily enough that I knew something about white collar jobs and what is now known as "selling points", "sales resistance", and so forth. At that time there were seven thousand laundry plants in the London area, and I believe I tried to sell machinery in every one of them during that five years. There are several hundred convents in the south of England, and I visited most of them either to sell plants or to superintend their erection. I met the most extraordinary people in the world, hidden away in filthy little streets in West London, unshaven and slovenly, running a business from hand to mouth, the stench of the wash houses in their very parlors. Some of them would set the dog on me, and I discovered that the firm's catalogue, if offered to the advancing jaws, made an effective gag.

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I learned to discriminate between those who had money in the bank and those who were in debt. I met real business men in nice offices in front of hygienic plants. Once, when I was blundering around a Royal Tuberculosis Sanitorium our people were building down in Sussex, I met the King, Edward VII. So you see my business took me all over the place and up and down the social scale. But I wanted to wander, so I went away to sea.

Now the thing that impressed me most about the men I had to work for on those ships was that some of them had a most uncanny habit of being around when anything happened. This of course is a very rough and ready way of describing it. But it struck me very forcibly, and I set to work to discover how they managed it. I knew I hadn't that useful faculty at all. Things always happened to me when I was unprepared, or not looking, or perhaps had lessened my vigilance. I was not so sanguine as to expect to get in the way of it myself. All I wanted was to trace to its source the good fortune of the others. And I succeeded.

It is the simplest thing in the world. It is principle based on interest, if you will allow me to steal two words from their usual setting and to give them a philosophical significance. I mean, I discovered that those men had a fundamental interest in their work, and had been trained, not in a correspondence school showing them short cuts to nowhere, but by men who had handed on to them a traditional principle of conduct. They handed it on to me eventually, and I found that, as the years went by, and the innumerable ramifications of my work became familiar to me, a mysterious flair for things was no mystery at all, but only a strict attention to business.

This kind of efficiency, I must point out to you, has no connection whatever with the sort of thing you see expanded in advertised applications for executive positions. That is one of the strange things about the sea; advertising is not much use. The kind of efficiency I am describing will land you, after a number of years, at the top of your particular tree. You will have a reputation which the go getter, the smart aleck, the snide artizan will be powerless to undermine. I have been looking through some of my old log books, and I see in one of them a definition of watch-keeping which I am going to rescue from those yellowing pages of wartime and hand on to you: "Watch-keeping is neither a science nor an art. It is a combination of intelligent foresight and habitual vigilance." I imagine that every genuine business man, excluding press agents, intensive-sales-campaigners, and advertising copy writers, would say that definition applies to every form of industrial activity.

You see where we are coming to anchor after all — in character. I believe it was the elder J. P. Morgan who harped on this subject until the lip of every Socialist in the country curled in contempt. Well, I am inclined to suspect that Mr. Morgan knew something about "business personalities" and so forth, and that he was right. I know it is the case on board ship; and I am far from grateful when young men, who are unable to make good on shore, imagine that we can give them bed and board afloat.

Of course there is a sense in which a man can go to sea and escape all the burdens I have been recounting to you. He can enter the forecastle or the glory hole, and submerge his personality in a dull round of heavy toil. If he is an artist like John Masefield, Eugene O'Neill, or the late Richard Matthews

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Hallet, for example, he will extract the materials of his art from his unpromising surroundings. If he is not an artist he will probably finish on the beach as a bummer and a general all round nuisance. I am unable to speak of such a state of mind from experience. I cannot understand any young man's not wanting and striving with all the energy of his nature to get to the top. The present day tendency seems to be to make the subordinate positions so comfortable that nobody wants to rise above them. I was told in the Ford works at Detroit that men preferred the minimum wage. The head of the United States Steel Corporation told me precisely the same story. I have seen men fired because they preferred soft, poorly paid jobs as machinists to going to sea. To such as these I have nothing to say. Nature presents to our view many forms of life, active and parasitic, animal and vegetable, and some that seem midway between these two.

I am assuming that you are not contemplating such a career in forecastles and doss houses. I merely mention it because you say that even teaching in college, toward which you have sometimes looked longingly, "appears to be rife with competition, as one must cram to pass the examinations". You will find competition rife in most things you engage in, and you will find no substitute for brains in making a place for yourself. I remember once traveling through France in a party under the command of a torpedo lieutenant of the Royal Navy. We had many long waits, during our journey, and as I had never before been in such intimate touch with a man of his position, I made the most of it. Naval men are extraordinarily reticent as a rule. This young man was interesting. I asked him whether he came from Keyham or Osborne, which are training colleges for officers.

"Me!" he echoed. "I come from the Lower Deck."

This was a surprise to me. I said I understood difficulties were placed in the way of enlisted men's rising to commissioned rank.

"No, no difficulties," he remarked reflectively, "but you have to be clever, you know, no matter what you take up."

This seems to me a view of things uncontaminated by either "selfish morality or perverted philosophy". Perhaps in your case the "much introspection and little activity" is responsible for the difficulties you discover in life. I am not deprecating introspection by any means. The trouble is that most so called introspection is only a form of moody narcissism. Young men, and young women too, are prone to contemplate their own perfect spiritual navels to the detriment of their employers' interests. If this should happen to be a correct diagnosis of your complaint, going to sea is a course of treatment to be recommended. You will find the general attitude of commanders, mates, and engineers both bracing and provocative. If you carry out orders, and prove yourself handy, silent, and above all *willing*, their esteem for you will be such that you can remain with them forever, or until the office sends down a college boy who wants a trip "to see what it is like". If you take my advice you will continue to hang round. He won't stop more than one voyage. Bond selling is easier, more genteel, more lucrative, than handling the big wire while docking in a snow storm or helping the first assistant to put a tube stopper in a leaking boiler with the combustion chamber temperature at a hundred and fifty degrees. When the

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college boys have gone back to their plus fours, their German police dogs and their straight eights, you can get to work again, and the heads of departments will be glad to have you. Above all, learn your trade. If there is one thing that fills an officer with despair these days it is the suddenly revealed chasms of ignorance in young men who have never served an apprenticeship, who have "picked it up" from preceptors equally defective. Learn your trade. Forget all about "personality" and achieve humility. Katherine Mansfield shrewdly pointed out that authors are no longer humble. Nobody is humble any more, as I see it. The very children in the schools maintain an attitude of conceited superiority toward life. You will find humility a purging and healthful experience. Nobody will baby you, but you will have all the chances in the world to make good. If you look after your job, your job will look after you, which is a statement uncontroverted by all the twaddle ever written about "*business personality*". To use an expressive phrase, this latter is hokum. Bernard Shaw, you may remember, used to give advice to eager young Socialists in London, like myself, burning to help the cause. How could we do it? Well, said Shaw, learn how to do your own particular job better than anyone else and then tell everybody that you are a Socialist. I have often wondered whether Mr. Shaw had not his tongue in his cheek after all when he gave us this advice, because he must have known that by the time a man has reached such a position in his chosen field, he will have ceased to be a Socialist. He will have neither the time nor the temperament for crusades.

As I give you these words of counsel I have a vision of days gone by, when I first went out to sea. I see the gaunt hull of that old freighter thumping her way down the Tyne and rolling her rail under as she turned, a biscuit toss from the piers, into the North Sea off Tynemouth. I see the Channel again, "the lineless level floors", as we plowed toward Ushant, and I wondered what the future held for so rash a young man as I. I recall the days of sweating toil as breakdown after breakdown was reported, the howling winter gale in the Gulf of Lyons, the unforgetable picture as I came up out of that awful old engine room and saw Genoa, *Genova Superba*, by night. I see again an eager young man hurrying over the side and into a boat to get ashore, and I see him in a modest *ristorante* having his first dinner of *ravioli* and *chianti*. I think of all these thrills and I am reminded that for you they are yet to come. I envy you. One can never recapture them. I have been over that same road again as a passenger in a fine liner, but the thrill is not the same. Make the most of it. And never forget that the romantic glamor of the sea can never afford you a lasting source of consolation. It must always be secondary to that finer and more enduring pleasure of duty and skill and everlasting vigilance.

And now if you will excuse me, I shall get back to work.

WILLIAM McFEE

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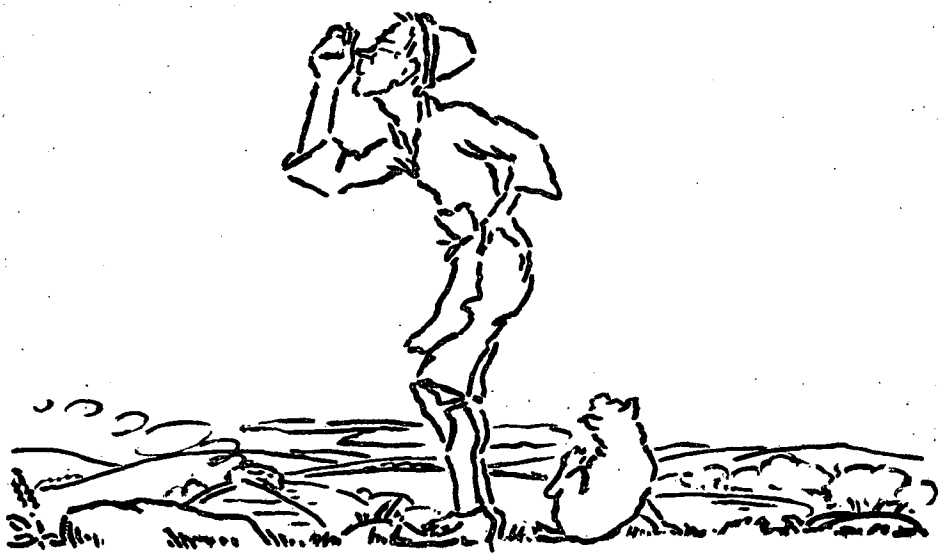

NECROMANCY AND THE WIDOW FAY

By Arthur Mason

With Sketches by F. H. Barkley

AH, it was the bad day for Gerry Mullen when he slipped the hoop over the third finger of the Widow Fay. Peace was his up to that time, but it was a year he had been married before he saw the facts as they were. By that time he was dragging himself around, a skeleton of his former self; and him that used to be the big, strapping man! Why he could break two yards of cobblestones in a day.

His wife grew fat and lazy in that short year, but her tongue it was as supple as a bog snipe; it twirled from morn till night; always haggling. First it was that she would rave at Gerry Mullen about the potato bugs, and then she'd tell him that nary bug was ever in her patch when her first husband was about — before the sudden step he took into the grave that was not yet ready, that is. It was one thing and another till, what with digging turf and chasing the bugs that he could not see, and mending roads, Gerry was dying by inches and something had to be done.

The solution did not lie in separation. Did not the Widow Fay herself slap him on the back and say:

"Gerry Mullen, what ye bind on earth ye bind in heaven, and ye took me for wife for all time."

One year ago that was, and the

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changes in him! The looks of him, with his eyes sinking in his head! One night in the dark of the moon, Gerry waited until the wife of him outdid the hog in snoring. Then out he went, and along the country road he hobbled, until he came to a patch of water that he knew well. Lake-size it was. He shouted, and hurled a word or two through the pitchy night.

"Are you there, Captain, it's trouble I am in again."

There was no answer. Gerry scratched his head.

"Shure'n", he said, "they ought to be about a dark night like this. 'Tis the divil's luck I do be havin' entirely. Me voice may not have reached thim. Begobs and I'll go closer if I have to wet me feet. It may be the death of me, but it's dyin' I am annyway." Down to the water he trudged. This time the lungs of him emptied a wail:

"Are you about the night, Captain, it's Gerry Mullen that's callin' ye."

As he listened a wee voice reached him:

"I heard you the first time you called. As soon as I get my clogs I'll be with you. It's a terrible night I have been having myself."

"Hurry," says Gerry, "for the life is ebbin' out of me."

Then he heard the tramp, tramp, of the wee Captain coming toward him in his wooden clogs. Gerry reached his hand out, and the wee man jumped up on it clogs and all.

"Now," said the Captain, "whatever is on your mind, start, Gerry Mullen, for the temper of me this night won't stand much, after what I've been through this day."

"Thoth," says Gerry, "it's listenin' to you I am; me troubles will endure another hour. They've lasted a year, and shure, what is time compared wit temper? Out wit it, Captain."

"It's this way," says the Captain. "I'm after being upset by a new fairy blowing in the other day, from where I don't know. Shure and it's me fleet of ships I'd give to be rid of it. The morale of me men is dribbling. Says I to them tonight says I: 'Get the canvas on the luggers and heave short your anchors.' Up jumps the new fairy. 'What!' says he. 'Up anchors and no new moon? They don't do that where I come from', says he. I made a run at him, Gerry Mullen, and took a swipe at the blackguard.

"'What!' says he. 'You'd stick a woman?'

"Me heart stopped, Gerry Mullen, at the thought of that.

"'You ain't a woman, now', says I. 'Surely you ain't a woman?'

"'I was', says he, 'when I lived on the Green Plane, and me instincts are still with me for having the last word. Yes,' says he, 'and what's more I'll have you know, Captain, that I'm not an ordinary wee man with a red cap. I've bossed armies of men where I come from, and it will take time to subdue me.'

"Then I heard your voice, Gerry Mullen, and here I am. The first time in five hundred years that I've ever lost me head over any kind of a fairy."

"Quieten down, Captain", said Gerry. "It's the breath of you that's buzzin' in me ears. Listen what I have to say, and it's the lucky man I am that I came here tonight. Shure'n I feel the life comin' back to me again since you told me about what was once a woman, and is now one of your wee men."

There was a pause, and they looked each other straight in the eye. That of the Captain of the wee men sparkled like foam on a moonlit shore. That of

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"Gerry was dying by inches"

Gerry Mullen glowed darkly like ashes almost cold.

"I don't need to be tellin' you about the Widow Fay?" said Gerry, presently.

"Oh, I remember her", answered the Captain. "And it's spliced you have been a year now."

"Sorry is the day, and that is what I'm here for. You understand, Captain. I don't want you to smother her."

"Not by a damned sight", snapped the Captain. "A man never knows what they'll turn into."

"Nevertheless, she's the roon of me life", moaned Gerry, "and something has to be done, and done at once."

"You'll get no help from me", says the Captain, clacking his clogs angrily on the palm of Gerry's hand. "It's a bit out of me line, I mean", he added, more kindly. "I can sometimes do a little to fetch a man to his knees and a woman to her senses, but to pull them apart would be out of me line, Gerry Mullen, out of me line."

"Captain," says Gerry, wiping the dew from his eyebrows, "man of men, don't tell me that. Shure'n 'tis the heart you do be draggin' out of me. Listen to me again." He spoke impressively. "Me wife — that was the Widow Fay — is drivin' me, faster than a grasshopper can jump — to the graveyard.

"Mind you, Captain, and there you shtand up on me hand and never move a lip to save me. Oh 'tis bitter; that it is!"

"If it is as bad as that," said the

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Captain, standing up and straightening his little red cap, "it is worse than I supposed."

"It is worse than that it is, for the tongue of her is livelier than a fiddle bow at a wake wit the chune 'Bugs and turf, bugs and turf', till it seems that even in her shleep she snaps at me. It might well be one of thim things wit a shellhouse over its body that be's lyin' by me side in place of the Widow Fay of me lovin' dhreams."

The Captain was silent; he was thinking hard. Then Gerry spoke:

"What about that woman fairy of yours?" said he. "It ought to be able to offer the rimidy?"

"Me mind was on it", answered the Captain, truly solemn. "And it's a hundred to one shot that the fairy has the dope on the ways of women."

"Call your fairy", pleaded Gerry. "Call it, Captain, or I'm as good as dead."

The Captain stuck his hand into his little pea jacket. Out of it he pulled a whistle. Then he blew four long toots, and three and a half short ones.

"That will bring me new fairy", he said proudly, putting his whistle away.

"That's my call", came then in a wee wizened voice.

"That it is", said the Captain, every mite of him dignified.

"Well, what do you want now?"

Gerry felt the presence of a third party close to him. He shivered in anticipation. Everything depended now.

"You know a lot about women", says the Captain. "You ought to, judging from what your experience has been in the past."

"What I don't know about women is not worth knowing", came the snickering voice, "and I can tell you this. They have been women so long that there's no world they will fit into. They must have their way" (here the little thing's voice grew singsong) "or there's to pay what I'LL NOT SAY!"

"You'll not have YOUR way with me", growled the Captain. "I'd bottle ye first and stick ye under a rock."

"That would be hard", answered the fairy, "but you'd never trap my tongue."

"Hold your tongue", snapped the Captain, "and listen to what I want to know of you. Gerry Mullen, here, has a woman and a bad one; I'm sure of that. In fact in the old days I never knew a good one. He wants to live with her, more shame to him. Quietly, I mean. — Are you listening?"

"I am, that."

"Well, at the present bad things are going to worse, all on account of the wife of him. Look at him now. It's nothing but ribbons of bones he is."

"Me poor man!" cried the wee fairy, who seemed to be quivering from head to feet, "I had a man once like you say it. He didn't live long; not him. The next one I got he had a crust on him the like that your teeth wouldn't penetrate, and that is the way it goes."

"I'll help you", she continued after a sad pause. "I'll make this my first kind act after a thousand years!"

"If I could see you," says Gerry, "it's pattin' you on the head I'd be doin'."

"Hurry up and tell him", shouted the Captain, suddenly. "I've got to get me luggers well offshore tonight. There's no time for sentiment, not with water in me luggers' bilges."

So up speaks the fairy and tells Gerry.

"You'll be getting a pinfeather from under the wing of the first crow you spy in the morning. Don't kill the crow, Gerry Mullen, or your troubles will be worse than they are now."

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"Talk sense", said Gerry, crossly. "How am I to get a crow without bringin' him down?"

"Let me talk, and don't upset my plans with your shotgun interruptions", said the fairy, crisply. "Here, Captain, hand this to Gerry. It is the scale off a herring's nose. Hold that up between you and the crow, Gerry Mullen, and see what happens. Now when you pluck out your pinfeather great care must be taken of it, remember that. Don't let your breath touch it.

"Your next move is to bury it in an owl's nest for three days. Then you'll be taking it home and chopping it fine and garnish fried salmon eggs with it and feed it to your wife. Be careful you don't eat any of it yourself; that's all there is to it. You'll see a sudden change in the Widow Fay, Gerry Mullen, you certainly will."

That same morning, when the window of the day opened up to the eastward, Gerry Mullen stood at the crossroad with the herring scale twittering in his fingers.

Never had he scanned the skies with such eagerness.

Then off in the grey of the morn he saw a black spot dart across the skyline. Up went the herring scale to his eye, where he fastened it on the crow — for a crow it was, indeed. The hungry black bird changed its course and headed down the blue slopes, and straight for Gerry Mullen.

His eyes grew large and his face went white to see it come, and when it lighted on his arm he like to have fainted off. There it stood with its wing lifted for Gerry to help himself to its fine stiff pinfeathers. His trembling fingers found one and hung on to it, and the crow flew away without.

On went Gerry to an owl's nest, and buried the feather. When he got home the wife of him was astir in her broad bare feet, driving the bugs out of the potato patch. He squirmed from the lashings of her tongue, but the thought consoled him:

"Abide your time, Gerry Mullen, abide your time."

For three days the Widow Fay that was grew worse. What had got into her at all, at all? This was when she drove him out of the house and forced him to sleep in the loft over the flea-bitten cow.

Never for a moment did he have any rest. Bug chasing, bug chasing, turf digging, turf digging, and whining all the time.

"Gerry Mullen," she said, "it's turning you over to the magistrate I'll be doing. You're insulting a dacent woman with your slobbering silence. Shure it's not a rock youse do be ever throwing at me anny more. I can't shtand it; me heart do be breaking and me mind is growing stale."

Never a word came from Gerry. He let her rave, but oh how he counted the hours in those three long days!

On the morning of the third day he walked away to the owl's nest with a song on his lips and a flutter in his heart. Never had he thought to live to see the break of that morn!

That day at noon he walked into the house.

"Me darlin'," he said, "shure'n it's salmon eggs I dó be havin' for a tasty morsel for the throat of you. Fry them well, Mrs. Mullen, fry them well. They're fresh, for I poached them this very day; don't ask me where."

Sad was the stare out of the eyes of her.

"Is it a thief I'm married to," she said, "God save me! This wit your other qualities. How am I to bear it? Is it anny wonder me first husband will be turning over in his grave wit

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the shting of it? Poor Pat Fay. Sorry was the day for me that you was killed at the crossroads!"

She fell a-weeping, and tears pumped out of her eyes. Gerry felt very nervous.

"Ah, me poor darlin'," says he, "sit where you are, for 'tis meself that will cook the salmon eggs."

"If I can only get them into her," he thought, "heaven will open its doors."

And while she mopped the spray from her face Gerry cooked the salmon eggs, and, with his back to her, he chopped the crow's feather to pieces finer than the tip of an eyelash and flung it over the portion of salmon eggs of the Widow Fay.

They sat down, and Gerry watched every mouthful gulped by the wife of him.

"God only knows what form that feather will take in the brain of her", he thought, and his own appetite was none of the best; the Saints preserve him!

They sat after the meal, and Gerry watched her, his breath coming and going like a gilled plaice. All of a sudden he saw her begin to smile. Then she laughed.

"I'm feeling so good", she said, "since I ate them salmon eggs."

"They were tasty", said Gerry, awkwardly.

She rose to her feet. The hips of her almost spanned the table.

"Gerry," she said, "take me in your arms. I want to sit on the thin knees of youse for iver and iver."

She squeezed him so hard that the lungs of him didn't have vent for air.

"Get up," cried Gerry, "you're killin' me with the heft of you!"

"Ah no", she cried. "I'm here to shtay in the arms of you, me own man. You aren't going to work any more, Gerry Mullen. It's just sit on you wit my love I will through the days and the years, and it's hug you and kiss you I'll be doing all the rest of me life!"

Gerry's knees cracked under the weight of her. He tried to get away; it was of no use. She had him pinned down with his pinfeather love tonic. He fainted; but first he heard a teeny sound:

"And there's to pay what I'LL NOT SAY!"

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THE LONDONER

The Personal Appearance of Authors—The Present State of the Literary Market—A Subsidy for the Abbey Theatre, Dublin—A Season of Mr. Granville-Barker's Plays—The New Wells.

LONDON, *October* 1, 1925.

THE subject of the personal appearance of authors has been agitating several writers in the London press. Thomas Burke is one of these writers, and the second that I have seen engaged upon the topic during the past week. He complains that the author, when seen, is found insignificant. His kindliness and courtesy are set down as commonplaceness, etc. Now all authors have had some such experience as that which has momentarily embittered Mr. Burke, and I must own to strong sympathy with his protest. The habitually affable author is always set down as a nincompoop. His friends are always ready to underrate his literary prowess because they find him personally agreeable. As Mr. Burke says, instead of being charmed by his condescension, they almost suspect that he does not write those works of his which they so much admire. "What! *That* commonplace little man!" exclaimed a man of my acquaintance, when he caught sight of a celebrated writer. It is too true. What is even more depressing is that such critics are sure of their judgment. They are content with a first look. They want no more. They do not detach feature from feature, as the expert in physiognomy does. They exclaim, and rush away to spread the devastating news. An unfortunate brother of mine, encountering for the first time a stranger of no particular good looks himself, listened to an introduction. "Ah!" said the stranger. "You are the brother of the ugliest author in England!" Now of course the speaker must have been very impressed with my appearance to carry such an impression in his mind for days, perhaps months, and it will be realized that in all my remarks about the author's physical insignificance I am not referring to myself. Far from it. There is a distinction in being the ugliest author in England. I have seen some of the others. But the general fact to which Mr. Burke refers certainly has something more than an individual significance. It implies that the appearance of all men is more regarded than they imagine. It shows the imperiousness of the common mind, apt to judge summarily and to express judgment without reserve. Incidentally it shows another thing — the great (and at the present time the appallingly common) inferiority complex. Whenever a man speaks slightingly of the appearance of a person to whom looks are not an asset, he is gladly discovering something in that person which he can despise. If he can discover something to despise, he is more at ease in the world. And so, by belittling another, he is exalted in his own esteem. That is the real significance of the cry of contempt that goes up at the sight of a mild and commonplace looking writer. Further, there is the additional fact that mild and commonplace looking people, whatever their condition, whether they are clerks or cabinet

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ministers, clergymen or crack shots, are invariably treated with familiarity and scorn. Physique still counts heavily with those of average intelligence. I find that it counts with myself. I am very much influenced by the personal appearance of those with whom I converse. If it is unpleasing, I avert my eyes. If pleasing, I am delighted. On the line of commonplaceness, I should put myself rather above the average judgment, however, because it seems to me that there are few faces which are wholly commonplace. One catches strange gleams of life in the dullest faces. And such gleams are more likely to represent a reality than a dull habitual expression. In the case of writers, I judge that even dull writers have their moments, and it is certainly so with their faces. Moreover, just as it is distinguished nowadays to be dull as a writer — when all our young sparks are afraid to be serious for fear of being less than brilliant — so it is not fantastically undistinguished to be dull in appearance. When all our professional football players are bobbed, and all our country yokels grease long hair and wear Byronic collars, it is increasingly distinguished for authors to look commonplace. Besides, they are not for show. They do their work with pen and paper, and the rewards they seek are those spiritual rewards which take the form of unlimited credit among their fellow writers (I ignore, in deference to Sir Edmund Gosse and the other purists, the rewards which are also paid with pen and paper). The applause of multitudes is not for them. They are no professional cricketers, no actors, no politicians. And besides, how many really commonplace and kindly authors are there in existence whose work is greatly regarded by the elect and whose faces are seen of many? I have met, I suppose, quite a fair proportion of the writers of my day. Seen in the street, some of them may fail to attract attention; but not many. Mr. Shaw, Mr. Chesterton, Sir Hall Caine — are not these easily recognizable? Mr. Bennett, Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Wells — can one confuse them with any other men? Compton Mackenzie, Hugh Walpole, Gilbert Cannan — the figures leap to my eye. Not one of these men is insignificant. Cabinet ministers one may pass; but most authors are worth a glance. Not, perhaps, for beauty, but for other quite legitimate reasons. Mr. Wells is sometimes spoken of as small, but I can assure readers who have not seen him that Mr. Wells is not a small man. I am five feet nine, and Mr. Wells always seems to be taller than I am. He is broad, of course, and that takes from a man's apparent height. Even H. M. Tomlinson is not a small man, although he is such a modest one that a passerby might be deceived into thinking him so. In fact, looking round among the authors I know or have met, I can think of very few who are insignificant in appearance. Further, if one detaches their heads from their bodies, the percentage of superlative good looks may be low, but the amount of character to be perceived is considerable. No, on the whole, and taking into account the fact that few of our living writers disguise themselves in bushy whiskers as the Victorians did, I am inclined to think that the quantity of commonplaceness in looks is not great. All depends upon manner. Nobody could have better manner than some of the writers I have named. It would be impossible to ignore, for example, Mr. Mackenzie or Mr. Walpole. Mr. Mackenzie inevitably takes charge of any gathering in which he finds himself,

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and Mr. Walpole's bonhomie is such that it pervades any party large or small. In most of the cases I have mentioned the mere physical energy of the writer is enough to account for the vividness of his presence. Most of these men, moreover, are exceedingly good and even witty talkers. I have yet to meet a more brilliant talker than Mr. Wells. Mr. Shaw, as a speaker of monologues, is unsurpassed. I have never spoken to Sir Hall Caine, but all the others in my list are good talkers, even Mr. Bennett, who rarely talks much except in the right company. I have spoken of the writers in whose company I am personally most at ease, and it may be that Mr. Burke could produce a list to oppose to mine. I doubt it. Finally, I have intentionally omitted to speak here of women writers. This is because women writers are so much engaged in talking about each other that I thought it would be a nice rest from the subject.

* * * *

While I am writing of authors and their grievances, may I refer to a new terror which has been unveiled by W. B. Maxwell? Mr. Maxwell has just written for "The Author" a rather gloomy article upon the financial side of writing. This theme, of course, is abhorrent to all writers except novelists, and it is natural that a novelist should raise the question. Mr. Maxwell says that there has never been a time when the profession of authorship yielded such considerable rewards in the matter of cash; but the burden of his article is that success is at the same time very much more precarious than ever before. Authors, he says, not only have to gain a reputation; they must fight continuously for its maintenance. To quote Mr. Maxwell himself:

> Nowadays a single very successful novel can bring its author a fortune — I mean, a fortune of respectable amount taking into consideration the changed value of money and the sharply graded subtractive force of the super-tax. But with the possibility of these great and hitherto undreamed of prizes for the lucky few there has come instability of position and precariousness of reward for the less fortunate many.
>
> Almost one might say that the old adage of "Nothing succeeds like success" should now be amended to "Nothing succeeds but success."
>
> People drop out of money-making with terrible rapidity. One year an author may, so to speak, be at the top of the tree, eating the sun-warmed fruit of the highest branches, and a year or two later he may be at its base, gnawing the bark to keep body and soul together in the hard frost of winter. In other and plainer words, he may be fully employed, well paid, well praised; and then quite unexpectedly may find that the good time is over. Although he is doing as valuable work as ever, the work is no longer valued or the market for it has vanished.
>
> All those most competent to judge say there is less than a certainty, scarcely a likelihood, that a really good piece of literary work will be at once recognised. It is, indeed, alleged that the chances of books by new writers were never so adverse as they are now. This brings me back to what I am always saying and often being blamed for saying. We are not yet a literary nation.

Now I do not know upon what evidence Mr. Maxwell writes, but from what I know of Mr. Maxwell himself I am sure that he has some good ground for his statements. He is a sincere and able novelist, and a sincere and able man. At the same time I do not find anything in my own experience to confirm his most lugubrious view of the present state of the literary market. It is true that successful authors nowadays can make very large sums. They have book rights and serial rights, translation rights, film rights, and dramatic rights to dispose of. In this respect they have sources of income which were unknown to the authors of the past. But it is still hard, I imagine, short of a world sale of great dimensions, to make more than Trollope

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made, for example, from "Can You Forgive Her?" and three or four other novels. It is very difficult for a writer not in the restricted class of best sellers to make five thousand pounds from a single book which may take him a couple of years to write. I grant that British and American serial rights, and sales of twenty thousand copies in England and America, with the possibility of film rights to follow, may bring up the figures; but the number of writers who enjoy all these things is extremely small. I also agree that success with novels may open up a considerable revenue from short stories, articles, etc. and that this revenue is likely to fluctuate enormously. But it would never be right to regard accidental gains of this variety as stable income. They have never been stable income, and they never will be. Moreover, in England it seems to me from the experience of long years in the publishing trade that if an author is once established as a favorite it takes many years for him to drop sales to such an extent as Mr. Maxwell indicates. This is the one blessing of the circulating library. In America, where the individual book matters more than it does in England, the drop may be more striking, but even here, I am told, a writer whose books sell upon his general literary reputation can depend for a long time upon a considerable measure of loyal support from his readers. Also, the drop is unlikely to be sudden; but will be quite gradual. I put, therefore, a term of ten years upon a declining author's decline. From the day upon which he gains his great success to the day he faces his failure, I think ten years a not unfair period to estimate. And there is this to be said. If that author, in the middle of his period of decline, produces a fine book he may recover all the ground he has lost, or at least a great part of it. If he has owed his success to something merely accidental, then I agree that he may drop more sharply; but I am assuming that Mr. Maxwell is not defending the exploiter or the dud. It all depends upon the nature of the work. If it has been respectable, and if the author has not defaulted or overproduced, then I believe Mr. Maxwell's account to be excessive. It may have been monotonous work, and in that case it would not hold popular attention. Could it be expected to do that? At length *any* public will tire of monotony. So long as the work has contained quality — and for me the only quality is originality — a cyclonic decline is not only inexplicable to me, but, in my experience, it is almost inconceivable. Finally, as to the difficulty of getting recognition for a good book. Whoever told Mr. Maxwell that it was more difficult than ever to obtain recognition for unknown work was exaggerating. Given some quality, it is easier now than it has been in the last twenty five years to get a reputation for good literary work. True, one must be a social figure, as it has been necessary during that whole period to be a social figure in order to be successful. One must not expect, with such restless snobbery as is rampant among the present day young, to be notorious if one is unknown in Bloomsbury and Chelsea, in Hampstead and Fleet Street. But it is extraordinarily easy to get into Chelsea and Hampstead, Bloomsbury and Fleet Street. All the press patrons of literature are eager for toadies. Let a young man at the present time have moderate brains and pretty parts — best of all if he can dispense with brains through having been elaborately educated at Cambridge or Oxford — and let him be determined to succeed, and the path to notoriety is open to him.

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All his friends will write him favorable reviews; all of them will insert personal paragraphs about him in the gossip columns of the daily newspapers. He will meet all the other ambitious young talents in every party, and will romp into print. He will even, perhaps, as I have heard of a young man's doing only recently, succeed in obtaining a commission to write a first novel, with a payment in advance of the royalties yet to be earned by a book as yet uncommenced. No, no; believe me, there is no difficulty in getting recognition nowadays, and there is not much difficulty in maintaining a reputation and an income from literature, if the fashionable methods of expediency are followed. Even with the oldtime methods of decent standards of work it is possible to make a good living by writing, if one waits long enough for the popular welcome. But of course popularity should not be abused. The work should improve. The author must not assume that he is settled for life if he is lucky enough to have a success. He has to climb yet higher. That, it seems to me, is the true answer to any complaint of the hard lot of the author. There is much silliness, much petty venality, much jealousy and ill feeling in the literary world; but in reality good work is extraordinarily well looked after. Our critics may often snarl and bite, but they will always attack the personality behind the book, and never the good work itself. That personality is secure from attack. They may praise each other until they are sick, but they cannot deceive their own readers, because they are not themselves at heart deceived. In the end the test of good work is the general esteem in which any author — however much he may be abused — is held. And in the long run what I say, and what Mr. This or Mr. That says, does not affect reputations in the least. It remains true that publishers are falling over themselves to discover, and even to subsidize, talent in the young. All publishers are looking for young men and women who can write. Let the talent be simply the brightness of young, self confident minds, or let it be based upon real ability, still the publishers are eager. Who knows, they think, this young person *might* shed his affectations, might achieve some sort of personality which will impress or attract popular esteem — give him a chance. All who are taking any part, however aloof, in the modern business of publishing will confirm what I say in this respect at least. I say that it has never been so easy to get a start in literature, and never so easy to get notice and respect upon small foundations of output and talent. If Mr. Maxwell will produce a young talent which is going begging, he will receive the acclamations of the waiting publishers. The talent itself will receive enormous praise. Editors of magazines will run to beg contributions. For there is no end to the demand for work slightly beyond the mediocrity of so much highly educated imitativeness, self consciousness, fear of reality, neo-classicism, and the like. Let Mr. Maxwell contemplate the success of several of our young writers. Let him ask himself for some explanation of that success. Surely the answer is clear. Not the greatness of the talent but the urgency of the need is the explanation. In the same way, those older writers who keep their places at the head of the publishing lists are there because the publishers must have them. Editors must have them. Without these old talents and the young ones, lists and pages would be empty. The demand is greater than

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the supply. It can never be otherwise until new creative writers arise who will sweep away the established favorites and the young impostors who are reaping the benefit of the lean years. A new generation may change all; but until that new generation develops its attacks upon fame we must struggle along with what we have. Truly the rewards are considerable; truly they are precarious; but to suggest that merit is nowadays ignored is enough to wring the hearts of all of us who daily rake over the possible supply of current literature which shall be more than a farcical assembly of books, set down to avow the wretched poverty of our literary day.

* * * *

Quite another aspect of the whole problem of authorship and production is afforded by the recent decision of the Irish Free State government to grant a subsidy to the Abbey Theatre, Dublin. For years this theatre has been producing plays of considerable but diminishing merit. Requests for a subsidy have been made before, and requests for subsidies have been made by other theatres. There has never been a request for a subsidy for the book world. It has not been needed. Nor will it be needed. Individual writers of books have fallen upon evil days, but most of them have been old and past work, or they have never written anything which has given them any hold upon public attention. But theatres and bookshops have always wanted help. Why this should be so, I have never been able to understand. I think that there must be a fallacy somewhere in the common assumption that good things never pay. I have seen good plays upon the commercial stage, and I do not remember to have seen anything very good upon the stage supplied by the private subscription societies, which to all intents is a subsidized stage. However, there is the Abbey Theatre, which has at length secured its subsidy. I wonder what use will be made of the subsidy. It is a very small one, and is probably needed to keep the theatre open. Perhaps we shall see a new renascence of the Irish drama. I should like to see a renascence of the English drama, but in spite of all Mr. Granville-Barker's appeals for a National Theatre I fear it will be long before England enjoys a subsidy of this kind. How I wish there were subsidies for English authors!

* * * *

Speaking of Mr. Granville-Barker reminds me that there is soon to be a season of his plays, and that the plays are to be produced under Mr. Granville-Barker's own direction. Excellent. I do not know how "The Madras House" will strike a present day audience; but when it was first produced under the auspices of that wretchedly fated Repertory Theatre scheme which Frohman ran at the Duke of York's Theatre about fifteen years ago, it had a bad press. The season itself took a weak turn, and ended by playing a great number of performances of "Trelawny of the Wells". But when it started it seemed to promise great things, and looking back upon the titles of the earliest plays I cannot help wondering whether great things were not done. It is true that I did not much enjoy "Justice", although it was terribly effective upon the stage; and I did not see Mr. Shaw's "Misalliance". I doubt whether many people had the opportunity at that time of seeing the play. It had exactly eleven performances. I thought that "The Madras House" had equaled that total, but I find upon reference to P. P. Howe's

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record, "The Repertory Theatre", that "The Madras House" managed only ten performances. It is a painful memory, for I *did* see "The Madras House", and enjoyed it tremendously. I did not find even the last act, which reads priggishly, too much for my stomach. After all, the last act was a sincere attempt upon the part of the author to resolve all the questions which his play had started. But the real *pièce de résistance* had come earlier, in the shape of the celebrated third act. If I am not mistaken, this play was the first for which Norman Wilkinson and Keith Henderson supplied the *décor;* and I recall the magnificent performance of Sydney Valentine as the best feature of an act that bristled with good performances. Valentine is dead, and at first blush it looks as though it would be difficult to replace him. Mr. Granville-Barker, however, is so masterful a personality, and his method of drilling every actor in his part is so thorough, that we may still find Valentine out-Valentined. I have heard actors and actresses declare that Mr. Granville-Barker has ruined English acting by his strictness as a producer. I know something has ruined it, but whether Mr. Granville-Barker is wholly to blame or not, I am prepared to leave to others to decide. All I wish to state here is that if I am alive at that time, I shall make a point of attending a very early performance of the revived "Madras House". This may be due in part to a superstitious fear that it may not run long, but I prefer to think that by going early I shall have several chances of going again during the season.

I have yet to discover if there is any chance that we shall now be enabled to see Mr. Granville-Barker's censored play, "Waste", which I missed when a Sunday evening performance was given privately. It would be a great treat to be able to see this play. What a long time it seems since we were all reading Mr. Granville-Barker's plays and talking about the renascence of the English drama in his work! It will for many reasons be instructive to reconsider our attitude. Will "The Madras House" seem old fashioned? I hope not.

* * * *

Now I must begin to read "Christina Alberta's Father", which is this moment arrived. I am told that it is a return to Mr. Wells at his very best. I am afraid that our supercilious young have never realized how extraordinarily good that was.

SIMON PURE

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A GUILD OF AUTHORS

By Herbert Francis Sherwood

HAS literature in the United States today the status of a profession? Noah Webster's definition, if applied a generation ago, would have received only one answer. The pressure of individualistic forces has tended to add to the qualifications of a profession that of a recognized code of ethics. Which is an indication of the immunizing tendency of society in pure democracies to divide into groups for self protection. Inasmuch as many of the books written today lack those constructive qualities of sweetness, light, delicacy, beauty of form and subject matter, which furnish the preservative syrup in all forms of art, no amendment to the Constitution is likely to be required to eliminate them from the permanent rôle of volumes to be found in everyman's library. Their work done, they will disappear like "Uncle Tom's Cabin". However, it would be interesting to have a stenographic report of the discussion of the membership committee of the Authors Club, the chief body of American writers, upon the applications for admission of the authors of some of the books of the day. Returning to the opening interrogation, it may be worthwhile to say something about the leading American literary conservation group known as the Authors Club.

There are no literary cubists in the Authors Club. One becomes a member on the basis not of ambition but of accomplishment. The essential to admission is a useful book acceptable to an American audience. The atmosphere of the Club reflects the cultural life of the New England type. To put it in other words, the Club is a conserving influence rather than a radical mouthpiece. Doubtless this explains the lack of wide knowledge of the Club among others than writers.

A number of years ago, following an evening at the Club, a certain well known Washington feminine newspaper correspondent wrote a letter to her paper in which she described it as a body of writers who never wrote anything. It may be left to some person not in search of a striking phrase as an introduction to a newspaper article, to determine whether this could be said truly of an organization including in its membership, past and present, such persons as George William Curtis, Edward and George Cary Eggleston, Richard Watson Gilder, Carl Schurz, Daniel Coit Gilman, Joseph Jefferson, Brander Matthews, Hamilton W. Mabie, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Mark Twain, Stephen Crane, Charles Dudley Warner, F. Hopkinson Smith, James Whitcomb Riley, Nicholas Murray Butler, George W. Cable, William Dean Howells, Maurice Maeterlinck, John Morley, Thomas Nelson Page, James H. Bridge, formerly secretary to Herbert Spencer, F. S. Dellenbaugh, George Iles, Henry van Dyke, Andrew D. White, and Andrew Carnegie. No visitor to the club ever will be able again to make the error this correspondent committed, for it led to the preparation of a manual which informs the reader most fully

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regarding the literary progeny of every member.

The Club is a kind of craftsman's guild. It is "not the Great Authors Club", quoting Duffield Osborne, its historian, "but just the Authors Club, and it takes just pride in the broadly democratic feeling that has guided its policy. It requires that its members shall be truly authors of published books that voice creditable aspiration and, at least, a measure of creditable attainment; gentlemen, who have always maintained in their work the best ethics of the craft."

But since 1889, when Andrew Carnegie made his first gift to the relief fund for writers to be administered by the Club, it has been something more than a social centre for the literary craftsman. Democracy's jesters, the poets, actors, and singers, unlike their predecessors in other centuries, have no patrons to pension them. They must care for themselves when cast off by those they have entertained in their more brilliant years. Temperamentally, they are not likely to be so thrifty as those in other activities of life. The Authors Club, through demonstrated ability, has become the custodian and almoner of the benefactions of America's great literary patron. To quote Mr. Osborne once more: "Literary men and women in all parts of the country have been restored to health by medical aid, care and climatic conditions, which they could never have had without its agency; cases where misfortune had driven authors into dire financial straits have been relieved and they have been helped to regain their feet, while the last hours of many have been eased by luxuries and conveniences otherwise unattainable and by the assurance that their families would not be left without a measure of aid."

Every member is considered to be a committee of one to bring to the attention of the council of the Club any case within his personal knowledge which may properly be aided by this fund. The Club seeks to bring assistance to any worthy case in any part of the country. The nation wide membership of the Club makes it possible to reach many of those, entitled to its benefit, who might otherwise be unable to receive it.

Reverence for books must have possessed the Scotch soul of Andrew Carnegie to a remarkable degree. He sought to house them respectably. Will an inhabitant of this hemisphere a thousand years hence, digging in the ruins of some American town amid a mass of dimly lettered fragments of paper, come upon a bronze plaque bearing the portrait and the name of Andrew Carnegie? If so, that future delver will have found the heart of the iron master resting in what is left of one of the many mansions he erected while in the flesh. His memory will remain green in the hearts of authors for many a year, for he erected shrines there as well as shelters for their works. His interest in them was constant; when he filled in with his own hand in his last will and testament the amounts of his benefactions, he remembered the makers of books. He provided comfortable annuities for two authors, and added $200,000 to his previous gift of $50,000 to the Authors Club of New York for the relief of destitute writers. One is tempted to inquire whether in his last bestowment he was not stimulating the production of books through his efforts to temper the weariness of the flesh. However that may be, he evidently had great faith in the conserving qualifications of the molders of literary form, since he handed over a quarter of a million to a club of the type of exponents of artistic form that

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is supposed to be lacking in habits of thrift.

Perhaps one reason why the female visitor to the Club thought it to be an association of authors who wrote no books, is that it is less a promoter of literature than a point of social contact. It is doubtful if the members of any club in the country pay more attention to what a friend of mine, a professional teacher of public speaking, describes as the speech arts. Their branch, however, is not that of platform oratory. It is particularly that one which is so rarely practised in America, conversation. The United States may be a "logocracy", as Washington Irving styled it, a country ruled by words, but it certainly knows too little of the rule of well proportioned paragraphs. When an official in Washington receives from the lips of the Congress a dictum relating to his office, he immediately calls upon his chief lexicographer to determine the meaning of each word and to prepare regulations based thereupon. Thus, it is still true that we are governed by the dictionary, a volume in which we are constantly "losing the thread of the story". Some day, let us hope, America will learn to think in paragraphs and pages. Perhaps the Authors Club is contributing in this way to the building of the nation.

However that may be, the biweekly "evenings" between October and May have become an institution. Here men talk freely of the characteristics of men. In the telling, they take pains as to the form and content.

Picture a long suite of rooms. It is located on the ninth floor of the Carnegie Hall Building, its use having been given gratis by the donor. The rooms are separated by doors whose frames are so large that the effect when they are thrown open is that of a long salon. On the walls are many curious and interesting literary relics. Here is a page from Dickens's manuscript of "Oliver Twist." Over there is a letter of Hawthorne's. Such a memento of the American novelist is difficult to obtain. A poem by Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Holmes's "Last Leaf", as the pens of their authors traced them years ago, are neighbors. A large frame beside one of the doors faces one as he moves down the long aisle. In the centre is a portrait of Mark Twain. Assembled around the picture at every conceivable angle among the 360-plus are the signatures of the members of the Savage Club, the whole being a souvenir of the dinner by means of which the London Club showed its appreciation of one of America's most American writers.

Down at the far end is spread a long table. Beyond that again are doors and a steel fireproof case filled with rare old books such as Milton's autographed copy of "Floris Solitudum" and Wordsworth's copy of Kenyon's "Rhymed Plan for Tolerance", the gift of Richard Henry Stoddard. One can find in another book in the case the subject for a discussion of the authenticity of a signature of William Shakespeare, for it bears that signature.

The deeply chiseled face of Henry Holt, with its grey mustache, has been one seldom missing from the gatherings. Garbed in immaculate dinner dress and smoking a cigarette contained in a richly carved ivory holder, he moves about from group to group. The short, spare, grey bearded figure of Oscar S. Straus is seen beside the stocky form of Professor Franklin H. Giddings, who also wears a beard. In the days before the war one was likely to see the middle aged form and thinly thatched head of Walter H. Page, our late Ambassador to the Court of St. James. The roster of the Authors Club is sprinkled gener-

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ously with the names of diplomats, the government often looking to writers when considering mediums of communication with foreign potentates and powers. Here Mr. Page was wont to cast off reserve and to tell many stories of men and things literary.

A feature of the evening is always the supper. The purple notes of the temple gong sound at a prearranged minute. The groups move toward the tables. Under the influence of a cup of steaming soup, a bountiful supply of sliced sausage or tongue or salad, a plate of ice cream, black coffee, and a bottle or two of amber beer, now "near beer", the conversation flows along with added zest. It even takes the course occasionally of discussion of a literature bereft of the inspiring influence of a bowl of wine.

In one respect, at least, the Authors Club may be said to resemble the Methodist Church. It holds a watch night service, stimulating to the spirit, and comprised of the verbal contributions of members. But the resemblance to the Methodist service is not continued further. On this occasion specially invited members bring forth of their best for the delectation of their fellows and the guests. The offering may be a poem, a prose sketch, a story, or a short address upon some topic of public interest.

I shall not soon forget the New Year's Eve when Hamilton Wright Mabie and F. Hopkinson Smith, both now gone, were on the program. Mr. Mabie made a short address crammed with his characteristic and gently expressed philosophy of life. Mr. Smith, erect and trimly set in his glove fitting evening clothes, showing never a whit of his three score and ten despite his white hair and long mustaches, told a story. It had no introduction. As soon as the teller reached his feet, he launched into his tale. It was recited with a copper plate finish. Not a word was misplaced. None was missing. There was not one in excess. "Did he memorize that?" one unconsciously asked himself. He enlightened no one. When the tale was told he sat down with no word as to whether it was an original story fashioned for the occasion or one brought forth from his store. It cut the evening like a lightning flash.

Just before midnight the lights go out, and at the stroke of twelve all rise and sing "Auld Lang Syne". Then it is a toast to the New Year, a bite to eat, and a smoke before breaking up. This is one of the few occasions on which a set program is arranged. Rarely are there formal addresses, although now and then someone speaks, as when President Don C. Seitz brought forward Professor Colby of McGill University to talk about Francis Parkman. In that instance, a result was the celebration of the Parkman Centenary at Montreal with Ambassador Jusserand as the chief speaker. Foreign visitors like H. G. Wells, Frederic Harrison, and Rudyard Kipling have placed their feet under this table and talked to their fellow craftsmen.

I remember an occasion, however, when one of the older members rose from the table and with no introduction launched into a series of reminiscences of a certain Feodor Vladimir Larrovitch, a Russian writer. Round about were seated men who criticized the temerity of a member in breaking this rule of "no speeches" at the biweekly get-togethers. "Larrovitch" was a new name to me. It appeared he was unknown to others or recently had been, for they admitted having gone through their biographical dictionaries in search of information regarding the great man. In a spirit of levity, earlier in the year, the Club had celebrated the

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centenary of this literary personage with a poem, a biographical sketch, and reminiscences and critical comment, accompanied by selected passages from his alleged works.

The contributions to the Larrovitch celebration were published and, to quote the secretary again, "the cleverest hoax in literary history" was perpetrated. The Boston "Transcript" reviewed it in all seriousness, while the "Tribune" called it "the Gargantuan comedy that is likely to keep the literary world in immoderate laughter for a long time". "Larrovitch" never was more than an exercise of the imagination by a few members of the Club.

The Authors Club occasionally has promoted literature in a more serious fashion than through the merry creation of a fictitious literary character and the endowment of that figure with all the vitality that sincerely written biography and solemnly uttered reminiscence can bestow. The Club, some thirty two years ago, established the nucleus of a building fund through the publication of the "Liber Scriptorum" in an edition of 251 copies. This work, suggested by Dr. Rossiter Johnson, was composed of short articles or poems written expressly for it by the members of the Club and signed by them in each copy. Issued from the DeVinne Press in 1893, under the editorship of Dr. Johnson, George Cary Eggleston, and John D. Champlin, it was sold at a subscription price of $100 a copy and produced a profit of more than $10,500. Resembling an unabridged dictionary in size, it contains the signatures of many well known Americans such as Mark Twain, Theodore Roosevelt, F. Hopkinson Smith, Andrew Carnegie, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Richard Watson Gilder, and Felix Adler. A second issue of the "Liber Scriptorum" including contributions from the present membership has been completed. The editors are Rossiter Johnson, James H. Bridge, and Clinton Scollard. Future editions of the "Liber Scriptorum", issued at quarter century intervals, should be records and milestones in American literary art.

Since that October day in 1882 when, upon the invitation of Charles deKay, a group of men including Noah Brooks, Edward Eggleston, Laurence Hutton, Brander Matthews, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Mr. deKay himself, and Richard Watson Gilder, his brother-in-law, gathered in Mr. Gilder's Gothic nest at 103 East Fifteenth Street and founded the Authors Club, it has become national in its membership and something more than a club in its service to authors. It has aided in protecting their works from foreign piracy, and established within its own precincts libraries of biography of literary men and of the works of members of the club. This means that there is one place in America where, in the future, books by and about obscure and forgotten writers will be found more readily than anywhere else.

The Club is a conserving force in literature. It has served to draw together writers, and to guide and modify the flow of the literary stream through social contact. So far as the influence of the Authors Club is concerned, American literature will be free from radicalism either in content or form. The development of American literature will be evolutionary rather than revolutionary.

Those influences might be expanded if groups in other communities interested in books and their makers would get together occasionally to discuss the pros and cons of writers and their art, and the tendencies of life and literature.

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THE LUCAS ADVENTURE

By Grant Overton

With a Portrait by Bertrand Zadig

HE came to America less than a year ago — came and went in the still fashion to which, more than any other author, he is addicted. E. V. Lucas holds a record in that respect. Once he spent four days in Chicago without his presence becoming known to more than four persons.

He is not, of course, merely an author or perhaps any longer primarily an author. He is chairman of Methuen and Company, Ltd., in succession to Sir Algernon Methuen. Since he has long been associated with the firm as a director and editorial adviser, it was natural that the choice should fall upon Mr. Lucas as chairman. The union of authorship and publisher in one man is not unknown, to be sure, though seldom has the man brought to his rôles a proficiency in each equal to Lucas's. But it was as an author rather than a publisher that he revisited us.

His specific purpose was a look at paintings. Some months earlier his "companion to the galleries of Europe", the volume called "A Wanderer Among Pictures", had been published.

A word about that book. Of a not inconvenient size, with over seventy excellent full page reproductions of famous pictures, it deals with the important collections in fifteen cities of Europe. The text, aside from locating everything accurately, attempts only a simple suggestion of the qualities of particular artists and the particular specimens of their work. There is no criticism, but there is in a smooth and readable narrative appreciation with the light touch and the frankly personal savor.

You know how it is. You go abroad. And you *would* look at some pictures if you, Baedeker, or anyone else could give the least suggestion of how to go about it. But — well — you didn't come to Europe to endure headaches.

There is another, a more fundamental factor. Painting, of all the arts, is a language more universal than even the dream of Esperanto, more cryptic even than Eskimo, with its three thousand forms of a single word. And painting is the high citadel of snobbery.

I must leave that and come back to it a little later. For the moment, all that presses is the point regarding "A Wanderer Among Pictures". Mr. Lucas had produced a unique and desirable book, desirable even if you weren't going to Europe. And it had had that distinct first success which one scarcely looked for, which meant a fine impetus to the real success that could come only year by year for many a year with a book of this sort. It was this impetus, delightful and rather unexpected, which had brought him, not for the first time, to America. For he was in receipt of plenty of assurances that Americans needed, quite as much as a companion to the galleries of Europe, a companion to the collections at home.

The visit does not concern us, since we are to have its fruits in a book to put alongside "A Wanderer Among

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Pictures". Nor is the fact that it was undertaken for a specific errand much to the point. The high interest of E. V. Lucas lies somewhere beyond the rich variety of his writings, which only partly convey that interest; a little it lies in his personality, known to certain intimates; the peak of interest, however, like all peaks, is a bold contour of achievement — and I do not mean books, but something of which books are only a part, and not a very considerable part. It is a sustained attitude and a consistent stroke, the least seen and the most effective of all the gestures, picturesque and mean, which we call living, or which sum up to a life.

What to call it I don't know exactly, unless by a phrase such as "the courage of career". Mr. Lucas has it.

Of course a pirate has the courage of career; so, equally, had Walt Whitman; and when very humble persons have it they make superb material for fiction. I don't know why the courage of career should seem especially rare among writers. But it does.

But, you will say, isn't it common among writers? Aren't there many who persist, who starve in garrets? Certainly there are or have been, but that isn't what I mean. To starve in a garret requires no courage whatever, least of all any courage of career, for that is not how careers are made. All that is required in order to starve in a garret is vanity and weakness. Where the courage of career comes in for a writer is in the resolution not to starve and yet to go on writing.

I must explain: In spite of all the nonsense said on the subject, no one can ever count on making a living by writing. The reason, as Hilaire Belloc points out, is simple: Writing cannot be pursued as a trade because it isn't a trade, because one was never meant to live by writing any more than by conversation or travel, and, above all, because there never has been, is not now, and never will be any relation between excellence and marketability. "Good writing has sometimes a market and very bad writing has sometimes a market." The attributes, especially the literary attributes, of a piece of writing, and even the subject, have not necessarily anything to do with the market for writing.

Those who write for the market differ not at all from other purveyors of non-necessities, though I should perhaps add that it is impossible to write fiction "for the market" except by lucky accident. The fact that a number of persons make a living by writing fiction, and some few make fortunes, establishes nothing at all. No one makes a living by fiction except temporarily, although he may have the supreme luck to acquire, in a few years, enough money to put aside or invest and live on for the remainder of life.

Those who don't write for the market must have the courage of career if they are for long to continue writing. They may have this passively, like Edwin Arlington Robinson spending his days in the spiced air of the New York waterfront, or Walter de la Mare who was employed for eighteen years in the accounting department of the London version of the Standard Oil Company. Or the courage of career may be anything but passive, may be not merely active but adventurous. I think at once of Felix Riesenberg, author of "Under Sail", who is just beginning as a novelist. Seaman and later sea officer, newspaper man, engineer on the Catskill Aqueduct, commander of a school ship, Felix has done a dozen things with zest and without ever losing sight of his main intention. It is the courage of career in this self pioneering

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E. V. Lucas

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sense that distinguishes E. V. Lucas.

He wished to write and to have a hand in writing, to edit, anthologize, compile, compare, select, invent, and compose. A certain industriousness assured an output rather large, if not in bulk at any rate in the number of items. The gift of taste which must exercise itself constantly on all kinds of material, the marked diversification of interests (he has never yet come to the end of his interests) made certain a production that would defy the ready tag and the single label. Now writing is a pursuit in which standardization and Ford production are not any less profitable than in other industry. Let a man write one thing and one thing only and he need scarcely write it well.

Both unable and unwilling to write to live, Lucas determined, as so many of the best of the others have determined, to live to write.

And he has done it. He is a successful business man as well as an author; but the best of his achievement has been the attainment of both these ambitions without the sacrifice of the art of living as he would like to live. And how is that? To know everybody and go everywhere, to have actors and prizefighters at his table, to play cricket and to discuss people without any compromises, to write the authoritative biography of Charles Lamb, to have seen all the best paintings in the world with his own eyes and not in the light of someone else's opinions, to write what he liked as he liked it — this, I think, is the art of living for Lucas, or some part of it. And I, for one, shan't deny it the designation of Adventure.

And to his courage of career has been joined constantly a rare wisdom. He has so contrived that it hasn't been necessary to acknowledge: "This is my bread and butter; this, my cakes and ale." His business has not been solely the literary direction of Methuen, his pleasure lying elsewhere. He has never had to say: "This hour shall earn the money, that shall provide the fun." While perhaps his days in Essex Street have been predominantly the means of living; his hours of writing, the pleasure of self expression; his evenings at the Athenæum and his afternoons, recreation, there has always been an agreeable vagueness in the definition of each task; he has never paid Paul by robbing Peter.

Thus may the courage of career be reenforced by the wisdom of career. Mr. Lucas has none of the tragic air of the tired American business man, whose work is so joyless that his play must be preceded by many cocktails in order to make it sufficiently hectic.

The courage of career implies the courage of yielding to facts. It is a fact, of course, that literature has been lost to the mass of mankind through the probably unfortunate invention of printing. Those arts which can make their impression directly on the senses — music, painting, and sculpture, for the most common examples — retain still the supreme advantage which literature lost when it became no longer oral. The cause of literature has suffered a vast further destruction through the debasement of teaching which befell at the same time and by the same means. Literature is now something administered in fixed doses in high schools and colleges by persons who are no more teachers than they are physicians, but who are just able to administer someone else's prescriptions. You pass an examination and there's your literature.

Of all the arts, music is the least amenable to the practice of snobbery; painting is brahminous. Only the direct appeal of painting to the observer

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has saved it in any degree from becoming as dead as Greek. But people, mere common people, will persist in looking at paintings and enjoying them, despite all the efforts to form an exclusive cult.

Now I know very well that Mr. Lucas reckons with such facts as these.

It was open to him to be as brahminical as you please. Through self determination free from any actual necessity to make money by his books, he could have written, had he so chosen, only the kind of books which never make any money. Instead of writing those diverting novels and books of essays which appeal to every taste, he could have written for the remotest, most snobbish taste. He could have written for the cult and not for the crowd. And he could have written down to the crowd, as the phrase goes — which always means writing beneath the crowd.

He has never made these silly mistakes. Although he is, as Edmund Gosse suggests, one of the few really perfect writers of the essay in his own time — which also means, such is their rarity, in all time — Lucas has always understood that literature belongs to the people. He has always understood that literature has its human values which transcend and outlive all the so called literary values.

Therefore when you read the essays of Lucas you are alike surprised and charmed by the variety of his subjects, as wide as life itself, and you marvel at the way in which he treats them, so human, so unaffected, so easy, with effects of humor, pathos, gentle satire, which are simplicity itself.

The danger is that one may be frightened off by the label "essay" as one is driven off by the words "literature" and "literary". But I assure you that if Lucas or some capable reader were to read a dozen of his essays, so called, from WEAF or WJZ or some other radio broadcasting station, the letters asking for more would arrive by the thousand.

It is equally true, this facility for entertaining the larger audience, of his books on paintings and painters. The little books on the great masters, "Rembrandt", "Michael Angelo", and the rest of a continuing series, have a directness and charm which, I see from the reviews, have already evoked expressions of discontent from some quarters. These critics think that no one should write about Rembrandt without the high academical manner. I am amused and think of the book reviews, not at all rare, which are quite unintelligible unless you have already read the book.

People are interested in other people. It is more important to say something about Rembrandt's marriage than to discuss his chiaroscuro.

The amazing variety of Mr. Lucas's work, discussed in another article*, has sprung, I think, as much from his sense of the meaning and worth of human society as from other and possibly more selfish impulses. He has written essays, guides to painters and paintings, biographies, those gay novels he calls "entertainments", incomparable books for children, and a dozen other things simply because (perhaps partly as a publisher, and wholly as a person) he comprehends the diversity of human interests and the need and the extreme pleasure of a diversified appeal. He is as far as possible from the egocentric author who simply cannot think of attempting another type of book because, don't you know, his reputation is molded upon one certain type.

I am pursued by a little fear lest I

*"That Literary Wanderer, E.V. Lucas," in THE BOOKMAN for May, 1924.

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labor the point, or even point the obvious. But this is the situation:

As the invention of printing made books inevitable, the thing we call literature was thrown open to dozens, hundreds, and now thousands of persons whose qualifications were of the slightest. What economists call the Gresham Law tells us that a debased currency drives out good coinage. This is not true of writing, but something equally serious happens. People shun the good and the bad alike.

The persons of "literary" taste, the academicians, put a stamp of approval on work which has purely literary distinction, and they assert that this stamp is its value. But the intrinsic worth of a book, as of a gold coin, is its only value for the mass of mankind. Intrinsic worth rests on almost nothing but emotion — what the author feels, what he can convey of his feeling. The sole exception is the strictly informative book; sometimes even that isn't all exception.

If I wish to sum up Mr. Lucas, I have only to say, after all, that he is an author who began by being a man of perspective and who has remained a man of perspective after becoming an author.

Secure in the assurance that he is a member of the human race, he collects an anthology, or writes a book of verse for children — yes, there's one coming — or fashions one of his "entertainments", or whatever, knowing that because this has given him pleasure it will give pleasure to others.

That, for Mr. Lucas, is all very well, but I can give no guarantee of the same results in other cases. For with Lucas it depends upon a combination of factors rarely found — the sense of adventure and the courage of career, to which he joins the wisdom of career and the unfailing sense of human values kept in steady perspective. How do I know that your other author has all that?

AN OLD POEM

By George Sterling

SO long ago I penned the words I read,
That now it seems a stranger's hand had writ
These alien lines, forgotten until now.
And am I not a stranger to those years?

Ah! slowly, and by what accord of Time,
The tides of change have had their labor here,
Shifting the shore lines of the land I knew,
Till what I dreamed was truth seems truth no more!

Is Wisdom of the heart or of the head?
Within the golden temple or the grey
Shall seekers find her altar? Two have faced
The eternal Sphinx: was youth the wiser one?

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THE SKETCH BOOK

ALONG THE POTOMAC

By Frederick Niven

THE other day I picked up a copy of that very interesting anthology of Professors Gayley and Flaherty, "The Poetry of the People", and as I glanced, dipping, through the table of contents, my eye noted "The Wife of Usher's Well", "The Demon Lover", "The British Grenadiers", "Barbara Allen", "Sally in Our Alley", "This is my own, my Native Land", "For a' that and a' that", "The Blue and the Grey" — and nothing remarkable happened to me; but when I read the title "All quiet along the Potomac", something did happen.

What, I asked myself (suddenly enchanted by "quiet Potomac"), is this inveiglement of place names? I was not born by the Potomac; I was born in South America by no river side, with the South Pacific before me and the peak of Aconcagua behind. "It is not only a sense of patriotism", I mused, "that can be stirred by place names." Of Scottish ancestry (I must crave pardon for the highly personal manner in which I approach this theme, but I see no other way), and having lived much in Scotland, I have thought sometimes it is the Scot in me that is elated over such names as Ettrick Water, Quair Burn, Tweedside, have thought that it is the Scot in me that never tires of:

> I would I were where Helen lies;
> Night and day on me she cries;
> O that I were where Helen lies,
> On fair Kirkconnel Lea.

I feel toward Kirkconnel as did the old lady toward Mesopotamia, she who spoke of "that blessed word — Mesopotamia". But I come to the conclusion that it is not only the Scot in me that finds delight in many a place name; for I have almost as much joy in murmuring: "All quiet along the Potomac", as in chanting: "And the Quair Burn singing down to the vale of Tweed."

Some poets, toying with place names, give us the impression of what the west calls "a put up job". The exquisite accents in which Yeats writes his: "I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree", however much they convince me that Yeats is a craftsman, do not convince me (if I may phrase it so) topographically. He seems as a silversmith to whom Innisfree is but a turquoise to mount. I came across some Irish verse the other day that struck me as one of these place name poems which are "put up jobs". It was of but four stanzas, yet rang the changes on six place names, and it moved me neither as Keats moves with the name of "Darien" — which he had never seen — nor as Violet Jacob moves me singing of Angus

> And a cauld rain falling
> In the back-end of the year,

which she has seen. It moved me not at all. I neither visualized, nor desired to see, any of these places. The impression the poem gave was of a writer sitting down determined to give the thrill of the place name; and for myself I could but say: "Nary thrill." In many of the verses by Burns I find the place name as little appealing or electric. It is as though he were rather thinking of himself as a local bard than

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definitely in love with the "banks and braes o' bonny Doon".

Another facet of this theme: when Walter de la Mare writes about Araby or Persia I believe he has no intention of going there. His Persia is much like the China that some years ago intensely fascinated the poets of Paris. I once heard a comedian on the vaudeville stage say: "I am weary of this world; I think I shall climb a tree." Walter de la Mare only climbs a tree. The stinks of Persia would bore him, I feel. His Persia and Arabia, and the China of the Goncourts' period, are only castles in Spain. They are utterly different from the Persia and Arabia of the travelers. These are to him but names he borrows, by which to call the places he dreams about over coffee in Soho, or under his trees at Anerley. That is quite a different matter from the "put up job". He lives in a world where sounds but the echo of Keats's line: "Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

Once I wrote an article about a day in my youth when, out west, round the bend of a creek, I came upon an Indian camp, deerskins stretched under stones in the water, a sift of wood smoke in the air, and felt as if I had come home, and could metaphorically knock the top out of my silk hat for good and all, and go be a squaw man. A gentleman who read that article on its publication sent me an envelope full of pamphlets regarding his society — the Society of Reincarnationists, or some such name — and a very interesting letter accompanied the pamphlets, telling me that I should join his society, that the reason for the feeling of which I had written was, clearly, to be explained by my having been, in an earlier time on earth, an Amerind. It was not the entrance fee to his society that prevented my joining. What dissuaded me was that I did not find his view convincing. I am equally stirred (by way of the olfactory nerves) by peat reek whirled about in the rainy gusts in clachans of the Scottish Highlands, and the tang of red-willow smoke from camp fires in Canada. I may, of course, have had many incarnations. This equal delight in peat reek and red-willow smoke does not refute the view of that proselytizing member of the Society of Reincarnationists. That I am caught (through my auditory senses) by the names of Viña del Mar, Duror in Appin, Illicilliwaet, Pincher Creek, Traquair, Santa Fé, Leaves Green, may mean, of course, that I have lived in each of these places in ancient days: the more incarnations the merrier, from the believer's point of view; but it may only mean that I love pleasing sounds, as I love opals and amber beads and stones in running water. It may only mean, regarding such of these places as I have visited, that I have found them good. It may only mean, regarding the ones I have not visited, that they connote something attractive to my mind. It may only mean, regarding some, that sound and fancy, or sound and knowledge of them, both delight me for their own sake.

Duror in Appin gives me a sound I love and re-lustres a treasured memory; Samarkand and Pincher Creek create visions, though I have visited neither place. At sound of "Samarkand" I conjure up a picture probably not at all like Samarkand, but a pleasing picture — of colored rugs and colored fruit. At "Pincher Creek" I visualize a little party of men looking for a lost pair of pliers in the grass, and see the Alberta foothills rolling on and on, and the tumbleweed dancing past on the wind. The names of some other places not only delight me but give me the wish to go to them — such as

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Viña del Mar, which makes me think of grape vines and grape clusters, and a *dolce far niente* feeling close by the bursting of Pacific breakers. And, by the way, I have been there! I remember it too, across thirty years.

When I recently read a poem beginning:

> As I went down by Hastings Mill I heard a sailor singing,
> Chipping off the deep-sea rust above the tide a-swinging . . .

I had that leap at the heart, the cause of which is the subject of this paper. The fact is that there are various causes, but in every case I can give an explanation not supernatural. Hastings Mill is not older than I. I can't have been there in a prior existence. Yet twenty years ago I did tramp past Hastings Mill, blankets on shoulder, on the way from Vancouver to Camp Barnet. Maybe that is why the poem in question caught me. I remember the woods, the plopping of the inlet water, recall only my happiness of the time and not the worries — I am sure there were some worries! Maybe here the reincarnationist sits up ecstatic and says: "That's it! You knew Hastings Mill. You know you knew it. You were there before, on your present sojourn upon this planet. Other place names may catch your subconscious self, the fragment in you that is migratory." I don't think so, however. Out of my present life I can account for the single lure, or the various lures, of each name that lures. I have no great leanings toward making mysteries, like a medicine man. The realities I know, with the brains God gave me, are miracle and mystery enough.

Stewart Edward White, in that delightful collection of essays "The Forest", has a paragraph or two on the invitation in the sound of the Touchwood Post, the Land of Little Sticks, Peace River. Peace River I delight in because it hints at a world where I need read no more in the daily papers of Winston Churchill's latest post, or G. Bernard Shaw's diet, or the steps of the Charleston, or any of the excitements that fill the daily press. "Timbuktu" caught René Caillié. For years he studied Arabic and the ways of the Sahara ("Timbuktu, Timbuktu" in the back of his mind all the time) so as to go there competent to understand it. He was a wonderful man and he did what he wanted. Most of us have either our Arabys or our Timbuktus, and can explain why, if only we ask ourselves, without calling in the aid of the super-anything. As for

> The standard on the Braes of Mar
> Is up and streaming rarely . . .

I am inclined to think perhaps it has really no place in this paper! The vision of that banner "streaming rarely" turns the Braes of Mar to a hillock anywhere, annihilates locality. The banner is the beauty spot of the couplet.

I feel at home with English west-country men when I hear one singing "Tavistock Goozey Fair". I want to go to Tavistock and see the geese hanging in rows, and the gigs driving into town with the shining holiday crowds. Because of that song, Tavistock connotes for me humanity, just people about their daily lives, as the name of Peace River hints the getting away from the matters of moment that at times seem only to fob off real life and keep us "worried over many things" — and all these as nothing. For different reasons, different names may call us. Mr. Savage Landor was lured by Lhasa, and Warburton Pike could not resist the appeal of the Barren

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Lands. Both Runnymede and Battersea have their music, and meaning, for G. K. Chesterton. The names of Obydos and of Fleet Street diversely quicken the pulse, I take it, of H. M. Tomlinson — with clear cause.

The place names that we love, we love humanly for their own dear sake, their associations wild or peaceful, and sometimes just for their sound. And the caring for a place name (I end as I began) is not merely patriotic, limited. That Scotsman, Andrew Lang, was in love with the names of Helicon and Lesbos as well as Tweed. The associations of Ætna he cherished as well as of Eildon Hills. Helen of Troy, Mary Queen of Scots, the Maid of France — he adored them all, and was none the less Scot for that, and by that token also more than Scot. Many southern men thrill to other than songs of Dixie, and a ditty of the Wabash, though he hum it happily, does not of necessity make an Indiana man provincial.

That's all, I think, on this theme; and again now is all quiet, so to speak, along the Potomac.

MULTIPLE SIR HARRY JOHNSTON

By John Gunther

"COME," said Sir Harry, "let me show you my garden."

In one respect I found it an English enough garden, with yews and deodars in solemn file warding off a plot of Sussex loam, with scarlet creepers and olive-green ivy sprawling along the walls of the Priory; but in another way it mirrors more closely the greatest living authority on Africa, for in a specially built, specially heated conservatory, jutting out from the house, is a strange collection of tropical and subtropical flora, vivid and brilliant in a Sussex November, with one special section set aside for a group of various species of cacti.

"These are rather interesting cacti", explained Sir Harry Johnston, K. C. B., also G. C. M. G. "That plant comes from the Riviera, that from the West Indies, that from Jamaica. Most of the specimens" — he chuckled — "I stole."

An Englishman's house is his castle, so they say in legend, and the legend was never more nearly correct than in description of Sir Harry's home. Originally it was used as a commandery, then a priory, by the Knights of St. John, who built it in 1180 and who lived in it — even now it is called St. John's Priory — for four hundred years. The old chalk walls are three feet thick, with loopholes for windows set deep in a shaft of the rock. Elizabethan additions in brick walls and timbered ceilings came later, but they didn't hide the stone arches remaining from Plantagenet days. Sir Harry about fifteen years ago made it livable, reconstructing it strictly on its mediæval lines. Now it is a home haunted by the best traditions of the oldest England, and the man who lives in it has done his share to keep those traditions progressing.

"The house is ancient enough", said Sir Harry. "But let me show you my workshop."

And he walked across the lawn — the grass like green velvet — past the English truck garden and the row of dovecotes, past the thick clump of deodars, past the half dozen peacocks who parade in stately brilliance before the wide windows of the Priory, to a thatched cottage, with the roof a billow of weathered straw and the walls a salute in heavy plaster, which, Sir

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Harry told me, dates actually to Saxon times, having been built before 1000 A.D. There, in quiet comfort, he can do the work still left for him to do.

Sir Harry is an old man, with an extremely active and varied career behind him. A short, slightly squat figure, he smiles from little eyes burrowing from a maze of wrinkles, and from lips hidden by a bristling white mustache. His is a quizzical, kindly face, with a wealth of life behind the tired eyes and a wealth of adventure in the dark cheeks, glistening still with tropical tan. His health has been poor lately; he is sixty seven and, as he says, he begins to feel it organically.

But he's still working.

"My next novel", he said, "is to be called 'Relations'. It deals with a man who goes to Australia to fight out his career independent of the swarming influences which seek to bind him."

"But", I said, "you have never been to Australia."

"So much the better", smiled Sir Harry Johnston.

I told him I had always hoped he would some day tackle a novel about Africa which he preeminently among all authors living is qualified to write — a novel in which that tropical Africa so persuasively pictured in "The Gay-Dombeys" would be developed to a living, impelling atmosphere, set to influence some man like his own hero Eustace Morven.

"I'll never write it", said Sir Harry. "If I may whisper it, Africa begins to bore me a bit — after forty years."

He thinks "The Veneerings" the best among his own novels, a perhaps curious instance of that warped judgment which many authors have toward their own work, for "The Veneerings" is a good book, but surely not within a million miles of "The Gay-Dombeys", that extraordinary panorama of British imperialism, which I for one persist in thinking among the very first of all novels in English published in this century.

It was published about five years ago.

"I started it", Sir Harry told me, "in 1907, when I returned from Africa after an attack of blackwater fever. The germ of the book goes back many years before that — to reading Dickens in camps by the Congo and meditating over the lives of his characters. I must first have thought of continuing 'Dombey and Son' thirty years ago. I didn't finish it till after the war, when the encouragement of my friend H. G. Wells fired me to work on it again.

"There is a good deal of actual biography and autobiography in 'The Gay-Dombeys' — Lord Wiltshire is a portrait of Lord Salisbury and Jos. Choselwhit of Mr. Chamberlain. But the prominent people are fusions of types. About five women I knew went to make Lady Feenix. The Man Who Did the Right Thing, in the novel of that name, was a military officer I knew well in East Africa.

"After the publication of 'The Gay-Dombeys' I received one day a letter commending it enthusiastically from Bernard Shaw. I wrote back asking permission to continue his 'Mrs. Warren's Profession'. But he disliked hotly the way I handled Vivie Warren, and although I asked him to suggest changes in the manuscript as he saw fit, I've never since heard a word from him."

On the way back from the cottage, Sir Harry pointed to a white fantailed pigeon circling over his garden. A glint of reminiscence floated almost like a haze over his eyes.

"I have black pigeons and white pigeons", he smiled. "One of the unfulfilled ambitions of my life is to own a yellow pigeon. When I made treaties

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in Africa years ago, I devised a tri-colored peace flag — the white for the Englishman, the black for the Negro, the yellow for the Arab. They have been my favorite colors ever since. But I suppose I shall never have a yellow pigeon."

Lady Johnston was away in Bournemouth visiting her mother for a few days, he explained. And Sir Harry led this visitor to a strictly masculine luncheon in his marvelous house. Outside, the peacocks were a slow parade of color, preening before the great casement windows, a stately show of splendor.

Ever since, fired by "The Gay-Dombeys", I sought to find out episodes in the life of this old gentleman, I have considered his career to be the most astonishing both in variety and energy I have ever known. His autobiography has since set it down, but that autobiography, badly proportioned, hardly does it justice.

"I looked on Africa as the new world of the twentieth century", he says in one of his books. "And my ambition was to bring as much of Africa as possible under the British flag, and then to study it at my leisure."

In this effort to become, if not the Columbus of the Dark Continent, at least its Balboa, its Cartier, its Pizarro, he set out quite deliberately as a very young man to equip himself in natural science, art, and especially languages. He first saw Africa in 1879, when it was little more than a blank space on the map. Soon after he met Stanley and with him penetrated the Congo. He led a scientific expedition to Mount Kilimanjaro and climbed it. As vice consul for three years in Nigeria, he opened the Cameroons to English trade. He negotiated treaties, conquered territory, and subdued natives. He waged a war with the Arabs from the Sudan and hanged their chieftain. In 1889 he penetrated Nyasaland, advanced through the country, and added some 200,000 square miles to the British Empire. He returned to Nyasaland, organized it into British Central Africa, and administered it, as soldier and governor, until 1891.

Harry Johnston at this time was all of thirty three. Blackwater fever sent him home, but he returned later as special high commissioner for Uganda, a new territory, and he proceeded to explore, subjugate, and consolidate it. Here was the field of his most important work. "I picked Uganda out of the mud", he told me, "and gave it to Britain." Uganda is an immeasurably rich province as large as France. Shortly before, in 1893, he had been in South Africa, where he quarreled with the savage Cecil Rhodes. The story of his contact with Rhodes is an astounding — and still unpublishable — bit of history. He then turned to Liberia and helped put that Negro republic on its feet. He went into the Congo again, studied the famous pigmies, and came upon a new mammal, the okapi, which he named.

"Stanley told me to go and find that 'donkey'", commented Sir Harry.

Thus, for years, until he retired on account of fever, he roamed the Dark Continent, from Zanzibar to Timbuktu, from the Barbary Coast to Johannesburg. Back in England again, he hurled himself into politics, education, science. He lectured in Canada, Germany, and in the United States as a guest of President Roosevelt, for whose memory, he told me, he has great affection. In a series of exhaustive volumes he gave comprehensive historical, scientific, and anthropological descriptions of Liberia, the Congo, Uganda, and his own British Central

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Africa. He wrote over thirty other books, among them a treatise on phonetic spelling, a critical survey of the Irish question, an analysis of contemporary foreign relations, a descriptive handbook of British mammals, a biography of Livingstone, and a history of African civilization. He was honored by practically every scientific society on the face of the globe, and can now, if he cares to, write after his name a list of thirty seven letters.

An observer of his career must mark the second half of his ambition — "to study those sections of Africa at my leisure". It is here that the full variety of his career, entirely apart from its military and exploring and administrative eminence, shows in the most amazing light.

He turned to zoology and botany with immense zeal, and in his great African books summarized almost exhaustively the previously unknown and unstudied fauna and flora of his sections of Africa. He turned to art because photography wasn't practicable and drew, sketched, and painted his specimens — and became, as a painter, a frequent exhibitor in the Royal Academy. He turned to anthropology and broke open the whole moot question of African ethnology. He turned to languages most especially and has just now completed his monumental "The Comparative Study of the Bantu and Semi-Bantu Languages" — a work which explores most of the known African tongues, tabulates their grammar and vocabularies, and otherwise pushes the first wedge into an almost virgin field of linguistic study. For this work he needed background. So he learned some sixty or seventy languages . . . he has written down 453 African ones.

When the war came Sir Harry had most of this work behind him — already he was known as the last of the great empire builders. When the war came he was fifty six. But he enlisted; and he was gassed in France. And after the war, an old man, looking for more worlds to conquer, he began to publish novels.

"They amuse me", he said, after his teetotal and delicious luncheon. "I have come to this tranquil West Sussex home to recover from various bursts of energy, and on the whole novel writing now suits me best. It is a peaceful way of setting down my own experiences of life and of the people I have met in my way through the world."

Inside the house I found innumerable relics of the career. Underfoot was the skin of the okapi, in one corner a waste basket made of an elephant foot, on other floors various skins, on the walls a score of antelope heads and horns. A Zulu spear, among many other trophies and weapons from aboriginal Africa, lay on one shelf; it was peculiarly impressive alongside a steel helmet and a gas mask.

In the study was a huge, lumbering, infinitely old fashioned typewriter, on which Sir Harry does most of his own writing.

"I first used the typewriter years and years ago for writing my African reports", he said. "This was a very grave and almost reprehensible symbol of progress. The Foreign Office actually brought the matter, scowling, to Queen Victoria. But the Queen said, 'We heartily approve.' She remembered the incident some years later when she knighted me."

He talked more or less at random of his African memories, this little man — he cannot be five feet six — who went with such great gusto after a big continent. I could detect a skeptical fatigue through his discourse. His

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uncertain health worries him. But it was a fascinating hour, with each of his paintings on the wall — hundreds of them — recalling an episode, with his books scattered in profuse abandon all over the house, with the peacocks dancing their saraband of color on the lawn.

Sir Harry told of one African chieftain whom he hanged, and of one whom he did not hang, of the blackwater fever which besieged him and made him half an invalid, of the rising clash of color in Africa and the importance of the Negro, of his disputes with careless publishers and the jealousies of critics, of the comfort of his home and his declining years, of the fond memories he has of his two visits to America.

"How I wish", he said, "that I could look forward to seeing the United States again. But I fear that I shall never again see even Africa."

With strange courtly modesty he declared that he had been "a failure", at least in some aspects of his career. This assertion, made in all sincerity, should be something of a lesson, I can't help but think, for every young man interested in true humility. But perhaps it was because he wanted to get all Africa for the British flag — and he got only half.

SPEECHES TO ORDER

By Stacy V. Jones

THIS is an age of short cuts. We have them in industry, in agriculture, and in transportation; we call them inventions and honor the men who create them. We realize that our material progress lies in the development of short cuts. But we are likely to turn up our noses at them when we meet them in other fields than mechanics. Why is a man laughed at if he doesn't saw wood by machine rather than by hand — for not shirking work — and yet laughed at when he does shirk any mental work, such as the arduous effort of preparing an address?

Now in Washington there is an obliging bureau that produces speeches. It prepares them with every facility for reference, it types them on blank paper, and its quantity production makes them cheap. Perhaps the quality is higher than the average patron of the bureau could attain if he were to take pencil in hand and encyclopædia in lap and do his speeches himself. And the catalogue assures you in boldface type: "*Every paper written by a college graduate.*"

The proprietors of the bureau are eminently respectable middle aged gentlemen. Let us call them the brothers McDonald for convenience. That isn't their name, but theirs is just as solid and American. Some years ago they were graduated from a middle western university with law degrees. One formerly headed the Board of Education of the District of Columbia. Both are members of the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States. For information as to their financial standing, they blandly refer you to Bradstreet's.

This speech factory — formally known as an information bureau — is situated "on the Hill" close to the Capitol, the Library of Congress, and the House and Senate office buildings. The proprietors claim Congressmen among their principal customers. Every Congressman recently received a copy of the current catalogue, listing "1,950 orations, speeches, essays and discourses; addresses on both sides of 200 debates at $1 for each speech (eight for $5)".

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"We write campaign speeches for stump speakers and candidates of both the Democratic and Republican parties", asserts the catalogue. And the owners, when approached on the subject, modestly state that a former Republican Congressman from Pennsylvania paid them $115 for speeches during a recent campaign.

And can one doubt that No. 560 had a great deal to do with the G. O. P. landslide in the 1920 general election? No. 560 is "A Short Republican Speech (about 2,000 Words)" and is valued at $2 instead of the usual price of $1. But one must assume that No. 658, similarly described and priced, but Democratic, was not quite so forcefully phrased by the college graduate who wrote it. And here is No. 895 — "Address for a Newly Elected Republican Congressman." One searches in vain for its Democratic counterpart.

The information bureau and a correspondence school also operated by the McDonald brothers occupy the same building. One goes through an unimpressive doorway and mounts a narrow stair. On the second floor, over a shop, he is directed up another narrow flight to the office.

Here the visitor is greeted warmly across a flat topped desk by one of the brothers. He is plump, pleasant, and suggestive of the principal of a middle western high school. The other, sitting at an old fashioned, cluttered desk in a corner, is thin, and although not old he seems to belong to another age. There is something in his manner which gives the impression that he would be capable of promoting a paradoxical oil scheme — an honest one. Both are benevolent, grey haired, and neat.

But one looks in vain for the rows and rows of college graduates whom he has expected to find writing speeches. It seems that the work of composition is farmed out to a staff of seven men and women in Washington. One is a minister of the gospel, and the others are government clerks. The partners write most of the political speeches themselves.

"Once we tried the preacher on a political speech, but he made a pretty bad mess of it", one of the brothers explained. "But you just try him on a subject like 'Silent Influences' and say! There isn't anybody in the country can do better."

A glance at a speech writer laboring is furnished by the catalogue:

> All of our work is done by college or university graduates. When we receive an order for an address of any kind we assign the subject to one of our writers. Instead of commencing to write on the subject with such information as he might possess, he goes to the Congressional Library, which is only one-half a square away, and there he secures the thoughts of the greatest writers of all ages. We figure on almost a day of careful study on an address of one thousand words before he commences to write. When the paper is finished, it is carefully studied by a literary critic and changes are made where needed. When it is finished, we feel safe in saying that it is a good address.

The terms seem quite moderate. Labor, perhaps, was high during the war but the raw material in the Library remained at the same price. If a puzzled orator wants a "syndicate" speech, a copy of which is sold from stock to anyone who selects it, he pays $1. If he wants a paper on a subject which is not listed, and is willing to have it used later by others, the charge is $5 a thousand words. If he wants an exclusive speech he pays $10 a thousand, and it is done, according to the catalogue, "in profound secrecy".

Debates are $1 a side, at least for the good old topics like "Resolved, That the pen is mightier than the sword". For new debates, made to order, the rate is $6 a side.

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But what, thinks the prospective orator, is to prevent somebody else at the same picnic from delivering the same speech? Nothing at all, except the law of averages. It is very highly improbable. Let the catalogue allay the fear:

When one first thinks of ordering a copy of a paper prepared for general use he thinks seriously of the chances of some other person also getting a copy of the same paper in the same town. This, of course, is possible, but not very probable. If we sold a dozen copies of a paper in a year, we would consider it a very good sale and yet that would make but one copy for every four states in the union, so that the chances of two persons in the same town getting each a copy of the same thing is, to say the least, very remote.

The brothers McDonald take most pride, of course, in their Congressional trade. "Many a Congressman comes up here, glancing behind him as he mounts the stairs", one of the proprietors remarked, with a confident quirk of the head. Asked to cite in that grave journal, the Congressional Record, instances of the use of the bureau's speeches, he was reticent, and preferred to rest on generalities.

Congressmen are not the only clients, and one suspects that they are a minority. The speech factory claims as its patrons superintendents of schools, principals, teachers, students, and officers of fraternal orders.

A few years ago the catalogue contained a hint to students that the orations might serve as compositions, but this hint has disappeared from the current edition, for the situation came to public notice and Brother McDonald resigned from the Board of Education. Said the old catalogue:

Many well educated persons find it difficult to prepare speeches for the various occasions where they are supposed to speak, simply because they are not familiar with this class of work. We supply this deficiency by furnishing addresses on subjects desired. Members of debating and literary societies who may not have the time or the information to properly (*sic*) prepare for the task in hand can be greatly benefited by our debates. Students in high schools and colleges who are driven with work find it difficult to prepare for various kinds of addresses they are expected to deliver. We come to their relief.

One wonders whether the literary critic referred to writes the bureau's catalogue.

Though the service specializes in politics, and asserts blandly that "many of the best political speeches delivered during the past several years were written in this office", there are hundreds of non-political subjects. Here are the titles of a few orations and miscellaneous papers chosen at random:

Crumbling Reputation.
Peace.
The Power of Purpose.
Horrors of War.
Tint Your Own Sky.
What Is Home Without a Mother?
Address for Colored Picnic.
Dangers of Great Wealth.
There Is an Angel in the Stone and I Must Get It Out.
The Homeless Jew.
The Battle of Gettysburg.
Wars Should Cease.
Gems from the Quarry of the Mind (Valedictory). 2,000 Words, $2.
Sands Washed Ashore by the Waves of Time.
No — And When to Say It.
Virginia.
Hyphenated American.
Elevating the Colored Race Politically.
Loving Cup Presentation.
The Country Boy—Why He Wins.
The Battle of Sabine Pass.
Baby Teeth and Their Care.
Address of Mayor at Close of His Term.
Our Non-Union Carpenters — The Birds.
Pioneer Picnic Address.
How to Make Our State More Beautiful.
Address to Sons of Veterans.
The Cotton Boll Weevil.
How to Keep Rural People on the Farm.
What We Won in the World War.
Welcome to Soldiers.
Address at a Golden Wedding Ceremony.
W. C. T. U. Address.
Address of an Overseas Soldier to a War Mothers' Meeting.

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Caution (Humorous).
Members Should Attend Lodge Meetings.
Patriotic Address at a Convention (of Any Kind).
Address to a Departing Foreman. 300 Words.
Tricentennial Celebration, 1619-1919. (Colored.)
The Great American Husband.
Why I Am Proud of Maryland.
Spring Poetry.
A Short Talk by a New Member When Admitted to a Grange.
Address of Welcome by an Eastern Star Member to a Visiting Eastern Star Organization.
Marriage (by the Bride-Groom-to-Be).
A Mother's Ungoverned Temper.
Cast Your Bread Upon the Waters and 'Twill Come Back Buttered.
Bolshevists Should Be Deported.
Niagara Falls.
Address at a Pennsylvania State Society.
Address by an Honored Guest at a Ladies' Literary Society.
Welcome Address to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Engineers and Their Ladies' Auxiliaries.
Don't Die on Third Base.
Boys and Their Handling.
Homicide.
Address of Toastmaster at a Stage Hand Banquet.

Among the political papers must be mentioned "Ladies' Democratic Speech (a Flowery Address). 2,000 Words, $2".

The brothers get their business, they say, principally from satisfied clients who buy year after year, half a dozen papers at a time, and recommend the service to their friends. These old customers no doubt regard a ready-to-make speech as it should be regarded — as a short cut. The sin, if there is any, lies in palming the speech off as one's own.

Why not take a leaf out of the notebook of a great motion picture corporation, and advertise:

TONIGHT AT THE HIGH SCHOOL
Oration, "Fall of the Despots"
By Professor Rusht
"*A McDonald Speech*"

MEMORIES OF MRS. SPOFFORD

By Mary Gray Morrison

ON an afternoon in my schooldays I was fumbling my history lesson for the next day at one end of the room, my mother sewing at the other end, while my aunt sitting beside her with an open book read softly aloud. A word or phrase now and then drifted to me across my tables of dates and events in Monroe's administration. This was in the glad old days when even the youngest had something to learn, and a friend of my elders, a woman member of the Public School Committee, had decreed that her married friends' children should be trained to such concentration on a given task that they would be deaf as a beetle to the sentient world. But now phrase after phrase from across the room slipped into my ear and lingered like a song, while Monroe and his Doctrine dried up and blew away.

It was the dying Yone, of course, talking to herself.

"If I were at home by the river the tide would be turning down, down, and out to the broad sea. There is the quarter striking. It is one o'clock. How free I am! I passed out of the room, down the staircase. The hounds crouched and whined. I paused before the great ebony clock. It chimed the half hour past one. Why did not the hands move? Fixed at a point five minutes before the first quarter struck? To and fro soundless and purposeless swung the long pendulum. I had done with time. Not for me the hands moved in their recurrent circle any more.

"I must have died at ten minutes past one."

My aunt's voice ceased. Neither woman spoke. The poetry in the words, the mystery and the color in them, made my own breath come short.

Next morning before I dressed I looked up the book to read those lines for myself. It was my introduction to "The Amber Gods".

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I spoke to my Sunday School teacher about the stories and she said they had a winy flavor. Her father was our minister to Bolivia, and to represent the United States in Bolivia had to my mind a winy flavor, if that was the name for it. Thus circumstance helped "The Amber Gods" and other of the long thoughts of youth to fill the familiar Boston streets with enchantments.

My grandfather had all the old "Harper's" and "Atlantic's" bound in cloth and I looked up every story bearing the charmed name, every notice in the reviews there. One critic said the author of "Madelon" should write the greatest novel by any American thus far. I never found this "Madelon". It is the only missing one for me of those early wonderful tales. Some day I shall search for it and finding it shall build, as well as I may in the light of late afternoon, the unfinished window in Aladdin's tower.

It was many years before I met the woman who wrought the spell. A friend of hers who knew my longtime interest in her spoke to Mrs. Spofford of it, and word came from her asking me to call. It was at the end of a winter day that I went to the Ludlow, where she was. The room was dusk though not dark, the shades still up, and the lights springing out in the streets and in the windows of Trinity Church opposite. In a moment there came close by a low tinkle like bells. It came from the rings of a portière between that and the next room, but to this hour I feel, as I did then, that there was something singularly appropriate and mysterious in that dusk and the soft sound.

Between the curtains a delicate little figure stepped noiselessly in, dressed in black with something black and graceful falling from the back of her head upon her shoulders. There was not an instant of disillusion.

She had charm physically, mentally, and spiritually. I have in my life seen only four persons whose eyes at middle age and later kept the clear, translucent color of their childhood: hers, those of Pope Pius X with whom an enterprising friend of mine once managed to include me in an audience, Lord Kitchener, when he and I, not looking ahead on the empty sidewalk of the Strand at nine o'clock in the morning, collided and stood staring at each other with a wild surmise before pulling ourselves together to move on — these three with such blue eyes, and one other only.

Frail as she appeared outwardly, a vivid lamp burned within. Life was a fine energy there; till past seventy she had a swift, light movement in walking, like a bird running and then flying a little along the ground.

She had a certain timidity and dread of being on the streets alone or in shops and stores. Once in New York City she and her husband missed each other, and she had not a cent of money. Stopping bewildered and frightened at a curb, she saw her husband inside an omnibus coming abreast of her. She called "Dick!" at the top of her voice. A man beside her took in all at a glance. He shouted "Dick!" at the vehicle. Another and another echoed the cry and some ran after the bus. It stopped, and Mr. Spofford, in dumfounded amazement, stepped out and found his little wife.

There was an unfailing humor in her, sometimes with a mischievous twinkle in it like that of Ariel. She never liked her name of Harriet, and gibed at it with smiling malice. "Harriet Prescott Spofford, all consonants, double r's, double t's, double f's! Bah!"

A former colored servant who had

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married asked permission to name her baby for her late mistress. One day Mrs. Spofford stopped to speak to Cathy wheeling the perambulator.

"Genevieve, yo' make yo' bow to Mis' Spofford", said the mother.

"I thought you told me you were to name it for me", suggested the beneficiary.

"So I'se am do!" the other assured her. "But 'Genevieve' do 'spress youse by long shot better'n 'Harriet' do."

She seldom talked much even in her own family, except now and then when she unexpectedly started off delightfully. For the most part she listened with unflagging sympathy to us lesser ones while we chattered to her. Often did my own speech suddenly fail me as I looked at the loving little face opposite me, feeling myself in the presence of a silence whose processes were deeper or more complex than ours of which she was patiently encouraging the expression. She always seemed to have reticences, as if much that went on within never came to the surface.

Writer's conventions were not for her. She wrote with a small sheet of paper braced upon a book cover resting on her knee, and was not disturbed by her family's talking or moving about the room. She appeared amused at the odd treatment she sometimes received from publishers' employees and would tell how they rejected manuscripts, addressing them to "Miss H. P. Spofford", while indignant friends realized how far away yet was Kipling's millennium, "When the youngest critic has died."

Mrs. Spofford was one of the least conceited people I have ever known. Once on a visit to her at Deer Isle I said to her that, like some painters, she had an early and a later manner. She looked away from me across the river to the belt of pines and did not speak for a moment, then she said, "I know what you mean. There have been times when it has made me sick to my very soul. When my first success came there was a stress in the family fortunes. The publishers would take anything from me and I wrote and wrote. The strain passed, but when leisure came something had escaped into the air. I could never get it back."

I recall what she said once about the love between man and woman, that it was an electric spark that flashed from eyes to eyes, at once. The two might not recognize it at the moment, but often long after they could remember that so it had come.

After the lovely little poem, "The Tower", one of her last, was published we went to the window together and stood looking over the way at Trinity. It was in the evening, and one saint then another glowed in the stained glass as the watchman's lantern lighted them; then the dusky mass grew black. "I built up Salamanca's tower partly with these stones", she said.

One evening at dinner I noticed on her table oysters on the shell at every place, unfailing sign at the Ludlow of personal guests. Soon several relatives came in with her. In a few minutes she met my eye and spelled out on her fingers the words, "Birthday. Eighty." At my dumb show of clapping she made a scornful little *moue* and spelled out, "H-o-r-r-i-d!"

In the last year or two she became more silent, though her welcome never failed for those she knew and looked for. The loving hands trembled a little, reaching up to our shoulders, and the low voice was fainter, but the affection lighted her eyes unchanged. Some of us will thank God the more as we grow older for that love that always saw us at our best.

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On a last time of all I waited for her in the courtyard of the Ludlow, where the hospital ambulance in the form of a huge motor car stood ready to take her to her own Deer Isle. Its men with practised hands brought her down upon the bed prepared, and skilfully laid it in its place within. Accompanying them was her devoted nurse who, seeing me stand by, said, "Step in and speak to her."

She appeared not to notice anything, lying as she had lain for days now, half or wholly unconscious. I bent and kissed her hand; said, "Dear little lady", as so often before. It seemed, or I fancied it, there came a faint light like a smile.

"She knew you", the kind nurse said.

One night at the full moon, at home by the river the tide turned down, down, and out to the broad sea. And she had done with time. To and fro purposeless swung the long pendulum. Not for her the hands moved in their recurrent circle any more.

TO FRANÇOIS VILLON

By Gladys Bollman

HOW did you do it,
You who loved riot and gallantry —
Make a song as frail
As empty and awesome as the ceremony
Of kissing the hand of a queen?

I never could make a song to her, that one,
With her futile pain
And her cloudy mind
In the frailest clay.
But something sang in my heart —
It seemed that I loved her, for a little day.

There was the shadowy room
Where she lay on the low white bed
And her hair flowed out
Into the dark like a river of sadness,
The dark was a river of pain we were borne on together.
Oh, the gods must have laughed!
It was a grand heroic play!

Now she is dead.
I did love her.
You have said of it all there is to say,
Master Villon —
(We all sing it at one time or another) —
"Where are the snows of yesterday —"

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THE NEW YORKER

First Honors go to the English in the New Season — Modernism in "The Vortex" Written About by Someone Who Knows His Field — A Divorce Scandal Turned into a Play — "The Green Hat" — Mr. and Mrs. Lunt Play Excellently in the First of the Shaw Revivals — Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings Dominate the Season — The Immortal Mrs. Fisher Visits Broadway — "Captain Jinks" Returns in Oxford Bags — Two Good Farm Novels — A Tenfold Blast Against the Greatest American Vice.

THE honors of the tender young theatrical season belong indisputably to the English; and this too in the face of the flag waving with which the New Yorker indulged himself all last season. First and second prizes go beyond any doubt to "The Vortex", a play by Noel Coward, one of the younger generation in the British theatre, and to "The Pelican", a play by F. Tennyson Jesse, who is well known as a writer of short stories, and her husband, H. M. Harwood.

In some way these two pieces, especially "The Vortex", made all other essays of the early season seem, in the elegant language of George Jean Nathan, "tripe"; and they emphasized once more the old truth that the business of the threatre is not that of a picture gallery nor of a novel nor of elevated poetry, but simply of entertainment, which is to say "good theatre". Both of these plays are "good theatre". Indeed, there is scarcely a moment in which "The Vortex" fails to keep to a strange level of breathlessness and fascination.

Mr. Coward, the author, twenty seven years old, last season had three plays running simultaneously in London. In New York he has already become so celebrated that gossip has reduced his age to something like twelve; increased the number of his plays to something like fifteen. Such distortion is, of course, the final proof of success in America. It means that the author is being talked about, generously.

"The Vortex" is concerned almost entirely with those individuals who have devoted themselves to modern things — to jazz, to eccentric painting, to the music of Stravinsky and Ravel. It concerns itself with those who are caught up in the vortex of the nervous, clattering, modern life which has cast the Victorians contemptuously into the background and has not yet organized itself. Primarily it is the story of a mother who has been a beauty in her youth and who, now grown middle aged, is infatuated with a boy young enough to be her son and comports herself generally in the ludicrous fashion which has become almost commonplace in this modern world. She refuses to grow old, and to her vanity she sacrifices her friends, her husband (the only normal character in the piece), and her son. Noel Coward is the son and Lillian Braithwaite plays the mother. One can scarcely say enough in praise of the performances they give.

Indeed, the entire cast and the directing as well are very nearly flaw-

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less. On the opening night the audience remained after the curtain to cheer the Henry Miller Theatre until the rafters were in danger. Similar scenes have marked each succeeding night. Much of the success has been due to proper casting and to the fact that there is a sense of reality about the piece — a truly horrible reality — such as we have not experienced in many a month. The characters are meant to be ladies and gentlemen out of a smart world, and so they are, not with the glittering fake smartness of such plays as "The Best People" and "Dancing Mothers", but with the genuine stuff. The characters may be overwrought, foolish, idiotic, but they are never common, cheap, and vulgar. Mr. Coward, it seems, knows what he is writing about, which is indeed rare and refreshing.

Auriol Lee, the never failing, an actress who reads her lines consistently better than any player on the Anglo-Saxon stage, gave a brilliant performance as the shrewd and wearily cynical friend of the mother. There was also a young girl called Mollie Kerr who was superb as the quondam fiancée of the boy — a normal and sensible young girl gone astray for the moment in the morass of jazz and modernism. Alan Hollis is marvelously cast as the gigolo lover, as handsome and as stupid a nitwit as ever followed elderly ladies about. And Leo Carrol as Pauncefort Quentin calls to life a whole procession of he-decorators. Well, it is an admirable piece and, beyond question, the play to head your list for the new season.

"The Pelican" is less perfect. It wanders sometimes and is inclined to be talky, but now and again it achieves the kind of breathless and exciting moment in theatre which compensates for weeks of boring plays. It is a tale founded quite clearly upon the details of the Russell case, a celebrated divorce scandal which filled the pages of the sedate London "Times" for weeks a couple of years ago. It is the story of misunderstandings and recriminations in which the Canadian wife of the heir to an English baronetcy is cast aside and her child declared illegitimate by the family of her husband. Seventeen years pass between the first act and the second. The mother has built up a life for herself and her son. She is engaged to marry for love the French Jew with whom she is associated in business. The past, it seems, is forgotten when, like a flash of lightning, it comes to life once more. For the sake of her son and his future, she is called upon to remarry the husband who repudiated her and to sacrifice her own lover and her hopes of happiness. In the end she chooses the sacrifice in a scene which surely places Margaret Lawrence, who was always one of the best of our comediennes, well in the first rank of our dramatic actresses. The play contains a scene in which the grandfather of the boy, grown feeble and childish and forgetful, comes upon him and mistakes him for his own son (the boy's father). It is a scene, the like of which we have not seen surpassed for thrill and excitement.

The acting honors belong first of all to Miss Lawrence for her amazingly beautiful and moving performance, and to Fred Kerr who played the grandfather. Cynthia Latham, Herbert Marshall, Sybil Carlisle, Robert Andrews, and Boris Ranevsky did their share and more in a singularly admirable cast.

Nothing quite like the opening of "The Green Hat" has been seen in New York since the Civil War draft riots. Men, women, and children struggled for tickets until prices in excess of one hundred dollars were offered

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for a single seat. Mr. Woods, the producer, spared no expense. He collected a cast which included Katharine Cornell, Margalo Gillmore, Leslie Howard, A. P. Kaye, and a half dozen other high salaried players. The play followed closely the book, with the single exception of the first act, which took place in the hotel at Deauville on the morning after the suicide of Boy Fenwick. Presuming that everyone has read the book, we shall pass over the details of the plot. To us the play seemed less convincing because it lacked that curious oriental abracadabra with which Mr. Arlen so successfully surrounds the dialogue of his new "Arabian Nights". Margalo Gillmore in the rôle of Venice gave indisputably the most consistent and moving performance, although Miss Cornell, after two acts rather marred by athletic mannerisms and tendencies to coo her lines, blazed into a fiery magnificence which swept all before it in the final act where she faces and accuses Sir Maurice Harpenden and her other tormentors.

"Arms and the Man", with Alfred Lunt as the Swiss hotel owner and Lynn Fontanne as Raina, opened the new season of the Theatre Guild. Surely Mr. Lunt is the most deft of our comedians and Miss Fontanne competes alone with Ina Claire as the most delightful of our comediennes. Aside from her acting, she was a ravishing beauty in the bustles of 1885. The play, like the earlier "Cæsar and Cleopatra", left one with a feeling that it was not so good as one thought it was; but that doesn't really matter because the worst of Shaw is so much better than most of the best that is offered by other playwrights. The cast included also those two incomparable character actors upon whom the Guild always depends — Ernest Cossart and Henry Travers; and Pedro de Cordoba as the insufferable Sergius was a master stroke of casting. For years we have watched this actor and his Latin heroics wandering through all sorts of rôles. In this one he has come home. Sergius was born for him. The directing and the whole mood of the piece was admirably done. The Guild, in spite of its prosperity, does not seem to waver.

The autumn season seems one that is devoted to the plays of Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson. With "What Price Glory?" barely off the boards and now crashing through the provinces, Maxwell Anderson's play "Outside Looking In" opened the season of the Provincetown Players. "The First Flight" and "The Buccaneer", both Stallings-Anderson plays, have also been produced. The piece at the Greenwich Village Theatre was made by Mr. Anderson from that novel and entertaining book by Jim Tully called "Beggars of Life". In any technical sense it is not a play at all,

DRAMA SHELF

"The Modern Ibsen" by Hermann J. Weigand (Holt). A scholarly yet readable study of the great playwright.

"Bill Porter" by Upton Sinclair (Author, Pasadena, Cal.) A fanciful and glaringly effective picture of O. Henry in prison.

"The School Theatre" by Roy Mitchell (Brentano). A useful little handbook.

"Manito Masks" by Hartley Alexander (Dutton). Interesting Indian legends dramatized with more skill for poetry than drama.

"Famous Film Folk" by Charles Donald Fox (Doran). A picture "Who's Who" for fans and others.

"The Vortex" by Noel Coward (Harper). The sensation of the season reads almost as well as it plays.

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but merely a string of episodes from hobo life strung together loosely upon the thread of a romance between a young hobo and a girl who has shot the stepfather who seduced her. Nevertheless it provides, through the novelty of material and the skill with which it is handled by all concerned, a very interesting evening. Blythe Daly in the rôle of the only woman in the cast played inoffensively. James Cagney, Charles A. Bickford, and David A. Leonard in the three hobo rôles were excellent. It is a play that one cannot help enjoying, especially if one is interested in the spectacle of American life.

A musical version of Clyde Fitch's play "Captain Jinks" which none who saw the original play would recognize, provides a decidedly better than average entertainment at the Martin Beck Theatre. It is remarkable principally for the music, the antics of the superbly funny Joe E. Brown, and the dancing and appearance of the star, an attractive young woman called Louise Brown who is new on our horizon.

It is with deep sorrow that we record the short run of "The Enchanted April", a play made, one might say, word for word from "Elizabeth's" absurd and delightful book. Our deepest regret lies in the passing of the performance given by our favorite of all actresses, Alison Skipworth, in the part of the incorrigibly Victorian Mrs. Fisher. The piece had a charm such as we have seldom witnessed in the American theatre, and the scene in which the bath explodes and leaves Mr. Wilkins clad only in a sheet vis-à-vis with Mrs. Fisher and "the daughter of the Droitiches" remains one of the funniest we ever hope to witness. Miss Skipworth, we hear with joy, is stepping at once into a new rôle, so one dark spot of the season has been eliminated.

Although the theatrical season burst into full bloom with the middle of September, the world of books, music, and pictures still lagged. We read in the course of the month two good novels of American farm life, both written, needless to say, by middle westerners. The one was "Prairie" by Walter Muilenburg, and the other "Wild Geese". "Wild Geese", in spite of being a prize novel, is an excellent one save for the very last two pages, which somehow are dwarfed by the remainder of the book. Martha Ostenso, a school teacher of Norwegian origin, knowing the northwest and the mixture of rasce which has gone into its development, is the author. Much in the same vein we found "The Taming of the Frontier", a book of peculiarly absorbing interest. It is a symposium (horrid word) edited by Duncan Aikman, and including articles on ten cities, once the outposts of the American frontier, which since have passed into the universal process of standardization under the colorless direction of revivalists, psalm singers, Rotary Clubs, and other enemies of American strength and character. The list includes El Paso, Ogden, Denver, St. Paul, San Francisco, Portland, Kansas City, Cheyenne, San Antonio, and Los Angeles, all "written up", we understand, by men and women who have been born and have lived in them. We have a malicious suspicion that once the book has fallen into the hands of the home town Rotary Clubs, the authors will be exiled into the desert.

The book is especially significant because it is a symbol of the reviving battle to save the individual in America from complete extermination in a maggot-like swarm of professional and vulgar conformists. It is a good fight.

And so, "shouting the battle-cry of Freedom", we end the month.

LOUIS BROMFIELD

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LOUIS UNTERMEYER'S *BUCH DER LIEBE*

By Babette Deutsch

"SHALL I ask the questions and will you answer them?" It was an interesting idea; but I did not propose to tell Mr. Untermeyer what I thought of Conrad Aiken or Cale Young Rice. "Well, shall I write out the interview and send it to you?" But again, I failed to visualize an Americanized, not to say a Judaized George Moore, and repudiated the poet's suggestion.

But when I came in from the dazzling sun to the cool shimmer of the library, Mr. Untermeyer admitted that he had, for my comfort and refreshment, some "fragments from an interview in the Moore manner". The cleverness of these fragments was as typically his as Moore's suavity is typically Moore's. It is only giving a pen and ink sketch of the man to produce them here.

"'And what', I inquired, emboldened by his temporary embarrassment, 'do you consider the finest line in poetry?'

"'The one that continues to defy criticism.'

"'And what would you say', I persisted, 'is the worst line?'

"'The line of least resistance.'"

Here one has, in a word, the quality of Mr. Untermeyer's appreciation of Mary Ann O'Byrne, and of his repudiation of Clinton Scollard.

"We now came to the moot matter of 'favorites', without which no interview is complete.

"'Would you mind naming your favorite poet?'

"'I wish I could', he parried with a suspicious smile, 'but I do not know his name. He is the unknown Hebrew who wrote the Song of Songs which is (supposed to be) Solomon's.'

"'Your favorite art?' I continued, resolved to let no synthetic pearl drop unrecorded.

"'Music', he said, with an appalling definiteness. 'I would rather have composed the 'Dichterliebe' of Schumann than the sonnets of Shakespeare; I would rather listen to the little 'Eighth Symphony' of Beethoven than the greatest moments of Sophocles, Dante, and Cale Young Rice.'

"'And your favorite —'

"'My favorite outdoor sport', he enunciated with mechanical rapidity, 'is tennis. My favorite form of indoor exercise is the consumption of French pastry. My favorite habit is voting for Eugene V. Debs. Favorite living poet, Robert Frost. Favorite lecture, 'The Critic's Half Holiday', an undelivered talk on the functions, forms, and possibilities of parody. Favorite delusion, the brotherhood of man. Favorite vice, writing (and reading) criticism. Favorite . . .'"

Luckily, the selfmade interview stopped here. If it had not, I might never have discovered that his favorite books were a volume of Synge inscribed to himself, and some four copybooks full of the early and supposedly destroyed manuscripts of Siegfried Sassoon. I might never have learned that his favorite race was the Hebraic, and his favorite fear akin to his fa-

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vorite art; that his first love was not the lyrics Schumann set to music, but the melodies woven around Heine's *Lieder*.

Indeed it is doubtful whether I should have learned many of these things if we had remained in the study. It is a high narrow room in which one cannot see the library for the books. The walls are lined with them, in beautiful colored and tooled bindings far more decorative than brocade. The centre table is overflowing with them, in brilliant boards, these, with intriguing authors' inscriptions — the authors are intriguing, as well as the inscriptions. There is more than a hint that there are books in manuscript (not Sassoon's) in the table drawers.

So Mr. Untermeyer led me gently but firmly into the adjoining room, where the books — also beautifully bound — are music books, and the walls are illuminated by Japanese prints and a gay *décor* by C. Bertram Hartman.

For a few moments we chatted comfortably about cabbages and kings and cigarettes. But directly, with the brutality of the interviewer, I pinned him with a question:

"Why Heine?"

The poet submitted gracefully. (By the way, however gracious, Mr. Untermeyer does not fulfil the requirements by looking like a poet. "If you describe me," he gave warning, "don't dwell on my blond locks or my curling beard. You had best say that I just don't look like Rabindranath Tagore.")

It was the question about Heine, whom he tirelessly and often involuntarily imitates, and for whom he performed the genuine labor of love of translation into English, which set Mr. Untermeyer to talking on two of his pet topics: music and Judaism.

"I didn't begin by caring for Heine", he said. "I discovered Heine through Schumann. You see, in the beginning I didn't want to write poetry: I wanted to be a musician. I even went so far as to give a performance on the concert stage. I planned to go abroad and study. I never did.

"Why not? Well, after a little while — two years is a little while if you think you're going to be a composer — I found out that I couldn't be a composer. Perhaps it was just laziness. But it seemed as though all I could do was to parody. And I didn't want to be a mere echo — even of Bach and Beethoven. As for playing, the pianola could produce the same effects. I didn't want merely to reiterate.

"And yet when I began to write poetry — when I was about seventeen or eighteen — it was the music that held me first. I did try to write like Heine, but what I carried over wasn't his irony, wasn't his bitterness: it was the melody, the melody I learned from Schumann."

"But you are not altogether a lyric poet today. What made the break?"

"It wasn't exactly a break. It came too gradually. You might call it the sociological bias, I suppose. At all events, it was the discovery that music and poetry are two different things, that you can't use the idiom of one art for another; they are not interchangeable.

"Music is so fine because it goes to the very heart of the emotion — leaving aside its intellectual value — because it is a universal language. Poetry uses words, with all their connotations and confusions. The great problem for the poet seems to me to be how much music he can pour into his poetry without killing it. Swinburne is the glittering example of how not to do it."

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"Music has no need of poetry, but poetry has need of music", I offered, pointing out that Lindsay, in what he now calls his older manner, and Kreymborg as well, are both using that art toward which all others move.

Mr. Untermeyer had never heard Kreymborg's mandolute. But he conceived it as making possible a new art, sharing something of both the others. Where his own work retreats from the purely lyric form it emphasizes that quality in Heine which he did not find in Schumann.

"It is the other element of Judaism that we need to bring into our poetry", asserted Mr. Untermeyer. "The questioning ironic attitude. Heine could sentimentalize in the most Jewish way, but in the next line he poked fun at his own sentimentalism, and that is Jewish too. We want the barbarous splendor, but we want the other strain as well."

"The wandering Jew?" I asked, recalling the ancient scapegoat.

"The wondering Jew", retorted Mr. Untermeyer.

This emphasis upon his racial background is an urgent and withal a weak element in Mr. Untermeyer's work. His knowledge of Jewish tradition and ritual is an achievement rather than a birthright. His stress upon his heritage is too conscious to be thoroughly potent. The poet protests too much.

In sharp contrast to the semi-sentimental, semi-ironic spirit he cultivates, is Mr. Untermeyer's passionate Americanism. Thus we read in the introduction to "The New Era": "Poetry has swung back to actuality, to heartiness and lustihood. And most of all, it has returned to democracy — in America, for the first time. . . . This democracy is twofold: a democracy of the spirit and a democracy of speech. This is the unifying quality that connects practically all of the poets with whom I propose to deal; it intensifies what is their inherent Americanism; it charges their varied art with a native significance." And again: "They [the poets] are not frightened or disgusted with their times; they are fascinated by them. They are in love with their world, passionately, even painfully." Whether this holds good of such American poets as Edwin Arlington Robinson, Ezra Pound, Sara Teasdale, H. D., Adelaide Crapsey, to the same degree to which it holds true of the Scandinavian Sandburg, the Italian Giovannitti, or the German Jew, Oppenheim, is open to question. But the fact is, it does hold true, at least with respect to his writing, for Louis Untermeyer. His later work was full of the heartiness and lustihood, the democracy of speech and spirit which Whitman taught him. "The New Era" was published in 1919. Two years earlier Untermeyer had celebrated the fascination of "these times" in a volume of verse bearing that very title.

The best of this book is not typically American — it is poetry, in the supernational sense. There is nothing of a native significance in such lines as

> . . . quiet dripped from the shadows
> Like rain from heavy boughs.

Or in the picture of the little girls "like sparrows on a granite perch" who

> . . . come in twittering couples or walk alone
> To their gray bough of stone.

Music more than anything else sings in:

> Moonlight and music and the sound of waves . . .

and in:

> The Dusk crept up and flowed into the room.
> Softly, with reverent hand, it touched her hair

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That, like a soft brown flower, seemed to bloom
In the deep-lilac gloom.

Even the battle cries hold poetry that is stronger than propaganda. Thus we have the fine last line of "Wake, God, and Arm":

Thou too, arise and arm! Why shouldst Thou be
Keeping, with Death, this black neutrality.

Such poems as "On the Palisades", "Magic", "Highmount" (with its curious echo of Kipling's "The Sea and the Hills"), "To a Weeping Willow", "The Wave", "The Sleepers", are beautiful and vigorous, but it is possible to find parallels in both recent English and German poetry. Throughout the book certain words and phrases recur with the same persistency with which a lover repeats the name of his beloved. Life and life and life flames and blows and echoes in so many poems. Adjectives like "casual" and "malignant" come again and again. The poet believes that what he adores is native strength, is insurgent democracy. But what he actually is in love with is life itself. Even in "The New Adam", ostensibly a book of love poems in the modern manner (the manner of Heine), the poet includes a "Surrender" to life.

The strong pull of race cannot be ignored, however, if for no other reason than that Untermeyer believes in it. Some of his finest work — and some of his worst — has been done under the control of this idea. The sensuousness and the intellectual ambivalence which are generally considered to be proof of the Jewish strain are not racially unique. Both go toward the production of authentic poetry in any language. But as Mr. Untermeyer considers his vigor typically American, so he considers his humor typically Jewish.

Indeed he is one of the few poets who manage to inject this quality into their poetry without reducing it to light verse. The reason is not far to seek. His humor is in a sense criticism of life. His brilliant parodies, his neat sonnet portraits, are rich in that wit which points a moral even while it adorns a tale. And it is this need for reconciling his æsthetics with his ethics which shapes much of his critical work and a large part of his poetry.

It seems probable that in breaking away from music and turning to the art of words, Untermeyer, fearing the influence of the gentler art upon his writing, overemphasized the dialectical, architectonic element; and, caught between melody and mathematics, gave himself to mathematics. It is where he loses his fear of pure lyrism and, in the stress of his emotion, forgets his wilful moral fervor, that he achieves his climaxes.

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN *will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Retail Bookseller", and* THE BOOKMAN'S *"Monthly Score". Such books as the editor specially recommends are marked with a star.*

* DEMOCRACY — Henry Adams — *Holt.* This brilliant blush at political corruption is as fresh as when, years ago, its distinguished author anonymously blushed it.

* DARK LAUGHTER — Sherwood Anderson — *Boni, Liveright.* Mr. Anderson in a colorful, well done novel upon one of his familiar themes, the revolt of the individualist in search of spiritual freedom. (*See page 338.*)

* THE GREEN HAT — Michael Arlen — *Doran.* Iris March is still the mysterious and beautiful exponent of sex unrest.

* MAY FAIR — Michael Arlen — *Doran.* Glamorously smart folk again enjoy and suffer through glamorous deeds.

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOAT AND COMPASSES — Martin Armstrong — *Harper.* The tranquil, placid atmosphere of a small country village belies the dramatic and passionate lives of its inhabitants.

THE CRYSTAL CUP — Gertrude Atherton — *Boni, Liveright.* Another sex complex spun elaborately and unwound with frankness.

GLORIOUS APOLLO — E. Barrington — *Dodd, Mead.* Lord Byron graces drawing room and boudoir but emerges graceless while Lady Byron triumphs.

BREAD AND JAM — Nalbro Bartley — *Doran.* An excellent story of modern married life as it is lived by several generations.

* MR. PETRE — Hilaire Belloc — *McBride.* A laughable, satirical mystery. (*See page 332.*)

COLIN II — E. F. Benson — *Doran.* The redemption of a gentleman whose soul had sought the devil and found him wanting.

ROMANCE — THE LOVELIEST THING — Dorothy Black — *Holt.* A pretty girl seeks adventure in a motor car, and the usual pretty things happen.

* OH, THE BRAVE MUSIC — Richard Blaker — *Doran.* Excellent characterization built about a fanciful theme.

THE DEPTHS OF PROSPERITY — Phyllis Bottome and Dorothy Thompson — *Doran.* A dramatic and exciting psycho-mystery tale.

* DRUMS — James Boyd — *Scribner.* A fine story of a boy in Revolutionary times in North Carolina.

* POSSESSION — Louis Bromfield — *Stokes.* The story of a woman who triumphs over the facts of life and mines its savor. (*See page 330.*)

JOHN MACNAB — John Buchan — *Houghton Mifflin.* Sport in several senses of the word, with a spice of danger and much human interest.

* THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE — Willa Cather — *Knopf.* The house is symbolic and so is the professor; the characters are alive, and some of the writing Miss Cather at her best. (*See page 339.*)

THREE WOMEN OF ANNAM — Cl. Chivas-Baron — *Frank-Maurice.* Three stories of sacrifice by women of French Indo-China, told with sympathy and imagination.

THE GRAND ÉCART — Jean Cocteau — *Putnam.* Style, originality, and a detached sophistication distinguish this account of a sensitive schoolboy in love with a *demimondaine.*

SUSPENSE — Joseph Conrad — *Doubleday, Page.* The unfinished novel upon which Conrad was working when he died; a fragment more interesting for that fact than for its own sake. (*See page 337.*)

THE ANCIENT HIGHWAY — James Oliver Curwood — *Cosmopolitan.* The problem of forest preservation forms propaganda background for a tale of love and struggle,

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HIGHLAND ANNALS — Olive Tilford Dargan — *Scribner.* An atmospheric picture of southern mountain life, unstressed and quietly convincing.

RUNAWAY — Floyd Dell — *Doran.* Romantic and highly colored picture of a vagabond father and a reckless daughter.

THE SMITHS — Janet Fairbank — *Bobbs-Merrill.* The romance of Chicago growth made one with a family's development.

THE SECRET OF THE BARBICAN — J. S. Fletcher — *Doran.* Short detective stories of merit.

THE UNDER DOGS — Hulbert Footner — *Doran.* Madame Storey is as striking a character as has marked mystery fiction in some time.

* CARAVAN — John Galsworthy — *Scribner.* Distinguished short stories of this distinguished novelist collected.

* THE WHITE MONKEY — John Galsworthy — *Scribner.* Love and life in the process of postwar readjustment.

* SOUNDINGS — A. Hamilton Gibbs — *Little, Brown.* Various phases of modern love making shown with power and without offense.

THE SPIRIT OF REVOLT — Sir Philip Gibbs — *Doran.* The theme of Sir Philip's story — woman suffrage — and its manner mark it as the product of his apprenticeship.

* BARREN GROUND — Ellen Glasgow — *Doubleday, Page.* A realistic picture of a woman's life and soul on southern soil.

SEA LAVENDER — Sidney Floyd Gowing — *Holt.* The author has failed to make the most of a very piquant situation involving escaped convicts, a Pierrot troup, and an admiral.

THE PENCILED FROWN — James Gray — *Scribner.* Merciless merriment at the expense of a very young journalist.

* MONDAY MORNING — Patrick Hamilton — *Houghton Mifflin.* A gaily humorous story of young love in London. (*See page 332.*)

THE THOUSAND AND SECOND NIGHT — Frank Heller — *Crowell.* Adventure and treasure hunting, handicapped by African witchcraft, most amusingly mixed with the "Arabian Nights".

* PORGY — DuBose Heyward — *Doran.* A beautiful and moving story of Negro life in Charleston. (*See page 333.*)

THE SONS OF THE SHEIK — E. M. Hull — *Small, Maynard.* Sheik, Jr., imitates his dad.

* THE NAKED MAN —Vere Hutchinson — *Century.* Another story of the land of Lincolnshire in England — written with much beauty.

* THE CONSTANT NYMPH — Margaret Kennedy — *Doubleday, Page.* Genius and its eccentricities made popular by a winning style and a fanciful outlook.

THE GRACE OF LAMBS — Manuel Komroff — *Boni, Liveright.* Interesting short stories whose keynote is the glorification of the spirit.

SOAMES GREEN — Margaret Rivers Larminie — *Houghton Mifflin.* The relationships of the kindly Mr. Celian of Soames Green with various members of his family and their problems are recorded in this interesting but too wordy book.

* ARROWSMITH — Sinclair Lewis — *Harcourt, Brace.* A doctor struggles to keep himself headed toward an ideal, through pages of fine writing burdened with scientific jargon.

THE GREAT PANDOLFO — William J. Locke — *Dodd, Mead.* Mr. Locke writes his favorite story again — the siege of the gentle lady of breeding by one of nature's noblemen, and her final capitulation.

THE HALF LOAF — Agnes Mure Mackenzie — *Doubleday, Page.* A fruitless story that depends on a series of unnecessary misunderstandings.

CORAL — Compton Mackenzie — *Doran.* A sequel to "Carnival" that tells a story of love and adjustment in the younger generation.

ECLIPSE — S. P. B. Mais — *Brentano.* The relative advantages of a famous and of an obscure wife are weighed in the balance in a rather dull book. Obscurity wins.

THE RELUCTANT DUCHESS — Alice Duer Miller — *Dodd, Mead.* This is a sprightly romance about Jacqueline who vainly tries to avoid a title.

* THE PRAIRIE — Walter J. Muilenburg — *Viking.* A fine and sturdy story told with realism and yet with beauty. (*See pages 243, 322.*)

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LITTLE SHIPS — Kathleen Norris — *Doubleday, Page.* Mollie and Peter watch their children grow, suffer, and struggle through the waves of life. (*See page 366.*)

WILD HARVEST — John M. Oskison — *Appleton.* Dramatic scenes at the settling of Oklahoma, accompanied by an exciting love story.

THE PERENNIAL BACHELOR — Anne Parrish — *Harper.* The Harper Prize Novel. Characterization deft and true but the plot a little too docile to be wholly convincing.

RED ASHES — Margaret Pedler —*Doran.* A complicated ethical problem gives this romance movement and excitement.

THE FOURTH NORWOOD — Robert E. Pinkerton — *Reilly, Lee.* Trapping in the Far North appears heroic in this tale.

THE KEEPER OF THE BEES — Gene Stratton-Porter — *Doubleday.* The life of the honey carrier shown in a romance of health saving and soul saving.

THE PEASANTS — Ladislas Reymont — *Knopf.* The prize winning epic treats of the soil with noble detail.

* THE RED LAMP — Mary Roberts Rinehart — *Doran.* Mystery and romance in a thrilling combination.

THE STROLLING SAINT — Rafael Sabatini — *Houghton Mifflin.* A saint turns into a sinner and indulges engagingly in love and war.

HERBS AND APPLES — Helen Hooven Santmyer — *Houghton Mifflin.* The quest of Derrick Thornton who sought unity with life and followed where it led her. A thoughtful psychological study.

* THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL — Anne Douglas Sedgwick — *Houghton Mifflin.* Alix's international romance has, in truth, become internationally read romance.

THE CRAZY FOOL — Donald Ogden Stewart — *A. and C. Boni.* Laughable nonsense about a young man who inherits a lunatic asylum.

THE VIRTUOUS HUSBAND — Freeman Tilden — *Macmillan.* An entertaining, human study of the problem of modern womanhood.

MISCHIEF — Ben Travers — *Doubleday, Page.* An audaciously funny account of people who mocked at the proprieties but never quite passed beyond them.

FIRECRACKERS — Carl Van Vechten — *Knopf.* Characters from "The Blind Bow-Boy" and others mingle in one of the most perverse of literary cocktails.

* THE MOTHER'S RECOMPENSE — Edith Wharton — *Appleton.* Social tangles developed with poise and skill by a master of novel form.

THE KENWORTHYS — Margaret Wilson — *Harper.* A human and moving story this — of a family with violent frailties and strengths.

THE MISTY FLATS — Helen Woodbury — *Little, Brown.* Another daughter is sacrificed to a mother's selfishness. Competent but imitative.

BEAU GESTE — Percival C. Wren — *Stokes.* A vanished gem leads this thriller to the French Legion of Honor in far lands.

A SON OF HIS FATHER — Harold Bell Wright — *Appleton.* Wild west setting for a charming hero, and an Irish heroine who does the winning things a true daughter of Erin should.

* THE VENETIAN GLASS NEPHEW — Elinor Wylie — *Doran.* A fantasy with eighteenth century Venice as its background, exquisitely written and full of subtle humors as well as fascinating pictorial effects. (*See page 339.*)

WILLIAM — E. H. Young — *Harcourt, Brace.* An unusual father and his usual family. Easy, penetrating, and occasionally brilliant.

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS —

BOOKS THAT MAY HAVE ESCAPED YOU

1. *"The Clammer" by William John Hopkins — a quiet story of sentiment and humor.*

2. *"The Divine Fire" by May Sinclair — one of this fine novelist's best stories.*

3. *"The Squirrel Cage" by Dorothy Canfield — an excellent study of problems of womanhood.*

4. *"A Boy's Will" by Robert Frost — lovely early verses by this great poet.*

5. *"Rootabaga Stories" by Carl Sandburg — robust food for children.*

A De Luxe Labor of Love

THE new edition of Wilbur L. Cross's "The Life and Times of Laurence Sterne" (Yale University Press), with much added material, and the whole of Sterne's hitherto unpublished Letter Book, is surely one of the finest and most dignified books that will grace the shelves of libraries this winter — and thereafter. It has been a labor of love for Dr. Cross, and it is a readable, scholarly, and thoroughly enjoyable work, whose two volume format and splendid illustrations make it a memorable publishing venture. Dr. Cross is one of the few scholars whose sense of humor never desert them. Quips and cranks and charming bits of writing adorn his pages. He admires the graceful and sometimes disgraceful Sterne. He recounts with gusto the great man's whims, and sketches with accurate and colorful strokes the background of a period which from a literary and social standpoint cannot be matched for whimsy and delight. The development of Sterne from the sober, rather poetical young man into the cleric and racy humorist is a fascinating one. And what a fine letter writer Sterne is here proved to be. Wouldn't it have been entertaining to receive a letter which began this way, whether or not you were the Miss M. Macartny (who later married a governor of South Carolina) to whom it was addressed:

> An urn of cold water in the driest stage of the driest Desert in Arabia, pour'd out by an angel's hand to a thirsty Pilgrim, could not have been more gratefully received than Miss Macartny's Letter — pray is that Simile too warm? or conceived too orientally? if it is; I could easily mend it, by saying with the dull phlegm of an unfeeling John Trot, (*suivant les ordinances*) *That Y^rs of the 8^th Inst. "came safe to hand."*

Social Saga

LOUIS BROMFIELD, in his foreword to his second novel "Possession" (Stokes), announces that he will use old characters in new guises, and the sons and daughters of old characters in a series of books, "giving a certain phase of the ungainly, swarming, glittering spectacle of American Life". It would be easy to make fun of him for this statement, which might be considered a boast. It would be easy to say, "This young man apparently considers himself the American Galsworthy, but he isn't." Quite the contrary. An American Galsworthy he is! A Galsworthy with spice and vitality truly American. If Bromfield has made a boast, he has lived up to it in "Possession", a book rich in character and in drama; a long, lei-

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surely story with a wealth of interrelated incident and a fascinating sure progression; a novel to read and read, through which wisdom and a fine sense of color run parallel. It is the story of woman's ambition, or an artist's ambition, to which all other things in life are subordinated. It is a dozen stories told in the same rich weave. Like "The Green Bay Tree" it proves that we have in Louis Bromfield a young American with the popular sense of his own generation, but with a mastery of the novel technique of the Nineties. "Possession" is really a far better book than "The Green Bay Tree", and it is in no sense a sequel to that brilliant first novel. True, Mr. Bromfield borrows many of his characters from his earlier story; occasionally, like a naughty boy, he borrows characters for a sentence or two from books of his contemporaries; but all this adds to the depth of a well seasoned novel of social ways in the midwest, in New York, in Paris, hither and yon. If you like a good meaty novel that is readable all the way through, with whose characters and their ways you can become more than superficially acquainted, you will find "Possession" a rare, a very rare, treat.

Autumn Among the Poets

THE freshest, the most magical volume of verses that has come this way in many months, is one imported from England (Harcourt, Brace), "The Unknown Goddess" by Humbert Wolfe. Mr. Wolfe combines a sense of how to write light verse with a really great poetic talent. His book has, therefore, both lightness and weight, beauty and wit. It has also a rare quality, an original method. The poetry is valiantly Mr. Wolfe's own, and it is memorable. There are poems of passion, of curiosity, of desperation and regret, but also of fancy unclouded by tears. Such lyrics as his are unusual. He will bear watching; and this volume, which is by no means his first but is, I believe, his most serious, is well worth owning. It is a pity to quote any one poem; but here is one which catches the fancy of this wandering reviewer:

GREEN CANDLES

"There's someone at the door," said gold candlestick.
"Let her in quick, let her in quick!"
"And little fingers faltering at the handle.
Why don't you turn it?" asked green candle.

"Don't go, don't go," said the Hepplewhite chair,
"lest you find a strange lady there!"
"Yes! stay where you are," whispered the white wall,
"there is nobody there at all."

"I know her little foot," grey carpet said,
"Who but I should know her light tread?"
"She shall come in," answered the open door,
"and not," said the room, "go out any more."

In "Honey Out of the Rock" (Appleton) Babette Deutsch proves that she is a consistent performer in the lists of verse. There is in her poetry a good deal of the mystic, and a good deal of the practical loving woman. She is at her best in the sonnet, of which form there are several fine examples in her new volume. I like best "To a Silent Man":

Words are like mirrors where a swift fire glows,
Quick with soft colors, but as stripped of heat
As though it had changed to flowers, as though it beat
On sea-cool floors in citron waves and rose:
Pure, perfect flame that flies and falls and flows
In silent rhythms as of streaming feet
Treading the broken nets of incomplete
Patterns which running radiance overthrows.

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Yet all this fiery gesturing is cold
As the pale glass that is its unmoved bed.
Fire cannot give the mirror warmth to hold.
Only the glamour lives, the heat is shed.
Here are no words, then. Take no light that chills,
But the dumb heat of locked volcanic hills.

Irwin Edman, known best as philosopher and essayist, shows a sturdy poetical gift in his "Poems" (Simon, Schuster). The finest things in his slim volume are his "Portraits", skilfully etched studies in character which do not forego loveliness of line for brilliance of effect. His "Portrait of a Man of Affairs" is a masterpiece in its way. The sonnets are the work of a philosopher who loves beauty. Mr. Edman, because of the course of his career, seems to be following in the paths of George Santayana, and in those paths he is at home. He is young, and it is perhaps too early to prophesy; but his work shows far more than talent, and especially in these poems he seems to exhibit a mark of real genius. His publishers have given him a lovely format; the book is a tiny one, but excellent to look upon and restful to hold in the hand. I shloud like to quote "Hieroglyphic":

Not by what you say or do,
Have I read the scroll of you,
These can teach me little less
Even than your loveliness,
Less than can your eyes whose gay
Candor lights this darkening day;
By such hieroglyph and sign,
Facile, foolish tongues define
Shadows. I can never tell
Of splendor known so near and well,
Nor waste the vivid hours in finding
A lens to look at joy so blinding.

Excellent Fluff

ALL praise to the light novel! Perhaps, however, you do not care for the story that is half nonsense and the other half sentiment, that carries you along pleasantly from pansy bed to mignonette and sets you down only rarely on a thistle. If so, you will avoid such books as Barry Benefield's "The Chicken-Wagon Family", recommended with all heartiness last month, and two stories recently read in these parts, "Mr. Petre" (McBride) by Hilaire Belloc — "with 22 illustrations by G. K. Chesterton" — and a surprisingly good little adventure in youth, "Monday Morning" (Houghton Mifflin) by one Patrick Hamilton. "Mr. Petre" has the merit of never being uproariously funny but of setting under way delicious trains of chuckles, and of mystification, too; because it is, in its perverse way, a mystery. Best of all, it is satire — mellow satire, subtle satire. How is money made, anyway? Does it take brains to make money? A man might become a millionaire just by suddenly becoming an imbecile. Charming thought, and one which few pens would dare tackle. Belloc is one of the few with the golden touch to make this theme live and carry on and sparkle with wit. If you care for the unusual, the strange, the romantically humorous, here is a story for an idle hour or two. Come to think of it, there's no love in it at all, which may or may not be, depending on your present state of mind and domesticity, a drawback!

Patrick Hamilton is, so far as I can make out, a very young British gentleman who has written himself a first novel. "Monday Morning" is the usual schoolboy stuff, with an unusual twist. Mr. Hamilton believes that there is no more highly sophisticated time than youth. It is possible that, to have achieved this really brilliant little piece of writing in which he pokes fun at the mannerisms of the young, he must be a very old man. That is a matter for speculation. At any rate,

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his Anthony hero is outrageously human and charming; a trifle falsetto, perhaps, but not so very, and he makes up for soprano tones by his honest delight in earthly things such as, for example, food. A hero with an appetite these days is a hero.

More Folk Tales

THE publishers of Arthur W. Ryder's translations from the Sanskrit of "The Panchatantra" (University of Chicago Press) have done a noble work. These moral tales are far more amusing than their moral purpose would indicate. In one large volume, and a smaller selected volume rather dolefully titled "Gold's Gloom", they offer a series of remarkable and ancient stories which will appeal to any lover of the folk ways of mankind. You have but to read these charming fables to learn all about life, and how it should be lived to the greatest advantage and with the least pain. They are divided into the following books, from whose headings you can judge of their import: "The Loss of Friends", "The Winning of Friends", "Crows and Owls", "Loss of Gains", "Ill-Considered Action". Is not there, then, my friends, the sum and the substance of living? Mr. Ryder's prose is fine. His translations, approved in high quarters, are doubtless fine too. The book, or rather books, offer much to the quietly fashioned mind. What could be more useful than this "The Unteachable Monkey":

No knife prevails against a stone;
Nor bends the unbending tree;
No good advice from Needle-Face
Helped indocility.

A troop of monkeys found a firefly one winter evening when they were dreadfully depressed. Believing it to be fire, they lifted it with care, covered it with dry grass and leaves, thrust forward their arms, sides, stomachs, and chests, scratched themselves, and enjoyed imagining that they were warm. One of them being especially chilly, blew repeatedly on the firefly. Thereupon a bird named Needle-Face flew down from her tree and said to the monkey: "My dear sir, do not put yourself to unnecessary trouble. This is not fire. This is a firefly." He, however, did not heed her warning but blew again, nor did he stop when she tried more than once to check him. To cut a long story short, when she vexed him by coming close and shouting in his ear, he seized her and dashed her on a rock, crushing face, head, and neck so that she died.

Porgy

EXTRACTS from this exquisite atmospheric novel have already appeared in these pages; but I cannot refrain from calling it again to your attention. DuBose Heyward has already made a reputation with his poetry. This, his first prose book, is as lovely a piece of descriptive and dramatic writing, it seems to me, as has been published by a young American this year. It challenges comparison with the prize winning French book, "Batouala", and comes off, I believe, with the honors. Not only does Heyward love and understand the southern Negro, but he has a fine sense of how to bring to bear upon an intensely dramatic story the powers of poetic description. Humor, too, is here, and the soft tones of the little known Gulla dialect. Charleston is shown in all its picturesque color. The sea islands, those mysterious bits of land which were once covered with prosperous plantations and now house forgotten settlements of Negroes, add their eerie charm to the climax of the story. "Porgy" (Doran) is not a Negro problem novel. It is simply a character study done with loving care.

— *J. F.*

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

FIN DE SIÈCLE

By Charles Hanson Towne

OF all that glowing band of poets and artists who lighted torches in England in the 1890's, Richard LeGallienne, curiously enough, is the sole survivor; and no one is better fitted, both by temperament and high achievement, to chronicle the brief history of the "little giants" of those sadly distant days — the "little giants" who died so pathetically young. Mr. LeGallienne is a poet; he is a writer of exquisite prose; he is of the metal which was untarnished by the decadent hand which descended upon so many of the litterateurs of his youth; and the gods have blessed him with the gift of humor. He looks back wistfully — who would not? — and he sees that valiant host, not as pale wraiths, but as living, breathing human beings, in a London filled with the beauty of their wild young dreams.

It is a wonderful record. Mr. LeGallienne is mysteriously in it and of it, yet he is not, as he so wittily and wisely says in his opening paragraph, writing his autobiography — God forbid! His sentences flow along — he is one of our few remaining men of letters — and out of a rich experience he draws the gold of happier days; and the shapes and shadows of an elder time march through his volume, step from the printed pages, and stand before us. He knew Swinburne and George Meredith, as well as all those lesser singers who thrilled the world with their minor pipings — yet some of them gave us songs that will endure. He was enthusiastically young and romantic himself when he first came down from Liverpool, a mere stripling, to seek recognition in the great maelstrom of London. No one knows what courage it took to do that. Those were the days when Literature was spelled with a capital, and the table of contents of "The Yellow Book" read like a roster of all that was best in those sounding hours. Let no one say that the gospel of beauty was not pondered and understood by the flaming youths of that time. They had their faults, heaven knows; but theirs was a crystal clear understanding of the meaning of wonder and loveliness, and in passionate and righteous revolt against mid-Victorian sluggishness they turned for inspiration to the poetry of great cities, as contrasted with the thin vaporings of repetitious "nature poets". They paved the way for the robust beauty that was to follow; and out of their youthful ranks such singers as Stephen Phillips, John Davidson, Ernest Dowson, Lionel Johnson, Oscar Wilde — yes, and Mr. Le Gallienne himself, though of course he does not say so — emerged. No anthology would be complete without these names. They have made history, they have become a part of the consciousness of English literature. If there was a freakish element in a time when it was considered smart to be wicked, one must not forget that beneath the seeming tinsel of pose lay the true gold of sincerity, an idolatrous belief in the cult of beauty. Call it momentary madness, or what you will; but the fact remains that the 1890's were thrilling days of achievement in the arts. Would Beardsley be considered erotic

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today? Or would the crimson lips of Cynara, as Dowson sang of them, shock us now? Recently I have been rereading Mr. Le Gallienne's own "Quest of the Golden Girl" — a romance that was thought daring indeed at the close of the last century. But in it I found only the honey of the world; and his "sad daughter of joy" in Piccadilly Circus was a Jeanne d'Arc compared to the strange ladies of our own time. *O tempora, O mores!*

Few writers can tell a character anecdote more cleverly than Mr. Le-Gallienne. With a few deft strokes, he gives the color and glamor of a personality like, say, that of Swinburne, or the ever present Watts-Dunton, who watched like a nurse over the great poet. The story of the green gage tarts cannot be equaled for rich humor and a keen understanding of the quaint household at the Pines, Putney. It takes an artist to give us a yarn like that; and the further one of Swinburne's innocent and human disappearance into the inn off Wimbledon Common, when Mr. Le Gallienne, then no more than a youngster, saw him from his wheel.

The chronicle begins, not with a picture of English celebrities, but with a letter from our own Oliver Wendell Holmes to the then boyish author, in which Mr. Le Gallienne's enthusiasm for great writers is evident. There is something of Henry Irving, a little of Wilson Barrett, whose "literary secretary" Mr. Le Gallienne became, almost on his arrival in the English capital. And it was through Barrett that the young poet, on the threshold of his career, met Swinburne. But he did not know Tennyson. The anecdotes of the latter are hearsay; yet no one can doubt their truth. He reports Meredithian conversation from memory — and what a memory Mr. Le Gallienne must have! The words seem to have been uttered yesterday, and they are full of the ironic sting and wit we have learned so well to know. There is something of George Moore, Spencer, and a really thrilling account of visits to Björnson and Ibsen in Norway. Here again we get the very feel of strange households, and Björnson's withering remark about his great contemporary is given — "Ibsen! Ibsen is not a man — he is only *a pen!*" And it is Mr. Le Gallienne who slyly adds, "Ah! dear Herr Björnson — but what a pen!"

So the record runs on, with glimpses of Locker-Lampson, Austin Dobson, Andrew Lang, Walter Pater, Stevenson, and a host of others; but is not the high light of this book the description — incomparable, I think — of the death of Tennyson, and the sense of sorrow one gets of England's grief at the passing of her peerless poet?

Mr. Le Gallienne knew Alice Meynell well; and he gives a story of Bernard Shaw, and many of Grant Allen and Fiona Macleod (William Sharp). He writes of a time when *fin de siècle* was the recurrent phrase, and finally reaches the famous "Yellow Book" and John Lane, the publisher of it, and tells how it was no little distinction to be a Bodley Head poet, and a member of the Rhymers' Club. And then Mr. Le Gallienne arrives at his friendship with Oscar Wilde, and gives a portrait of the esoteric poet, his first glimpse of him at a Liverpool lecture, which cannot be matched. For Mr. Le Gallienne is not only a poet; he is a sublimated and inspired journalist, when he has a mind to be.

It is a volume of historical value, a beautiful and invaluable chronicle of a period rich in wonderful men and women; and no one else could have written it. Let us be grateful that the

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1890's have been preserved for us through the sympathetic eyes of one who lived and labored in, and who loved those high, daring days.

The Romantic 'Nineties. By Richard LeGallienne. Doubleday, Page and Company.

ATTITUDES AND LATITUDES

By Robert Malcolm Gay

FOR the essayist his self may be a centre of attraction or a point of departure, but it is still his chief subject. Of the four books here brought together by chance, only one, "The Autobiography of an Attitude", might be called centripetal. Mr. Nathan revolves interestedly around himself, while Messrs. Holliday, Black, and Newton, though staunch men all so far as their faith in their likes and dislikes is concerned, make of their ego a pretext rather than a motive and are not afraid at times even apparently to forget it altogether.

If an ego is to be made the subject of a book, it should be an interesting ego, and Mr. Nathan's is certainly that. It has been before the public now for about ten years, pleasing some people, irritating others, but always attracting attention, as indeed its proprietor is determined it shall. In "The Autobiography of an Attitude" he has so to speak organized his philosophy, given it a name, and, here plaintively, there truculently, anon light heartedly, explained it. The book is a compilation of various speculations and opinions, such as have appeared under the title of "Clinical Notes" in "The American Mercury", and purports to give a more or less orderly statement of the author's attitude toward things in general. What that attitude is, most people know already. He calls it "hedonism", though if one must use hard words, "æsthetic impressionism" would perhaps be solemn enough. It is curious how the Nathian philosophy or attitude already becomes traditional and therefore a little old fashioned. In general, there is not much to object to in it or at least in the opinions based upon it. It is mainly the manner that lacks convincingness, and it is a manner that succeeds only when it amuses. Here the manner does not seem to me as amusing as it used to be. It is as if the author had reached the pass of imitating himself, and the effect is sometimes galvanic rather than lively. However, since he still thinks it necessary, as he says, "to give a sufficiently good show to interest the doodles even when they are not intelligent enough to understand me", regrets are probably superfluous. The later sections of the book, on Art, Criticism, the Stage, the Klan, Censorship, and Certain Americanos, are full of sound or arresting ideas, mingled with some good and some not-so-good fooling. As a puncturer of æsthetic bubbles and bladders, Mr. Nathan is at his best and deserves thanks.

Mr. Holliday came before the world as a walker and has been strolling ever since. In "Literary Lanes" he takes a turn up various back alleys of literature, and chats and prattles about what he finds there, in unassuming but always entertaining manner. Few men writing today know so much about what may be called the practical side of authorship, and here he has many interesting facts concerning advertising, the making of textbooks, book illustration, and books as gifts, mingled with amusing theories on nightgowns, humor, vamps, and cook books, along with pleasing reminiscences of such authors as Robert Frost, Robert Na-

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than, and George Sterling. One could wish that his English were not so often careless — not merely informal, but careless.

"American Husbands" is informal enough, but the style is always scholarly and finished. The essays that compose the volume are so full of wit, acuteness, and common sense that they remind one of those of the lamented Frank Moore Colby, and that is high praise. Mr. Black's subjects are mostly people: husbands, the young person, women with cosmetics or without them, geniuses, lecturers, waiters, authors — these in general; and, in particular, four men — Joseph Pulitzer, Charles M. Skinner, O. Henry, and W. D. Howells; the last essay perhaps the finest of all. But he can also philosophize genially upon the False Alternative, the Great Art Delusion (interesting to compare with some of Mr. Nathan's notes on hedonism), Happy Endings, and Hokum. Altogether, "American Husbands" is a book to buy and to keep.

As for "The Greatest Book in the World", it is a joy to look at and a joy to read. Bound in cream boards, with a dark tan back, gilt top, frontispiece in color, and some eighty superb illustrations, it is the kind of book a bookish man hugs with glee. And the author is the old A. E. N. of the "Amenities", riding his hobbies as jauntily as ever and just as pleasantly egotistical about his "finds" and his enthusiasms. Years ago he discovered a little trick for making old books interesting and even exciting. It consisted, first, in loving them; second, in taking for granted that everyone else did too; and, finally, in talking about them genially and reminiscently, without reserve or pretense. As possessor of priceless rarities and first editions, he has an advantage over the rest of us, but his good nature disarms envy and covetousness. In his new book there is not so much of Dr. Johnson as formerly, and that may be a relief to some people who share the feelings of a girl who wrote recently on an examination paper: "I do not admire Dr. Johnson. His life, taken as a whole, has very little that is admirable in it. In fact, I imagine that anyone who led such a life as he led for many years would be considered a down and outer with little promise." There is, however, more about London, its theatres, streets, and old buildings. I liked best the essay on London in the Eighteen Eighties, but for other tastes there are papers on the Bible, Godwin and Shelley, Gilbert and Sullivan, William Combe and Robert Surtees, and the Dickens of "A Christmas Carol".

The Autobiography of an Attitude. By George Jean Nathan. Alfred A. Knopf.
Literary Lanes, and Other Byways. By Robert Cortes Holliday. George H. Doran Company.
American Husbands. By Alexander Black. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.
The Greatest Book in the World, and Other Papers. By A. Edward Newton. Little, Brown and Company.

AN ARMFUL OF FICTION

By Herschel Brickell

MEASURED by the best work of Joseph Conrad — it is obviously unfair to pass judgment, however, upon what is at best a fragment — "Suspense" must be accorded a place well down the list of stories of a master. A touch of irony abides in the fact that for years he wished to do a Napoleonic novel, and that this novel was the one he left unfinished, unfinished not only in the sense that the story is little more than half told, but with the chapters that are left to us in need of file and sandpaper.

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"Suspense", like its immediate predecessor, "The Rover", is told straightforwardly; it is without the Conradian convolutions of "Lord Jim" or "The Nigger", which is to the book's advantage or not according to the reader's own peculiar prejudices. Even with this directness, there is not enough of the tale left for its readers to be able to say exactly what it was going to be. What we have sets the stage and gives us the characters, but the nature of the drama we might have witnessed must remain forever a mystery.

Genoa during the "Hundred Days", when the shadow of the exile at Elba fell across the world and all its affairs, is the setting. In it, we are shown a young Englishman of aristocratic birth who is seeing the world; a lovely French woman who has been a childhood friend of the Englishman; her husband, an Italian rich from some mysterious venture in India; his niece, a curiously colorful half savage creature; a doctor more interested in intrigue than medicine; and a multitude of minor figures all busy with plots and counterplots at the centre of which is Napoleon.

In the creation of characters about whom an inevitable sense of an overshadowing destiny lingers, in a few fine passages of memorable prose, in the general sense of solidity — of a three dimensional quality — "Suspense" is admirable and interesting. No matter how far below Conrad's best it may fall, it is invested with an inevitable fascination because it marks the close of a great man's career.

Sherwood Anderson proves in "Dark Laughter" that he has sufficient technical resources to encompass the writing of a well integrated, skilfully done novel which for all its resemblance to a symphonic composition is held tightly together by a definite, clearly revealed theme. There can no longer be any doubt of his ability to make sustained flights; for several years few have denied him a high place among living short story writers.

His new novel is built upon a thesis which he has used before. It is to be found in "A Story Teller's Story" with many variations. An individualist revolts against convention, leaves his wife who is a successful writer of cheap stories, and wins through to freedom; in conflict with a representative of the industrial system which Mr. Anderson so distrusts, he wins by taking a factory owner's wife away from him. Strung upon the theme, like bright jewels upon a chain, are at least half a dozen short stories, which mark in each case a high spot in the novel. They catch and hold the eye like crystals in an amorphous matrix.

In the use of the laughter of black folk as an antiphonal chorus to the development of his main theme, Sherwood Anderson has tried and succeeded with a daring experiment. The earlier chapters of the book are steeped in the vanished romance of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers; caught up in a gorgeous, rhapsodic, rhythmic prose. New Orleans is there, warmed by a tropical sun, and full of fascination.

The characters are well done, in spite of their occasional resemblance to other creations of Mr. Anderson; in Sponge Martin he has given us one of his most delightful old men, a pure pagan, and a figure to linger over. When the struggle comes between the individualist and the factory owner, the reader is shown a triangle with its three people human and understandable, its implications deeply moving.

The soundness of its construction, the stirring vitality and vigor of much of the writing, the preservation of

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aspects of the American scene never done half so well before, and the good character drawing all help "Dark Laughter" to mark a long stride forward in the work of Mr. Anderson as a novelist.

Willa Cather's "The Professor's House" will trouble some readers — it has already severely troubled some critics — because its meaning is not so unmistakable as the dénouement of a detective story, where everything is nicely and tidily explained. Like life, it has its overtones, its shadowy outlines, its symbolism, from which one may get much or little.

It *is* like life, this book. That is its outstanding quality, a quality arising from the wholly admirable character drawing, although "drawing" is hardly the word to be applied to people done so in the round; live people. The Professor is an unforgetable figure. Tom Outland, dead in France long before the story begins, and still playing a part secondary, if that, to the Professor's own, is equally well known to us. The Professor's handsome wife, and his daughters and their husbands, are presented with telling deftness and success.

Miss Cather has done a bold thing in breaking off the story of the Professor and his House to tell of Tom Outland's explorations on a New Mexican mesa. The interpolated story has a direct and vital symbolic bearing upon her theme, but there is a change of style and method that may trouble hasty readers. Her experiment succeeds; Tom Outland's story is not only hauntingly beautiful for itself but invaluable, as well, for the light it throws upon the Professor's problems.

It is difficult to put into a few words what Miss Cather means to say in this fine book, even if one were able to accomplish it, and it is fairer, perhaps, to leave the reader to work out his own theories. But it is easy to say that here again we have a translucent style, splendid character presentation, and deeply thoughtful criticism of life, embodied in the work of a novelist who has added several first rate books to American literature, but none more provocative and more genuinely interesting than this.

One knows what to expect from Elinor Wylie, remembering "Jennifer Lorn". The craftsmanship and the taste revealed there make it sure that nothing of hers could fall below a very high standard. There is no disappointment in her new novel, "The Venetian Glass Nephew", equally as fine an achievement as her first.

The skeleton of this fantasy, with its wonderfully rich background of eighteenth century Venice, is simple enough. Cardinal Peter Innocent Bon, observing the pleasure his fellow prelates enjoy from their "nephews", and being true to his middle name, calls upon a magician and a glass blower to furnish him with one of these interesting relatives. This they do. The nephew is, of course, a little fragile, but otherwise all that is calculated to warm an old uncle's heart. This delightful creature falls in love with the incomparable Rosalba, the Infant Sappho of the times. When he proves a bit brittle for the ardors of courtship, she shows her devotion by having herself turned into a lady of porcelain.

About this slim whimsy, Elinor Wylie has woven a glowing mesh of enchantment. Sly and delicious humor she uses in her weaving; and threads of many hues. There is prose in "The Venetian Glass Nephew" that only a poet could write, restrained and cool and balanced; there is a colorful, overcivilized, even decadent period

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brought to life; a period in which the full sense of the mystery of life remained; the period of Voltaire, and of Cagliostro too.

A fascinating story, this, saved from being merely a lovely fantasy — although that might have been enough — by the intelligence of its author manifesting itself in subtle and delicate humor.

Suspense. By Joseph Conrad. Doubleday, Page and Company.
Dark Laughter. By Sherwood Anderson. Boni and Liveright.
The Professor's House. By Willa Cather. Alfred A. Knopf.
The Venetian Glass Nephew. By Elinor Wylie. George H. Doran Company.

"CONJECTURAL, ON SORRY MATTERS BEST UNSOLVED"

By Will H. Low

"OF making many books" — concerning Robert Louis Stevenson — "there is no end!" Only a few months have passed since the two large volumes of Steuart's "critical" biography were printed, and now George S. Hellman appears with a self styled True Stevenson.

A generation, thirty one years, have passed since this simple unassuming artist died; endowed in life, as perhaps no other since Montaigne lived, with an insatiable curiosity concerning the why and the wherefore, the whence and the whither of humanity; beginning with himself as the model most nearly at hand, eagerly questioning and as eagerly suggesting an answer to the human riddle. As a result we have a quantity of self revelatory prose and verse which gives us, almost more clearly than a definite autobiography could have done, a true portrait of the man and artist that was Robert Louis Stevenson.

Hence it seems a strange undertaking for these gentlemen, for their name is legion, who at this late date presume to paint for us a truthful portrait of Stevenson.

The present writer who, as is well known, enjoyed a long intimacy with him, had no such pretension in the modest pages of "A Chronicle of Friendships", where however he could truly state that his "recital is one where events, if not more prominent than opinions and beliefs, have nevertheless the weight of actualities as ballast". "Few men have left more of themselves to the world than R. L. S. has written into his works", was the conclusion, still unchanged, of the writer then; though the partial portrait which resulted has received the tribute of Lloyd Osbourne who, as his stepson from 1879 to the day of Stevenson's death in 1894, enjoyed the opportunities that daily intimacy and sympathetic association afforded him as no one else. "It is a pleasure", Mr. Osbourne has written, "to praise Will Low's 'Chronicle of Friendships', in which, in my opinion, Stevenson is more illuminatingly revealed than in anything ever written of him."

This laudatory paragraph finds its excuse here, for on his first page, in acknowledgment of those who have helped him in his task, Mr. Hellman mentions the writer as having given him "valuable" information, "largely unused because the information was for the most part given confidentially by Mr. Low, who I fear will not quite approve of this study".

Mr. Hellman's fear is quite justified, but it is the purpose rather than the manner of his well written pages which meets the writer's disapproval. As to the "confidential" character of any disclosures to Mr. Hellman, he desires to say he would greatly regret if any-

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thing was told that would serve to confirm the assumptions and the suppositions on which this book is based.

In fact, as recollected by the writer, the only positive statement which might be considered confidential, and which in effect was accompanied by a request that it be not used, was that Stevenson in an intimate conversation had volunteered the statement that his relations with his future wife had been purely conventional until the marriage.

Now it must be remembered that Stevenson was of the prewar epoch, which the younger generation loves to describe as Victorian, and that certain unwritten laws prevailed in that day by which every honest man was governed. The hazard of survival makes the writer one who still subscribes to what he may suppose the enlightened, at least unburdened, generation of today considers as hypocritical evasions. But, harking back to those days long gone, he recalls that it was considered a virtue to assume as truth something that, by circumstantial evidence, seemed palpably false; and that on a notable occasion a very great gentleman in the witness box, under oath, "perjured himself like — a gentleman"!

Upon a theme which is really nobody's business, except to two interested persons, Mr. Hellman permits himself, for many pages, to make an unavailing effort to prove that the prenuptial relations of this great writer and the woman for whom he dared so much were not quite correct. The pity of it! Supposing even that the suppositions advanced by Mr. Hellman are true, they relate to a woman thirty six years old, married but separated from a husband notoriously unfaithful — from whom her withdrawal was as complete as when the divorce some years later was decreed — and a man much older in every human experience than his years denoted. We at this late day, if indeed it at all regards us, can conclude that, whatever happened, the sanctification of the church or the legalizations of the law which ensued added nothing to a relation between two beings so eminently fitted to decide this question for themselves and themselves alone. The pity of it, the uselessness of splitting hairs, of sedulously seeking evidence pro and con, when the part of Stevenson's work and life which he chose to give to the world is so full and so complete; his "warts" clearly painted but not insisted upon to the detriment of his more comely features, the whole constituting a complete and definite picture. In like manner we are permitted to peruse a bundle of letters of one who has her private griefs, caused by a son whose mother may weakly, though somewhat naturally, have defended; letters which those possibly more authorized in all that pertains to the affairs of Stevenson have long had at their disposal but have not thought well to publish.

They prove little save to expose a family dissension, except to suggest that Mrs. R. L. S. had a temper and that, although she could love loyally, nurse tenderly, and defend with vigor those upon whom her affections centred, she could also dislike cordially, could perhaps hate and be unjust to others for whom she cared less. But we have the elder Stevenson, Louis's father, who judged his daughter-in-law indulgently, "I doot ye are a besom", and we have also read Louis's letter to Barrie warning him of the dire results should the lady of the family not care for him in the case of a proposed visit to Vailima.

A further gratuitous suggestion of Mr. Hellman is that Thomas Steven-

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son was moved by a guilty conscience to bequeath five hundred pounds to a Magdalene asylum in Edinburgh. Possible, in our weak humanity, but quite gratuitous; and appealing to a sense of humor, if one thinks how Louis would have taken such a suggestion, or how Edinburgh is likely to take it.

It is with matter like this that Mr. Hellman has encumbered his pages, through which shine a just appreciation of the importance of Stevenson's work, and considerable evidence of research in the restoration of neglected, if not discarded, early poems and the like. In appreciation of course he is not alone, for few writers have such a mass of loyalties to their credit as the much loved R. L. S.

To the few who, in his much cloistered life, were admitted to his intimacy he remains, with all the mutability of his many moods, the most simple of mortals. A good son, faithful husband, and loyal citizen, he was all of these, with only such lapses as may come to any of us, lapses which his puritan inheritance made him apt to overemphasize. As an artist astonishingly versatile, no phase of his craft existed that did not tempt him to an effort; and in the exercise of his gift, and its systematic and thorough training, he showed the many facets of his nature. Legitimate interest and curiosity may delight in all of these and find, in measured prose and verse that sings, the charm that has so long moved us and that seems destined to live. To the constantly diminishing number of those who knew him casually, this very mutability, this complete possession of the man for the time being by the phase uppermost in his mind or the many-sidedness of his nature, constituted a danger, lest that temporary phase remain the sole impression retained. Even here it may be said that, fortunately, few who met him thus were disagreeably impressed.

It has remained for a later date and for those who never knew him personally to erect a man of straw, the Stevenson myth, for the pleasure of its destruction. It seems at best a sorry game. If in his letters, if in the pages which his intimates have consecrated to him — and one and all they have found a pleasure and a duty to write of him — if in the many self revelatory passages of his essays, if even in the documented and amiable biographies of Graham Balfour and Miss Masson Stevenson does not live, mere suppositions, more indiscreet than charitable, are not likely to bring him back to us, to create a "true" Stevenson — which one lonely surviving friend refuses to recognize.

The True Stevenson. By George S. Hellman. Little, Brown and Company.

A TIMELY TRACT

By Charles Francis Potter

VERY few college graduates enter theological seminaries, and fewer finish the course. If Mr. Van Loon were made professor of ecclesiastical history, the tide would turn.

Only a humorist can teach church history properly, not because the subject is a light one, but because it is so very heavy. Moreover and more important, only a man with a real sense of humor can prepare young men to look with kindly tolerance upon the foibles of their fellows. Many a man has been a failure in both pulpit and parish simply because his creed did not contain the important doctrine of salvation by humor.

But the new book, "Tolerance", which impels one to suggest this new

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vocation for the versatile Van Loon, will probably not be chosen as a textbook by the authorities in those orthodox seminaries where it is most needed. Even liberal theologians will shudder at the way the author plays hob with church history. Already they can be overheard saying in their cloisters:

"So unscholarly! This impudent amateur actually calls the Manichæans 'Manichæites' and, worse, 'Manichæists'."

Even where the book is prohibited, however, it will be secretly and chucklingly read by the students themselves.

There will be critics to point out that the book contains inaccuracies, inconsistencies, omissions, and hardly warranted conclusions. For instance, to blame the twelfth century order for the celibacy of the clergy on Manichæan influence, when the New Testament plainly trends that way, seems unwarrantable. A glaring error of another sort, which even a rereading of the proof should have eliminated, is the fact that early in the book the author finds the causes of intolerance to be three — laziness, ignorance, and self interest — while at the very conclusion he discovers the single cause to be fear. Occasionally, too, Mr. Van Loon yields to the current fad of defending history's villains and dehaloing the heroes.

On the other hand, the author's concern seems to be the laudable one of showing that modern history, like modern drama, knows no saints nor devils, but only that many-motived mixture of good and evil, the human being.

This tract for the times is a powerful protest against intolerance. A more nearly descriptive title than "Tolerance" would be, "A Facetious History of Official Religious Intolerance", but the single word is more attractive.

The former half of the book delineates the growth of tolerance among the Greeks and Romans, and the development of intolerance among Christians. The Renaissance and the Reformation are treated in unconventional fashion and with considerable insight. The latter half of the book, although no division is indicated, might well be a separate volume. Tolerance is still the thread upon which the history is strung, but the method of treatment is changed and improved. The chapters become condensed biographies after the fashion (but not the style) of those recently presented by Gamaliel Bradford as "Souls" of various degrees of embarrassment.

For the increasing number of families where the delightful and profitable habit obtains of reading aloud by the fireside, the first session with "Tolerance" will be hard to terminate. Famous names like Erasmus, Rabelais, Montaigne, Arminius, Bruno, Spinoza, and Calvin will become fascinating personalities. Voltaire and Thomas Paine will be less execrated because better understood. With the reviewer, the reader will regret that the book ends so abruptly. After Paine, "The Last Hundred Years" is hastily disposed of in one inadequate concluding chapter.

The book's distinguishing mark is its boldness. The iconoclastic author minces no words. He charges straight through territories where the proverbial angel would seek a detour. Slashing right and left with the keen sword of his wit, he risks the eternal enmity of both Catholic and Protestant by daring to tell the whole truth about the Reformation. He is master of that period, and his essay on Erasmus, that most difficult personage, is a splendid bit of the new type of historical biography.

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The author delights in epigrams and original phrases. Boston is "Geneva on the Charles River". Heretics are "idea carriers". Puritans are those "who firmly believe that the Goddess of Truth, caught with a smile on her lips, cannot possibly be a good woman".

Generally, in spite of his natural prejudice against professional theologians, Mr. Van Loon achieves that detachment which marks the true historian. But the charm of his writing lies in the fact that his detachment is never in danger of freezing into impersonality. We like him best when he confesses:

"Personally, I am glad that I was not obliged to live in Geneva in the sixteenth century. At the same time I am profoundly grateful that the Geneva of the sixteenth century existed. Without it the world of the twentieth century would have been a great deal more uncomfortable and I for one would probably be in jail."

Mr. Van Loon modestly underestimates his heresy. Worse than jail for his ultramodern spirit, he would probably be sentenced to attend an orthodox church regularly on Golf-day morning.

Tolerance. By Hendrik Willem Van Loon. Boni and Liveright.

BUTTERFLIES ON A PIN

By Dorothea Lawrance Mann

TO me autobiographies have always been the most interesting type of fiction. I believe it is humanly impossible for a man to tell the real truth about himself. Let him fasten some other human being on his pin and he will quite ruthlessly tear off the wings and let you see how the poor creature is constructed. But himself — well, you are asking a good deal to expect a man to take off his wings for you! I do not suggest that he tells you he is a saint. He is shrewd enough to know that is not the way to interest you. There have been people who have confessed to murders they didn't commit in order to make themselves interesting. The only time a man dares to say, "But there is nothing at all interesting about ME!" is when he is sure that your interest is absolutely sincere — not merely courteous.

Naturally the subject of a published autobiography has been or done something worth recording. People want to know how he achieved his success, made his money, won his battle, or got to be President. I doubt whether their interest is often entirely altruistic. It looks so simple, once it's done, and the results seem so pleasant to the doer! They cannot help a thought of themselves as the centre of the spotlight, saying to a breathless audience, "I could a tale unfold — "

Autobiographies disappoint. Rarely do they tell the right things. Margot Asquith in her precoroneted days came near satisfying the popular taste. Her audacity was sufficient to enable people to get at how she achieved some of her particular sort of prestige. It is not so easy, however, to arrive at a means of becoming the most celebrated beauty of one's period like Lillie Langtry, or so beauty-invoking an artist as Joseph Pennell. There we touch on mysteries.

Most autobiographies remind one of a formal reception. A great deal of talk goes on and some interesting facts are circulated, but one leaves as completely a stranger as when one entered the room. Human beings interest because they baffle us. Generally they are unable to utter the revealing word. That is why Dr.

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Hedin's is at once the simplest and the most comprehensible of these three books. The desire to adventure is far more elemental than the will to beauty. The lower forms of animal life roam even when no æsthetic emotion can be detected in them. One may have no desire at all for the discomfort and danger of travel in primitive countries but there is a dim, far off throb in the blood which shamefacedly hints that if our ancestors had not accustomed us to soft living, we too might have liked to be the first to scale a mountain, to look upon a strange people, or to penetrate where it had been decreed man could not penetrate. There is a deep unconscious wish which responds to every one of Dr. Hedin's adventures from his very first journey across the Caucasus to that final farewell to forbidden Tibet, when he took the road to Simla and civilization and the hospitality of Kitchener of Khartoum. We may ride all our days in Pullman cars, but some of our ancestors have turned their faces to the unknown. Because of them we understand Dr. Hedin's language.

Dr. Hedin's book wakes an unconscious wish — which we should hate to have gratified! — but there is far more kinship between these two other books. His is a straightforward story of action and adventure. They border on the unknowable. Mr. Pennell can tell us what he thinks of Philadelphia and its ideals of art, what he thinks of the present generation — alas, that he never thinks anything good! — he can tell us when and how he studied, where and when he looked for pictures, but he can never tell us what it is that makes his eye different from our own, or that gives his hand its cunning, and these are things we should like to know. Mr. Pennell's beauty-seeing eyes are a gift for the gods to envy, but with him the inward eye can never be the bliss of solitude. It would seem that he must be quite destroyed with the violence of his disapprovals, if we did not know that the abscess which is lanced gradually drips away its poison. There is nothing simple about Mr. Pennell. He does not hold with nature and disapprove of man. Often his pictures record that he finds the work of man quite satisfying. Certainly the illustrations of this book remind us — in case anyone needs reminding — that in this worst of all possible worlds Mr. Pennell has created much beauty.

Lillie Langtry did not create beauty. She was beauty — which is even more mysterious. The very men who will analyze the sun and moon and God and immortality stand dazed before human beauty. There is that in man which assures him that the Trojan War may have been a myth but it was a myth founded on a knowledge of human nature. Scientists can tell you that beauty is such and such and such a thing, but in the end they come back to an incalculable quality which defies their analysis. It would not have surprised us if Lillie Langtry had turned out to be an insufferably conceited person. For a good many years most of the people whose opinions counted in England and France and the United States did their best to turn her head. Oddly, she was clever enough to comprehend that her beauty was something beyond any personal contriving of her own. She was grateful for the circumstance which turned a simple Jersey girl overnight into the most admired woman in London — grateful and a bit bored at times, for she had rather less privacy at one period than the Prince of Wales. (Queen Victoria, by the way, is reported to have stood on a chair to remove a picture of Lillie Langtry from the wall of her youngest son's apart-

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ments. Small wonder her Age got the reputation it bears!) It can become wearisome to drop into a shop to buy a package of hairpins and have the whole street crowd into the shop for a glimpse of you, but you cannot differ from the mold without paying for it. This book is evidence that Lillie Langtry's manner of paying was — as a whole — distinctly pleasant.

My Life as an Explorer. By Sven Hedin. Boni and Liveright.
The Adventures of an Illustrator, Mostly in Following his Authors in America and Europe. By Joseph Pennell. Little, Brown and Company.
The Days I Knew. By Lillie Langtry. George H. Doran Company.

RETURN OF THE NATIVE

By Moran Tudury

THERE is a freshness about American antiques; they have grown old gracefully. Unlike that elderly gloom which surrounds the antiquities of most countries, all early Americana appear done in the cheerful red, white, and blue of those Colonial candy shops on Forty Second Street. The color motif is simplicity. A generation which had been told that Mission furniture was the thing has redeemed itself in a whole hearted acceptance of the Colonial.

Duncan Phyfe, in his diminutive New York shop, has been resurrected at last; the brothers Adam knock once more at charmingly pilastered doorways and, inside, the English cabinet makers and our own Savery have found a welcome again. There is, after dreary years of Victorian horsehair and the later Grand Rapids grandiloquence, a pleasing flood of shield back chairs, lowboys, highboys, steeple clocks, and old glass. Baron Stiegel is come out of Pennsylvania another time, Paul Revere from Massachusetts, also, and wing chairs circle the open hearth.

It is a renaissance quite clearly stamped. At the American Wing in the Metropolitan three whole floors of the Pilgrim and Colonial are being strenuously admired, and in Washington politicians are most incongruously debating whether or not Blue Rooms shall maintain a long decorative offensiveness or slip back, instead, into the quiet beauty of old things. On Madison Avenue the European antique shop raises agonized despairing cries, and the wrought iron American eagle flutters triumphant wings across the threshold of domestic doors. The day of the rococo tapestry and the flamboyant Italian is done.

Mary Harrod Northend, in "We Visit Old Inns", has shown, in a manner of speaking, that the American revival is well under way. She shows it despite a markedly poor talent for prose. But the New England inn, with the frank glory of its chamfered summer beam and twelve inch pine plank floor, cannot be obscured by any manner of weak telling — not, at any rate, when the pictures are there too.

Words have meant nothing to Albert G. Robinson in his two books "Old New England Doorways" and "Old New England Houses". He has employed the written word sparingly, letting his remarkable collection of photographs tell the story. They do it well; they tell it in terms of regular rows of green-shuttered windows against strawberry-red brick houses, white porticos and the clear, shining delight of the sixteen-paned window.

The present staggering crush on early American prints makes Frank Weitenkampf's "American Graphic Art" doubly interesting. Here, pleasantly told, is the story of Currier and Ives and their lithographs which nowa-

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days sell as high as eight hundred dollars apiece; most of them brought a quarter originally. Here, also, is the history of American illustration, of Howard Pyle, of the Victorians, the earliest native engravers, and even — quite pardonably — these later, machine made days.

Whisky flasks, calabash bottles, log cabin bottles, railroad bottles, Washington bottles, and every other known variety of American bottle form the subject of Stephen Van Rensselaer's "Early American Bottles and Flasks". With the most accurate of photographs and check lists, it is a superbly well done book. Edwin A. Barber, on the other hand, tells in "American Glassware" the actual story of the glass industry in America. Here is the story of the Kensington Works, Keene, Stiegel, and their contemporaries. Mr. Barber is concise, explanatory, and always interesting. The two books should really be companion pieces.

"The Homes of Our Ancestors" by R. T. H. Halsey and Elizabeth Tower could not — with Mr. Halsey figuring in it — be anything but excellent. The American Wing was constructed, furnished, and arranged under his supervision. Along with Wallace Nutting he probably is more qualified to write about American period furnishings than any other person today. The book contains, in addition to a picture of the intimate details of life in the Colonial period, a complete description of the rooms in the American Wing.

Fiske Kimball's "Domestic Architecture of the American Colonies and of the Early Republic" is as fine as it is possible for a book to be. Dr. Kimball's knowledge of all phases of architecture — the imaginative as well as technical — is convincing and he has compiled not only a continuous narrative but, in chronological charts as well, a story complete of the most refreshing architecture America has ever known.

"The Quest of the Antique" by Mrs. Willoughby Hodgson interests because she has gone back to the beginning of things in England. It was from England that the Pilgrim cabinet makers and builders came; from here came also their influences. It was the earlier day of Windsors, Wedgwood, Hepplewhite, and Chippendale, and the hundred and one trends which were, eventually, to go into the making of Colonial art and decoration.

There is, in the new edition of Irving W. Lyon's "Colonial Furniture of New England", just a touch of sadness. This because of the fact that when the book first appeared it was a capable pioneer in a virgin field. That field has, since, changed. The blurb on the cover, which boasts that no subsequent book has replaced it, is slightly incorrect. Wallace Nutting's book on Pilgrim furniture has, for one. Nevertheless, it still remains a remarkably well done book, informative, beautifully illustrated, and authentic.

We Visit Old Inns. By Mary Harrod Northend. Small, Maynard and Company.
Old New England Doorways. By Albert G. Robinson. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Old New England Houses. By Albert G. Robinson. Charles Scribner's Sons.
American Graphic Art. By Frank Weitenkampf. The Macmillan Company.
Early American Bottles and Flasks. By Stephen Van Rensselaer. Published by the author at Peterboro, N. H.
American Glassware. By Edwin A. Barber. David McKay.
The Homes of Our Ancestors. By R. T. H. Halsey and Elizabeth Tower. Doubleday, Page and Company.
Domestic Architecture of the American Colonies and of the Early Republic. By Fiske Kimball. Charles Scribner's Sons.
The Quest of the Antique. By Mrs. Willoughby Hodgson. Dodd, Mead and Company.
Colonial Furniture of New England. By Irving W. Lyon. Houghton Mifflin Company.

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IN BRIEF REVIEW

DR. CHARLES RICHET, professor of physiology at the Faculté de Médecin, Paris, and winner of the Nobel Prize for his specialty in 1913, should, under more favorable auguries, have had something more important to say and should have said it more effectively. If his thesis in "Idiot Man" (Brentano) that "the human species is a thousand times more stupid than the stupidest animal" is likely to raise the loud laugh that speaks the vacant reader, the reaction may perhaps be traced to the fact that he has chosen to rehearse the many faults of Homo Stultus without benefit either of wit or of humor, thus depriving himself and his book of the honors accruing to those who have touched these same weaknesses in another literary mood, whether with or without the deadly poisons of irony and satire. Dr. Richet denounces flatfootedly man's addiction to alcohol, drugs, tobacco, diseases, myths, religions, and fashions, not to mention his failure to eradicate flies and mosquitoes, with the intention of showing "the vacuity of things as they are, without even believing that any tangible good will come of it". In spite of his professed utter lack of faith in constructive criticism, Dr. Richet seizes the chance to speak a few well chosen words in favor of free trade, forest conservation, and Esperanto, and to hint that eugenics may be the way out of the woods.

One need have little hesitancy in following the advice of Ernest Boyd in matters literary, especially when he discusses an author who he considers "will always appeal to the civilized minority of readers who appreciate irony and imagination". Thus Mr. Boyd characterizes Comte de Gobineau in his introduction to the latter's "Five Oriental Tales" (Viking). John Arthur, Comte de Gobineau — French diplomat, forerunner of Nietzsche, friend of Wagner, Mérimée, and de Tocqueville — early impressed himself on Germany, and to some extent on the rest of the world in the years immediately before the war, by his "Essay on the Inequality of the Human Races". Holding "heretical views about religion, about the French Republic, about cuneiform writings", his range of interest embraced a variety of subjects from diplomatic etiquette to racial philosophy. Travels in the Far East led him to evolve a theory of Aryan superiority, and he gave himself largely to the study of political science. Yet there ran through his nature a wild, exotic, imaginative strain, comparable to that of Loti, Stendhal, or Couperus. Consequently we have a novel, a series of travel impressions, and lastly this collection of short stories, based on the political and historical background of his "Trois ans en Asie" and "Les Religions et les Philosophies dans l'Asie Centrale". If Mr. Boyd's introduction serves but to introduce us to the first of these "Five Oriental Tales", the intense and colorful "Dancing Girl of Shamakha", we shall come to know Gobineau from an altogether different angle.

We intend loudly if limitedly to commend C. H. Herford and Percy Simpson for their almost monumental project, this late day, of a "complete

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critical edition" in ten volumes of "Ben Jonson" (Oxford). The first two introductory volumes emblazon forth "rare Ben's" conversations, letters, other scraps of his life in frayed edges, "extracts from public records", "apparatus, appendices, and comments" *in extenso!* Scarcely can one dip into a paragraph among these first nine hundred and more pages and feel safe from bucketing up the living water of wit! Struggling progenitor of present day nitwits — poor and foolish and married; tutor to worthless gentility, and another bad actor like Shakespeare; preacher, wit, and scholar; eventually exhausted playwright — it's no shock to our current Walt Mason "hoss" sense that this old ogre of the intellect should have "died almost penniless and in debt". The old fighter who "sundry tymes devoured his books, selling them all for necessity", enters at least the library again, both prosperously and fitly attended.

The writer of rhymed verse has one advantage denied to those who use the freer forms. The swing and echo of metre and end rhyme frequently carry the reader over otherwise barren spots. "The Northeast Corner" by Frederick E. McCreary (Houghton Mifflin) illustrates the point. One poem, "Fiddles", with a jigging metre and rhyme, has an interest which most of the others in the book lack. The poems, singly, may be mildly interesting; in quantity, they are decidedly dull. When verse says nothing in particular, it ought at least say it very well.

William R. Haywood and Gerald W. Johnson have produced in collaboration an admirably simplified and condensed history of universal industrial growth, "The Story of Man's Work" (Minton, Balch) from the earliest times to the present day. Within the limits of so short a book, it is doubtful that the immense subject has ever been dealt with more thoroughly and adequately. The contents are divided into two parts, the first tracing the evolution of human toil through the ages preceding the dawn of machinery, the second following the involved, titanic changes, starting in the eighteenth century, wrought in all forms of labor by the adoption of mechanical inventions.

In "The Medical Follies" (Boni and Liveright) Dr. Morris Fishbein discusses what he considers to be medical quackeries and plain foolishness, including homeopathy, osteopathy, the electronic reactions of Abrams, and chiropractic. To this he adds chapters on the Steinach operation, inept public health legislation, contraception, and other important topics. His treatment of all these is often superficial and consists too much of mere scorn; but a more important fault is that Dr. Fishbein holds far too roseate a view of medical diagnosis and the ethics of those who practise it, and betrays too much of the guild spirit which is common in the self regulating professions of law and medicine, and both unpleasant and dangerous.

Rosa Luxemburg's "Letters to Karl and Luise Kautsky from 1896 to 1918" (McBride), edited by Luise Kautsky and translated from the German by Louis P. Lochner, tell much less of the left wing Socialism this woman gave her life for in Berlin at the end of 1918, than of the startling grace and lovableness that a deep red revolutionist even a century after Shelley can display! Rosa Luxemburg in prison, extending her natural sympathy through such botanical study as her prison garden afforded her, recites to us once more

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the modest glories of "My mind to me a kingdom is" and "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage." After a surfeit of showy Barnum, Brigham Young, Harry Kemp, Jim Tully, and John L. Sullivan, such a life as this "bloody Rosa's" reminds less withal of the weakening fibres of a Heine or a Poe than of the strengthening sinews of a Southwell or a Sidney. Luise Kautsky's unadorned remarks on Rosa Luxemburg's earthly adventures, finally, make a fitting funeral eulogy with which to end; and we may safely enough commend all that was fine and exalted in this revolutionist, now that she is safely dead. We do not have to approve Rosa Luxemburg's politics, either, to do that!

Vital pen portraits of irresponsible S. T. C. by scholarly Hazlitt, humanist Lamb, rebel Leigh Hunt, ponderous and pontifical Walter Pater, and those bolstering trans-Atlantic twins of the intellect and gadflies to the soul, Emerson and Carlyle, distinguish Oxford University's sixteenth contribution to "The Clarendon Series of English Literature", "Coleridge: Poetry and Prose: With Essays by Hazlitt, Jeffrey, DeQuincey, Carlyle and Others: With an Introduction and Notes by H. W. Garrod". As for Professor Garrod's excerpts from that other gadfly, Jeffrey, and that other Utopian, DeQuincey, these remind of the Russian Sologub's frogs — the one a little older, the other a little younger — which could croak acceptably only in their native language, never in French, German, etc. Professor Garrod has with these Britishers made use of only very small croaks from very good sized amphibians . . . and these croaks can be heard at best only by the imperial Albion ear! He quotes these seemingly to confirm the unconfirmable: that Coleridge is less gigantic than he really is! In fine, in S. T. C.'s own words, relative to annotators to Shakespeare, Professor Garrod himself here "puts on the seven-league-boots of self-opinion, and strides at once from an illustrator into a supreme judge, and blind and deaf, fills his three-ounce phial at the waters of Niagara; and determines positively the greatness of the cataract to be neither more nor less than his three-ounce phial has been able to receive". So, after all, perhaps it is just as well for Professor Garrod that he, since he fondly believes Coleridge underrated as a poet and overrated as a prose writer, hasn't quoted any more than he has here of Coleridge's tremendously annihilating prose! He is himself brilliant; yet, by such a one as S. T. C., easily confoundable.

The American Bar Association sponsored the series of addresses on the obligations and privileges of "American Citizenship" (Crowell) which were delivered over the radio during June, 1925, by prominent clergymen and publicists. All five of the addresses seem to merit preservation in the comparatively permanent form of a little book such as they now make up. The speakers (or should we say authors?) and their subjects are: Honorable John W. Davis on "What Does the Constitution Mean to You?", Bishop Philip Cook on "The Constitution and Modern Tendencies", Honorable Albert C. Ritchie on "State Responsibility", Reverend Luther B. Wilson on "Metes and Bounds", and Honorable Charles E. Hughes on "The Declaration of Independence".

William Edwin Rudge's reissue from "The Outlook" of Elbridge L. Adams's "Joseph Conrad: The Man", packs into its 72 small, delicate pages "the

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great romanticist's" life in brief, letters to the present author, Conrad's 1923 visit to our shores, and John Sheridan Zelie's comradely description of the great sailor's final homecoming to rest in Canterbury cemetery, "A Burial in Kent". (Conrad's few untheatric mourners afford sharp contrast with all curious Paris following Anatole France, contemporaneously, to his grave.) At the end of the small volume are some "Bibliographical Notes". Particularly worth glancing attention seems this last addendum: mere brief inscriptions which Conrad, one May, 1923, American morning, whimsically jotted into Mr. Adams's set of his first editions: "By 'The Nigger of the Narcissus' I stand or fall as an artist in prose. My first 'storm-piece'"; "Typhoon" — "My 2nd 'storm-piece'"; "Falk" — "A certain brutality in self-preservation may be allied to innate moral delicacy"; together with such further quotations from the books themselves and other squibs as, in "Tales of Unrest" — ". . . a world of illusions"; "Nostromo" — "My greatest creative effort"; and "Lord Jim" — "Man is amazing, but he is not a masterpiece."

The latest addition to the "International Library of Psychology, Philosophy and Scientific Method" (Harcourt, Brace) is entitled "Problems of Personality, Studies Presented to Dr. Morton Prince, Pioneer in American Psychopathology". The miscellany of the usual commemorative volume is avoided in large measure by the fact that the contributors, though specialists in different fields of knowledge, have nevertheless contributed material related to the general title and thus to the work in which Dr. Prince has made his original contribution. They have, that is, approached the problem of personality "from the psychological, the psychiatric, the neurological, the anthropological and other aspects", studied it "in handwriting, in art, genetically through the different stages of evolution, in a social environment, etc." It is surely fitting that the work of Dr. Prince, which is international, should be honored by contributions from France, England, and Switzerland; one notes, however, the absence of German contributions, and the presence, in the bibliography of Dr. Prince's writings, of two titles which do not represent his most important work, namely, "The Psychology of the Kaiser" (1915) and "The Creed of Deutschtum" (1918).

Three recent issues in the series "Little Nineteenth Century Masterpieces" (Duffield), edited with introductions by John Drinkwater, are "Essays" by Hartley Coleridge, "Twenty Poems" by Robert Stephen Hawker, and "Twenty Poems in Common English" by William Barnes. These small volumes, none of which exceeds 60 pages, salvage from undeserved oblivion the most memorable work of two poets and an essayist whom the world has all but forgotten. Their belated resurrection seems completely justified by the authentic beauty of the selected specimens. It is to be hoped that Mr. Drinkwater will continue his task of bringing to lovers of literature neglected gems such as these which, but for him, many of us would never have known.

Scott Nearing's "Educational Frontiers: A Book about Simon Nelson Patten and Other Teachers" (Seltzer) starts off as a tender biography of an old teacher, a prince among paupers who (to cull freely further) broke new ground at the University of Pennsylvania for nearly thirty years, only, at the end of that inspired and inspiring

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service, to fall among thieves. Thence, this idyl-polemic branches midway into an harangue of no great power asserting the glories of educational vows, our unworthiness as academic sheep who do not forthwith transmogrify ourselves into goats and glorious martyrdom but instead continue our mental genuflections without end, even to the placid depths of intellectual abdication; preferring discretion as the better part of pedagogy, bartering our erstwhile angel infancies for that cliché of clichés, a mess of pottage. . . . Albeit, things said long since; by such as Dickens, to whom children appeared as little jugs, frog-mouthed receptacles for "imperial gallons of facts"; by William Penn, who championed as unavailingly our ancestors' charges with, "We are in pain to make them scholars, but not men"; and the old Greek counsel, "Give your child to a slave, and instead of one slave, you will then have two." Though Nearing has added little enough to "Up Stream", "The Goose-Step", and Veblen, at least for the repetition of the scholarly adages just quoted, all lovers of unapplied wit and wisdom may surely be grateful!

"The Book of Earth" (Stokes) is the second volume of Alfred Noyes's projected trilogy, "The Torch Bearers". The trilogy Mr. Noyes has in mind is evidently a sort of poetic outline of science. In the first volume, "Watchers of the Sky", the poet dealt with the great astronomers. In the present volume, he lays aside his telescope and returns to our own little world. "The Book of Earth" is a long narrative poem in nine parts and an epilogue. With the poet we visit Pythagoras and Aristotle, we pay our respects to Farabi and Avicenna, Leonardo and Jean Guettard and Linnæus. Once more in France, we see Lamarck, Buffon, Lavoisier, and Cuvier. Thence to Goethe in Germany and Darwin in England, and our poetic scientific tour through the ages is completed.

The long vanished day of the buccaneers, an epoch beginning in the last quarter of the seventeenth century and continuing through the first quarter of the eighteenth, is revived with strict regard for historic facts by Archibald Hurd in "The Reign of the Pirates" (Knopf). The book contains short but graphic and reliable biographies of the period's twelve most famous sea freebooters, the material of each being skilfully concentrated upon a narration of the outstanding exploits in the careers of such doughty villains as Morgan, Kidd, Blackbeard, and Avery. Mr. Hurd has sought conscientiously to divest his subjects of all fictional adornments and to present them in the light of their own time's recorded sources. The result is a portrait group of super-rogues as successfully convincing and comprehensible as any in which have been pictured the immortal figures of piracy.

By "Personal Equation" (Century) Dr. Louis Berman means the traits that constitute a personality, or rather that distinguish it from other personalities. The mechanistic view of life asserts that this personality is the external manifestation of physico-chemical reactions in the body. In the invertebrates, says Dr. Berman, the reactions are solely those of the tissues; in the vertebrates these are further affected by the internal secretions of the glands, each of which has a specific effect; and the determinants of the personal equation, then, are (1) the chromosomes, which constitute the mechanism of heredity and determine the tissues and their tendencies to activity,

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and (2) the glands, which influence these tissues and tendencies. It is not clear why the glands should not also be governed by heredity; this would leave their influence unchanged.

The revised edition of Louis Untermeyer's "Modern British Poetry" (Harcourt, Brace), a collection of 320 poems by 120 authors including every modern British poet of distinction, is, as the publishers rightly state, the most inclusive and varied work of its kind. With a preface sketching the progress of modern British poetry, a brief note on each of the poets included and a bibliography of their work, Mr. Untermeyer has done more than give us another anthology. He has enabled us to get a birdseye view of more than fifty years of abundant production. The problem of where to begin an anthology of anything so intangible as "modern" British poetry must have been considerable. This problem Mr. Untermeyer has neatly met by dating his genesis with the year of Thomas Hardy's birth. The life of this "grand old man" whose influence in modern English letters outweighs that of all other contemporaries provides a very fitting and inclusive span.

Atlantis has been served up in so many diversified forms in the course of centuries that it comes as a pleasing novelty to greet the submerged continent again with a garnishing of archæology and a sauce of what more or less prejudiced observers are wont to call facts. Lewis Spence holds in "Atlantis in America" (Brentano), as he did in an earlier volume, that Quetzalcoatl, first king of the Toltecs of ancient Mexico, was the leader of a migration from Antillia — one of the continents formed by the disintegration of the land mass of which Atlantis was originally a part — and that the culture of the Maya people of Central America derived from the same source. When the Mound Builders of North America are regarded as cultural descendants of the Maya-Toltecs, as they are by Mr. Spence, the influence of Atlantis upon the United States becomes more apparent. The author examines the evidence from mummies, witchcraft, art, architecture, and ethnology in general with a view to impressing his thesis. As myth, legend, and tradition pass by easy gradations into what the author defends as scientific proof, Mr. Spence's argument leads him to the assumption that the area of the Sargasso Sea coincides with that of Atlantis, and to the acceptable warning that additional proof "that the weed of which it is composed is in some manner connected with the detritus of the sunken continent is certainly desirable". The general reader may well await further word from Mr. Beebe and other investigators before deciding definitely whether or not the weeds of Sargasso be, indeed, the vegetable flotsam of the missing continent.

Grantland Rice's introduction should sell a copy of James M. Barnes's "A Guide to Good Golf" (Dodd, Mead) to any player, veteran or aspirant, who is so backward as not to know for himself the author's qualifications, but who can tell good advice when he reads it? Mr. Barnes could not modestly shout to the world what seem to be the facts in the case — that he is not only a champion of exceptional ability, but a thoroughly scientific student of form and style and "one of the best instructors to be found in any golfing country". Here are 137 pages of expert information, admirably illustrated.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Cooperation with the Public Libraries of America

This seems to be as good a place as any to point out that unless some way is found to impress upon politicians and public officials the idea that a library is something besides a handsome building — that it is quite as important to provide it with books and then to pay decent salaries for the care and circulation of those books — the time will come when this Monthly Score will have to go out of business. From every part of the country the same story comes. The New York and Brooklyn Public Libraries are unable to meet the demands of their respective publics for new books, because of inadequate appropriations, and are unable to pay trained library workers salaries sufficient to enable them to cope with current living costs. Conditions are not so bad in some parts of the country, but they are worse in others. The remedy is in the hands of the book loving public which could, if it would, impress upon municipal officials the importance of keeping this particular torch alight. — F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	Soundings	*A. Hamilton Gibbs*	LITTLE
2.	The Constant Nymph	*Margaret Kennedy*	DOUBLEDAY
3.	Arrowsmith	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
4.	The Green Hat	*Michael Arlen*	DORAN
5.	The Little French Girl	*Anne Douglas Sedgwick*	HOUGHTON
6.	The Keeper of the Bees*	*Gene Stratton-Porter*	DOUBLEDAY
7.	A Son of His Father	*Harold Bell Wright*	APPLETON
8.	The Peasants	*Ladislas Reymont*	KNOPF
9.	Barren Ground	*Ellen Glasgow*	DOUBLEDAY
10.	The Mother's Recompense	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON
11.	Glorious Apollo*	*E. Barrington*	DODD
12.	The White Monkey	*John Galsworthy*	SCRIBNER

GENERAL

1.	John Keats	*Amy Lowell*	HOUGHTON
2.	The Fruit of the Family Tree	*Albert Edward Wiggam*	BOBBS
3.	Mark Twain's Autobiography	*Samuel L. Clemens*	HARPER
4.	Ariel: The Life of Shelley	*André Maurois*	APPLETON
5.	Twice Thirty	*Edward W. Bok*	SCRIBNER
6.	The New Decalogue of Science	*Albert Edward Wiggam*	BOBBS
7.	Life and Letters of Walter H. Page	*Burton J. Hendrick*	DOUBLEDAY
8.	The Travel Diary of a Philosopher*	*Count Keyserling*	HARCOURT
9.	Brigham Young*	*M. R. Werner*	HARCOURT
10.	Saint Joan	*George Bernard Shaw*	BRENTANO
11.	My Garden of Memory	*Kate Douglas Wiggin*	HOUGHTON
12.	Woodrow Wilson	*William Allen White*	HOUGHTON

*This title has not before appeared in the Monthly Score.

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THE SEVEN SEAS

André Gide's New Novel — Some Literary "Saplings" — An Unwomanly Woman — Arts and Decoration in Paris — "The Clay Bisons" — A Gift to a Polish Author — The Italian Book Crisis — More Activity in Germany.

IT is safe to predict that André Gide's "Les Faux-Monnayeurs", which has been serialized in the "Nouvelle Revue Française", will arouse a storm of controversy when published in book form. The author again develops his theory of the value of instinctive impulse as opposed to conventional morality. We may suppose that the "counterfeiters", from whom the book takes its title, are those who distribute false intellectual coinage. It certainly requires considerable psychological acumen to distinguish the difference when both bear the brilliant glittering shimmer of the paradox. In his new novel we again find M. Gide wearing an assumed air of detachment to conceal his constant preoccupation for the *mot juste* and the musical quality of the phrases in prose. He unfolds his narrative with an equally careless air, and its curious form reminds the reader of certain of Conrad's stories which "began in the middle and worked both ways". A critic might object to the way in which the author uses the long arm of coincidence more freely than is customary in self respecting fiction. However, the end justifies the means. The reader who becomes absorbed in the play and interplay of Gide's characters and his unusually intricate plot will be unlikely to quibble at isolated extravagances. What makes this new volume specially significant is the increasing number of young Frenchmen who are prepared to follow Gide's intellectual leadership. They will find here just those qualities which made "Les Nourritures Terrestres" a subtle, delicious, and fascinating poison, which made them even admit "Corydon" and its unsavory corollaries. "Les Faux-Monnayeurs" is a book which no one interested in modern French fiction can afford to overlook.

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Those readers of modern French literature who want to avoid following the beaten tracks of the numerous admirers of "popular authors" whose achievements and limitations are generally known, could not do better than keep an eye on the volumes published by Plon-Nourrit in the collection bearing the general title "L'Aubier". "L'Aubier" may be roughly translated as "a sapling". The books included in the series are generally first novels or works by authors not yet generally known. One may suspect that the publishers, in making their choice of "saplings", hope that when they reach maturity they may fit into the successful if somewhat academic grooves of writers like Bourget, Bordeaux, and Barrès, who are already published by them. Many young French authors will no doubt be proud to be reared in the shadow of such stately forest giants aloof from the turmoil of the marketplace and the hothouses of too rapid a flowering. There will also doubtless be many readers who will ignore the

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boisterous tendencies of some modern practitioners in favor of those whose work is along more conservative and permanent lines of literary evolution. Three of the volumes already published in the series "L'Aubier" are "La Nouvelle Helène" by Jean Longnon, "Echec et Mat" by Bouzinac-Cambon, and "Mathias Crismant" by Raymond Schwab. This last volume is a biography of an imaginary poet and philosopher, and has attracted much attention among the knowledgeable critics. It is among the outstanding novels of the past few months in Paris.

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The public which is devoted to the pink and white miss of magazine fiction and the clinging vine heroine of sentimental fiction will not care for the heroine of "La Bonifas", Jacques Lacretelle's new novel, one of the notable books which Paris has been talking of recently. Marie Bonifas is a pronounced man hater, a state of mind resulting partly from certain experiences in her early childhood, partly from the development of an almost morbid taste for domination which grows stronger as she becomes older. This trait in her character finally reaches a point where she is looked on as a sort of pariah by the other inhabitants of Vernon. It needs the German invasion to prove that precisely the same qualities complained of by her compatriots in her private life make her a natural born leader. The whole narrative is told with a fine leisureliness recalling Arnold Bennett's "Old Wives' Tale". At the same time Lacretelle, here as in his earlier work "Silbermann", has taken the trouble to give his central figure fulness of outline and solidity of structure in contrast with the ineffective characterization which is so pronounced a weakness of the contemporary novel.

The recent Paris exposition of industrial and decorative art has produced a flood of volumes dealing with the wide range of subjects in that category. In most instances they have taken the form of stately portfolios containing reproductions of pieces of furniture, wrought iron fixtures, glassware, woven materials or embroideries displayed in the various buildings of the exposition. Large or small, limited to one particular subject or general in their scope, they produce in the reader a feeling of confusion somewhat similar to that experienced by the conscientious visitor to the exposition itself. The abundance of details perhaps spoiled one's appreciation of the exposition as a whole. Of all the guidebooks, monographs, portfolios, and other books produced, one work stands out prominently, not only for its utility to the visitor on the spot, but for the information it supplies to the foreigner unable to come to France. This book, "Pour Comprendre l'Art Moderne", is written by H. Verne and R. Chavance, and is published by Hachette. It answers simply and clearly the layman's queries: "What is modern decorative art? What are its origins and tendencies? In what respects is it different from what we are accustomed to?" Although the book is small, the clearness of its abundant illustrations enables one easily to follow visually the authors' statements. They have undoubtedly succeeded in conveying a sense of the fundamental unity existing between the various art forms, and in this respect alone their volume merits attention. I hope it will be translated.

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An imaginative work of unusual interest is "The Clay Bisons", an attempt to reproduce realistically the life of the Magdalenian hunters whose

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impressionist paintings of the mammoth, the bison, and the reindeer executed 20,000 years ago have astonished the world. Every detail of the life of those remote days is based upon evidence found in the painted caves, and the book, though frankly a work of imagination, may be read as an introduction to the study of prehistoric life in Europe. It has appeared serially in the "Journal des Débats". Its author, Vicomte Max Begouen, though only just thirty, has already won recognition in many fields. He is a novelist, a musician, a poet, and a sculptor of more than ordinary merit. After a distinguished war service he settled down in his château on the foothills of the Pyrenees to writing and archæology. He was the discoverer and explorer of the two remarkable Magdalenian Caverns, Inc d'Andoubert and Les Trois Frères, and their prehistoric paintings and sculptures. In the former he discovered the famous group of moldings in clay which give their title to this book which is being published in Paris by Arthène Fayard. The English translation has been done by Sir Basil Thomson, who has lately been working with Vicomte Begouen in cave exploration.

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Ladislas St. Reymont, winner of the 1924 Nobel Prize, has been accorded the unusual honor of the purchase and presentation to him of an estate in Poland. A mass meeting of peasants was held in his honor at the farm of Vincent Witos, ex-Prime Minister of Poland and leader of the Peasant Party. The money was subscribed by peasants throughout Poland in recognition of the assistance given to the cause of the Polish peasantry by the publication of Reymont's tetralogy of novels, "The Peasants", for which he was awarded the Prize. The estate is of the homestead type owned by the Polish peasant farmer, the class to which Reymont belongs. It has also been suggested that Reymont be proposed as a candidate for political honors, but his poor health will probably prove an obstacle. He is now at work revising one of his earlier works for translation into English, and has a new novel in contemplation. His works have already been translated into six languages. A curious tribute to the realism of "The Peasants" was paid by the German Army of Occupation which, on entering Poland after the war, authorized the reading of the book by its officers as an aid to the understanding of the psychology of the Polish peasantry with whom they had to deal.

An unusual distinction has been conferred upon A. Lytton Sells, author of "Les Sources Françaises de Goldsmith", in the award by the Académie Française of a Prix Bordin, which carries with it the title of Lauréat de l'Académie Française, an honor which very few Englishmen can claim.

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Professor Aldo Sorani has some hard things to say about the poverty of Italian book production in his "Il Libro Italiano" (Milan: Bertieri and Vanzetti). He complains, with justification, that Italian books are unattractively produced, cost too much, and lack individual character. Compared with the literary output of other countries, Italian books are on this account at a grave disadvantage, and for the lethargy which permeates readers generally, Professor Sorani blames the methods of publishers and booksellers. Nothing is done, he asserts, to encourage the public to read books. Publishers and booksellers both lack enterprise and discrimination.

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Professor Sorani's criticisms are no doubt partially justified, but it may well be the old story of taking a horse to the water. In this case, the Italian character may be fundamentally responsible. The average Italian is no reader of books. The last thing even quite educated Italians think of buying is a book. There is of course a genuine appreciation of literature in Italy, but it is confined to a small minority. Even Professor Sorani admits that the Italian public does not read books and compares unfavorably in this respect with the English and American peoples. It has been suggested that the sunshine and blue skies of Italy tend to make Italians spend their leisure in outdoor pursuits rather than in reading.

Whatever the real reasons for the national apathy, there is no doubt that the Italian book is approaching a crisis, and if it is to be rescued from complete stagnation, something will have to be done. The situation is not altogether hopeless and a good word must be said for the activities of the "Società Generale delle Messagerie Italiane" which, in its capacity of intermediary between publishers and booksellers, does excellent work in the distribution of Italian literature both at home and abroad.

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I hear that there is a great boom in cheap editions in Germany. Some of the big publishers are launching out into most enterprising schemes for the production of books at 1 mark 50. One well known firm is planning the publication of cheap editions of translated English and American classics (modern as well as old) at just under one mark. A first edition of 50,000 copies of each volume in this collection has been guaranteed by the German booksellers, and I am told that the publishers are paying a good royalty with an advance sum in sterling for the translation rights.

The complete German edition of Mr. Galsworthy's "Forsyte Saga" is to be published in Vienna this autumn, and there are indications that it will be almost as great a success in that language as in English. The translator has been engaged on the work for some years, and I hear that it is an exceptionally beautiful translation. Mr. Galsworthy lays more stress on the quality of the translation of his books than most authors, and rightly so. I believe he is very pleased with the way "The Forsyte Saga" has been done.

The Swedish rights of "Arrowsmith", Sinclair Lewis's latest best seller, have been sold recently. Most of Mr. Lewis's books have been published in Scandinavia, and his work is much admired in that country.

The French translator of Jack London and James Oliver Curwood is now engaged, I hear, in translating Achmed Abdullah's work for France. Mr. Curwood was recently in Paris and was much impressed by the enthusiasm for his work in France. Since France buys fewer English and American books for translation than almost any other European country, Mr. Curwood's success is all the more notable.

Christine Frederick's excellent book on "New Housekeeping" which has done so much to lighten domestic labor in the States, has just been sold for translation into Polish.

MICHAEL JOSEPH

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

IT is no longer a secret that E. Barrington is a woman. Her publishers come out bravely in their announcements and say that "her" new novel will follow the same plan as heretofore, imagination playing upon historical facts — this time concerning Napoleon and Josephine. Harry Hervey, it is reported, has finished the third book of his new novel although he is ill with fever at Angkor. He has been exploring Siam and Cambodia in Indo-China. To see the ruins of Angkor has been the dream of fifteen years, and his letters express no disillusionment. Floyd Dell finds the tea hour in London a charming time and regrets that he has neglected this amiable institution. He is greatly impressed with Michael Arlen's Mayfair. Mr. Dell is hard at work on some scholarly researches, and long ago sent me a clipping about Shaw, which I forgot to print. It appeared originally in the London "Daily Herald":

Few would ever credit Mr. Bernard Shaw with having suffered from nerves.

Yet on Saturday, while paying tribute at King's Langley to the work carried on there for many years by Mrs. William Archer, at her Nerve-Training Colony, he related that he had been one of her earliest "patients".

As the "admirable public speaker" which (he said) she had helped him to become, he made an appeal on behalf of a fund which assists poor persons to benefit by her treatment.

Speaking of the prevalence of "nerves", he said most people were unfit to live with, as could be found out by asking those who had to live with them. "We are all mad, more or less", he added.

"Why", exclaimed Mr. Shaw, in a burst of candour, "if you knew everything about me that I know about myself, you would get up and rush out of the place. You would wonder why such a dangerous person was allowed to remain at large."

The war was a landmark in the history of "nerves", he declared. It was the first war in which men admitted that they felt fear.

Returned from abroad is Hugh Lofting, creator of Doctor Dolittle. And it appears that "The Story of Doctor Dolittle", "Rumpty-Dudget's Tower" by Julian Hawthorne, and "Poor Cecco" by Margery Williams Bianco have been translated into Braille for the benefit of blind children.

There has always seemed to me to be a certain magic about those men who were in any way connected with Mark Twain and the grand old men of his time, or with Richard Harding Davis and Stephen Crane, about whom tales have been told me by a southern gentleman, Major Wheatley. The Major is to be found at an old desk in the picturesque offices of the New York "Morning Telegraph". L. Frank Tooker, for forty years on the staff of "The Century", was closely in touch with several generations of American writers. Coming from a family of ship captains and ship owners, he turned first to the sea, but his love of letters was stronger even than his love of ships. In addition to his work as associate editor on "The Century", he contributed short stories and verse to the magazines and was the author of several novels. On September 17, Mr. Tooker died at his home in Greenwich, Connecticut, at the age of seventy one. During his lifetime he witnessed new and eccentric vogues in literature as well as in dress; but he would always say: "They will pass. Good literature remains the same in its important

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aspects and lines." The new editor of "The Century", succeeding Glenn Frank, is Hewitt H. Howland, whom I have found a most generous host on my visits to Indianapolis. He is a native Hoosier, long associated with the Bobbs-Merrill Company, and has known intimately Booth Tarkington, Meredith Nicholson, George Ade, the McCutcheons, and James Whitcomb Riley. His wife is the sister of Irvin Cobb.

The society columns have been carrying news of a recent marriage which is of particular interest to THE BOOKMAN. The groom, whose merry grin you have by now probably beheld in the rotogravure sections of the newspapers, is Alan Rinehart, who writes "The Month on Murray Hill" and is aware of all the news that's fit to print about Doran authors. Mary Roberts Rinehart, it is reported, wore lavender over blue — or was it blue over lavender? In either case, she must have been very lovely indeed. The wedding took place in South Dartmouth, Massachusetts, where Mrs. Alan Gillespie Rinehart (née Gratia Houghton, as they say) and her family have a country estate. We have also lost to matrimony that athletic book reviewer, Thomas R. Coward. I am much struck with the courage of a young lady who undertakes to become wife to a squash champion. Another recent marriage — or rather recent in our hearing about it — was that of Vachel Lindsay and Miss Elizabeth Connor. Lucy M. C. Robinson, who writes a column in "The Spokane Woman" and is the wife of a cousin of Mr. Lindsay's, writes us that we put Mr. Lindsay in the "fastnesses of Oregon" when, as a matter of certain fact, Spokane is and always has been in Washington! She says the wedding was beautiful and that Vachel was engaged for twenty four hours before he was married. Having put Spokane back in Washington where it belongs, I wish to put Joseph Auslander in his place, also. He has been caused some trouble by a notice, published in this magazine, that he was in Connecticut. He is, and always has been, since he left Harvard, in New York City. As soon as everyone returns from Europe, everyone will be in New York, so it is perfectly safe to address all further communications to one's favorite poet, novelist, critic, and cross word puzzle editor to this city. Even the descendants of famous authors are here. Among "added attractions" at the Hotel McAlpin Terra Cotta Grill one can find Grace Fenimore-Cooper, première danseuse (as they advertise her, Great-Grandniece of James Fenimore Cooper). I presume she does Indian war dances. Which reminds me of the relish with which the leader of the Hopi Indian dances at the Grand Canyon in Arizona announces to tourists: "You are now going to witness some real American dances — so you needn't expect to see any jazz."

My Fashion Editor contributes as follows:

Although autumn in the country is colorful and there is no other time so delightful for hiking over the hills (this time, it is the hills around Warren, Pennsylvania, of which I am reminded) gathering goldenrod and looking down the valley through which the Allegheny River curls, there comes to one prescience of the loneliness of the long, bitter winter. New York City, in contrast, begins to live in September. Everyone of importance returns to town, the opera season is predicted, the theatrical season gets under way with many fevered first nights, women shop eagerly and walk up Fifth Avenue

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with the assurance which accompanies a fall costume from the French. I recommend a trip to this city as soon as the temperature drops, and, if one is adventure bound, the purchase of a small volume called "New York in Seven Days" by Helena Smith Dayton and Louise Bascom Barratt. The index at the back of the book contains magic words such as "Bowery", "Flat-iron Building", "Greenwich Village", "Hippodrome", "Millionaires' Club", "Murray Hill", "Stock Exchange", "Mark Twain (home)", "Brass Town", etc., etc. In the pocket inside the back cover is a map of Manhattan and throughout the book are maps of various sections, with interesting instructions. A seven day guide of another sort — to the week's premières — is the New York "Times" Sunday drama section. As it pointed out not long ago, "the season has formally opened" with "The Green Hat". The list of beautiful and accomplished women and of gentlemen of importance in all walks of life at the opening performance would stagger the most blasé of celebrity collectors. Not only celebrities but books are ready at this time of the year for harvesting. It is with especial pride that we point to "Possession", the second novel by our own dramatic critic, Louis Bromfield. It is good that he has long legs, for he has much dashing about to do from the seaside home on Long Island where he harbors his wife and baby to the theatres along Broadway — which so far have seen as many as thirteen new plays in one week. The secretaries round and about, I hear, have to be chained to their desks when Mr. Bromfield appears, such a favorite is he. It would be nice to feel on entering a publisher's office that all eyes were turned your way — brown eyes, black eyes, blue eyes, green eyes, grey eyes, amber eyes, and cross eyes. But, as it happens, the author of "The Green Bay Tree" and "Possession", unlike most good looking, blond young men, is modest.

Louis Bromfield

With the rush of openings, our critic has scorned the more frivolous entertainments of the stage. Thus it befell that I attended the opening of the new season at the Hippodrome. The Toytown animals are exceedingly gay after their vacation on the company's farm, and the weekly bills include acts imported from every part of the globe which strangely enough deserve their appellation of "novelties". I feel it incumbent upon me to say a word also for "No, No, Nanette", just come to town from Chicago, and "Merry, Merry", by the author of "Little Jessie James" and a musical comedy I did not like, "My Girl". "No, No, Nanette" gets a vote for its humor and the beauty of its tunes, which do not become boring in their old age. Louise Groody is blessed with a really handsome and graceful leading man with a voice and a way, who will undoubtedly be the rage of all the girls' schools before the show ends — if it ever does. I haven't heard any song quite so pretty as "Tea for Two" when sung by the petite Miss Groody and

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her collegiate lover. The voices in "Merry, Merry" are dreadful, most of them, the music pretty good, and the dancing by Marie Saxon the best to be seen. It is not disloyalty which prompts me to wish to see Fred Astaire dancing with this lithe lady, for Adele Astaire remains high on the musical comedy dancing list and is the funniest young comedienne I have ever seen. The book of "Merry, Merry" is refreshingly original: the characters are chorus girls "in person"; the plot, a blackmail game by one of them.

A remarkably useful little book for the writer is "How to Write", published by the Corona Typewriter Company. It is, to be sure, filled with things about which anyone might choose to argue. For example, although I admire him highly, I should not have picked Bruce Barton to write a piece on developing a style; and what editor in America, although he might agree firmly that the following is true of Ray Long, could read it without a pang: "The most successful, best liked and hardest working editor in America, Mr. Long, has never been more than a few feet away from a printing press in his distinguished career." The best page in the little volume is one which anyone who writes may well take to heart:

IF YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY AS A WRITER

Don't choose plots or invent characters in which most of your personal friends would not be interested. The reading public everywhere is precisely like your personal friends.

Don't write about anything with which you are not personally familiar.

Don't argue small points with your editor. Don't feel insulted if your manuscript is "cut" when it is published; the writings of the best paid authors are often cut. Don't become known in editorial offices as either a cry-baby or a bore.

Don't wait for the spirit to move you. Settle down and work.

Don't copy the style of cheap fiction. It does not pay. Take the best writers for models.

Don't give up when one editor sends you a rejection slip. Send your manuscript out, the same day, to another editor.

"Every nation has only one way of building the spiritual monument to its fame and that is: 'Honor yourself in your great men'." And in honoring the name most recently added to the list of Poland's distinguished artists, his countrymen held a three day festival at Cracow, the native town of the author of "The Peasants". During those three days a procession of delegations and committees, including the president of the country, the premier and his cabinet, members of educational institutions, farmers' committees, representatives of the Academy, and many others came to pay homage to Ladislas Reymont. Even a special church service was held for his welfare. Here is an enthusiasm to be admired. Call it nationalism or hero worship if you will — no matter what it is, such honors bestowed upon the literary men of any country are fitting and proper, and an encouragement for better literary achievement. I wonder if Americans will ever take time to engage in literary festivities, or honor the winners of the Pulitzer Prizes in the same manner. Referring to nationalism reminds me of a letter received from George E. Clark, secretary of the Art-in-Trades Club. Mr. Clark says that members of the United States official delegation to the Exposition des Arts Décoratifs at Paris state that "there is a definite movement toward the creation and appreciation of new and experimental types

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of design expressive of the needs of modern civilization. In our own country there is manifest, in those industries where art is a factor, a feeling that individual and national expression rather than the exact reproductions of period art should be the goal." All of which leads up to another contest that, to be sure, has little to do with poetry contests or with writing of any kind. You can find out about the Robert Griffin Wallpaper Design Competition from Mr. Clark at 34 East 38th Street, New York City. The contest does not end until the middle of February. The first prize is $1,000; first honorable mention, $200; second honorable mention, $100. The rules are too complicated to print; and since they are all about colors and palettes and inches and borders, I don't pretend to understand them.

Opening the next night after "The Green Hat" was the play by Michael Arlen's friend Noel Coward, "The Vortex", in which Mr. Coward plays the lead. (The American Tallulah Bankhead, by the way, has made a sensation in "The Green Hat" in London.) The people now storming the box office at the Henry Miller Theatre are proof of the sensational quality of Coward's drama. Mr. Coward is an amazing young man. Prosperous as actor and as the writer of musical comedy lyrics and sketches, he has now turned out a half dozen or so plays, most of which have been successful and all of which apparently have been or will be produced on both sides of the water. "The Vortex" offends some and thrills others. It is, at least, not a quiet evening. To me, it is one of the most revealing and spectacular plays I have ever seen. Be that as it may, I shall let you judge for yourself. It is not safe to give opinions in these

Noel Coward in "The Vortex"

matters. A letter from Massachusetts recently informed me that I was not a young man of good taste because this magazine had starred two books which could do a great deal of harm to the younger generation. Well, certainly we do not all stay young forever, and certainly taste hasn't much to do with morals. Moreover, in my opinion the younger generation is taking very good care of its own morals and, from what I see of its elders, I think they had better look after their own!

As usual, things are happening in the south. Asheville, North Carolina, the home and last resting place of William Sydney Porter, is building an O. Henry Memorial Library. One entire floor will be filled with autographed volumes presented by the leading authors of America, and another section will contain O. Henry letters, clippings, pictures, and manuscripts. On September eleventh, the anniversary of O. Henry's birth, public memorial exercises were held in Asheville. The editors of "Poetic Thrills" — published at Wilmington, North Carolina, but edited from Box 624, Keyser, West Virginia, by Gertrude Perry West, poet laureate of North Carolina — offer a prize of $5

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(or is it $500? — the script is obscure on this point) for every fiftieth subscription received for fifteen months. They describe their magazine as "a journal of verse with national scope and international hope, devoted especially to North Carolina and southern poets, but solicitous for all poets, national and international". Another fairly new magazine is "The Virginia Quarterly Review", published from the University of Virginia. It seems a dignified quarterly, with a list of dignified contributors such as Katharine Lee Bates, Gamaliel Bradford, Witter Bynner, Joseph Collins, John Erskine, Raymond Fosdick, Arthur Symons, etc. The papers in it afford entertainment and value in the fields of literature, public affairs, the fine arts, and the sciences.

Of all the moderns Christopher Morley is probably the only one who has the highly specialized vocabulary required to do justice to the book of "Famous Recipes of Famous Women". Strange knowledge one gathers. I was entranced by the fact that Phyllis Bottome chose Welsh Rarebit to represent her in this culinary hall of fame. Interesting speculations arise. Do serious minded people choose food in direct or inverse proportion to its and their seriousness? And do people choose food or does food choose people? Marie Jeritza requires "chopped shallots" for her saddle of venison — and they must be blanched. What are shallots and how does one blanch them? Can one live a full life who has never met a shallot face to face or who, having met one, has been unable to say: "Mr. B. Shallot, I believe. You remember I met you at a dinner at the Winkerskopfs in Winona. You were swimming in a bit of melted currant jelly and bowed courteously when I approached you with a fork." Margot Asquith is as uncompromising in her recipes as in her memoirs. Who else would start out with, "The stomach of a sheep, having been well washed and then soaked in salt water, is turned inside out, scalded in boiling water, and scraped." She goes on imperturbably to similar cavalier treatment of other personal property of the unfortunate animal. But doubtless the resulting haggis — Scotch, yes — is excellent. Of course there are gentler things by other women, famous and infamous.

Classes in contemporary literature and journalism are in full swing. The librarian of Humboldt College in Arcata, California, asks my opinion of a course to be given there for the purpose of stimulating recreational reading. This seems a fine idea. The class will meet in front of a fireplace. About one hundred specially selected books will be taken to the room, and after a preliminary discussion of some author or book or subject, the members of the class will be asked to select books and spend the rest of the fifty minute period in reading. They will be graded on the basis of originality of viewpoint, independence of judgment, keenness in evaluating literary merit, extensiveness of reading, and choice of subject matter. C. Edward Graves, the librarian, will no doubt be glad to answer questions about the Humboldt Plan after the experiment has been tested. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company have done two things which seem worthwhile: the first for schools; the second for clubs. They have prepared a booklet in which are arranged by grades such of their books as are suitable for school use or supplementary reading. Each title is accompanied by a brief description, and a classified list of subjects for quick reference. They have

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also prepared a "Who's Who Among Crowell Authors", containing brief biographies of authors on their 1925 list. Information about an author can usually be procured from his publishers, but if each publisher were to put together into a pamphlet all the data on authors, what an aid it would be. Certain of the bookstores get out pamphlets called "Book Chats" or something like that. From Elwyn's News Store in Woodstock, New York, comes "The News Chat", announcing a new lending library, a service of books by mail. They invite you to write for their title list and information about renting books at long distance. There are comments throughout the "Chat" about current magazines but nary a word about THE BOOKMAN. Perhaps, in gratitude, "Reedus", the editor, will give us a brief mention.

Contests spring up from very strange seeds occasionally, and the strangest of all is a contest now open for the best sonnets on illusion:

The contest originated in a discussion of Ibsen's "Wild Duck" at the Park Lane, New York, American headquarters of the Poetry Society and the American office of. "The Poetry Review". It will be remembered that one of Ibsen's characters, Dr. Relling, says:

"Rob the average man of his life-illusion and you rob him of his happiness at the same stroke."

"Life-illusion?" queries another character.

"Yes," answers Relling, "I said illusion. For illusion, you know, is the stimulating principle."

We recall a recent contest for the best poems on dahlias, and we've seen hundreds of poems published and unpublished on disillusion, but few enough on illusion. What does our generation think on the subject? Three prizes have been offered for this contest by Mrs. Paul De Blois Laighton of New York, to be awarded thus: first, $25; second, $15; third, $10. The contest is open to all and is to close December 15, 1925. Entries should be sent to Mrs. William A. Bartlett, 299 Park Avenue, New York City.

From "Mr. Marionette"

Of all the small and special books noted this month, the loveliest is "Mr. Marionette", told by Kathleen Colvile with illustrations by Albert Rutherston. It is a satisfying and beautiful book throughout.

People are now beginning to assault the town with their presence, although a few still start for Europe. Dr. Joseph Collins, who returns from the Continent, tells me that he will never again seek Europe; it is by far too crowded, and he wearies of being told that there are no places in trains and no rooms in hotels. Dr. Collins, after having completed the proofs of "The

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Doctor Looks at Biography", is planning a new volume to occupy him through the winter months; a volume that will take more cognizance of things medical than his last two books. Sinclair Lewis has returned to town and will be here for about six weeks, finishing a book, some short stories, and a play. He informs me that he has much about which to fight with me, which is the tragedy of approaching middle age. As one progresses in the life of writing about books, one must necessarily express more and more opinions, with the result that there is more and more for people to quarrel with. However, both Mr. Lewis and I are blessed with red hair, and the fight will doubtless be over quickly and end in the same old friendship. Charles and Kathleen Norris have come back to town, to spend most of the winter, I hope. Mrs. Norris arrived coincidentally with the publication of "Little Ships", a novel which I believe will be one of her most successful, since it treats in a homely and understanding way of the feeling of parents as they watch their children developing and getting into and out of trouble. Edna Ferber is back from Chicago, and can be seen at almost any first night. Mrs. George Kaufman is in town, much pleased over the success of her husband's play, "The Butter and Egg Man". Heywood Broun, thinner and handsomer than ever before in his life, gave a party the other night, at which I noted Amos Pinchot, and the always beautiful Dorothy Parker. Heywood is still hard at work on that novel of his that simply will not get itself finished. He goes to plays occasionally this season and has developed the good habit of leaving when he does not like them, a thing which he could never do when he was writing of them. Mr. Atkinson, of the "Times Book Review", has been transferred to the post of drama critic, a post left vacant by the resignation of Stark Young. Lately at noon I saw Brander Matthews and Clifford Smyth lunching together and indulging in heart to heart conversations. Since both are among the most urbane of gentlemen, those conversations must have been thoroughly amusing. Nalbro Bartley, whose "Bread and Jam" has just appeared, arrived in town from Niagara Falls the other day to arrange for some new serials, and to see her first prizefight, the Walker-Shade bout. She went under excellent auspices, for Tex Rickard had secured ringside seats, and her husband, Horace Lerch, is a famous sport writer and promoter. He is, by the way, a most charming gentleman, and my idea of the perfect husband for a literary lady. What a balance wheel he should prove! I have not yet heard, by the way, how she survived the fight.

Grace Bixby of Newburyport, Massachusetts, complains that her state is neglected in THE BOOKMAN and that all our adjectives are wasted on the middle west and the south. I wonder that she didn't mention Vermont. She sends us this delightful example of journalese:

> Mrs. Christine Chretien, Mrs. Minnie Monnette, daughter of Mrs. Chretien, Dr. Edmond Ocoin of Montreal, who are spending their vacation at Salisbury Beach, while going to Dorchester yesterday, took along with them Mrs. Ed. Martel, 11 Essex street, and Miss Lydia Moreau, an expert stenographer in Boston, who was the guest of Antonia Martel, hairdresser, and they all went to Dorchester to pay a special visit to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Martel, the noted organist. They all had the privilege of hearing him play. The party came back early in the morning.

She asks, too, for news of her favorite authors, William McFee, Masefield, Harry Franck, or James Norman Hall. We'll try to oblige Miss Bixby next time. Mr. McFee has promised to

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brave all the secretaries in this office soon. Now is a good time to give away the discovery that he is afraid of women — actually terrified. It would be more than we could hope for to have John Masefield walk into Murray Hill. Miss Bixby has wagered me an apple pie that I can't find news of James Norman Hall, whereupon I am hot on his trail.

When a publicity department sends me a story, I always feel that it must be believed if it is ingenious enough. As a matter of fact, I suppose it should work in just the opposite fashion — if a story is exceedingly ingenious it probably isn't true. Of such, is Myla Jo Closser's tale of a certain manuscript. I believe it thoroughly:

The completed manuscript of "The Paris That's Not in the Guide Books" — the Basil Woon volume of Continental chatter soon to appear — had some difficulty in crossing the Atlantic to its publishers. First a copy sent by post was thought lost in the mails. Mr. Woon, being cabled of its failure to arrive, dispatched a duplicate. This time it was personally conducted by a clergyman, a passenger on the "Olympic". The publishers' representative was on the pier when the "Olympic" docked, only to meet with the news that the manuscript had disappeared from the clergyman's stateroom. Someone suggested that the reverend sir had read the manuscript during the voyage and taken this method of suppressing it. But in the end both copies of "The Paris That's Not in the Guide Books" turned up at the publishers' offices. A postman brought the first; but the copy which had come on the "Olympic" was delivered by a mysterious stranger. Who he was and where he got it remain unsolved. The book will be out in October. Basil Woon is Paris correspondent for Universal News Service.

Who does not know Covarrubias knows not the smart, the current — more, he knows not the most generously gifted of the cartoonists now so busily engaged in mainstreeting America. He whom Covarrubias does not know is naturally unknown to fame, but he may rest comfortably in his bed of nights, secure in the knowledge that the sure malicious pencil has not exposed his darling foibles to a chuckling

Willa Cather, as sketched in "The Prince of Wales"

world. It is uncanny what this youngster can do with a black line on a white paper. He came from Mexico when he was nineteen and homed straight to the bosom of Carl Van Vechten, who uttered a piercing cry of welcome to the natural born sophisticate. The cry was heard throughout the land and Miguel Covarrubias had arrived. All this was two years ago, and since then his cartoons have appeared in the more knowing magazines, he has exhibited, and today comes the ultimate in recognition, "The Prince of Wales and Other Famous Americans", being a volume of his collected character sketches. Mr. Van Vechten writes an introduction, gracefully disclaiming all credit except for the one cry aforementioned. If you would savor the inner qualities of your enemies, have them sit to this youth of prophetic pencil; if you value your own peace of mind, avoid him and subscribe to all magazines so intelligent as to run his stuff.

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Do not let your children forget about Children's Book Week and our Children's Essay Contest which ends November 1. I repeat the rules of the contest for those laggards who have not yet written their stories about "Taking My Book Friends Sightseeing". Choose at least ten characters from ten of your favorite books and take them wherever you wish. If this subject does not please you, write an essay on anything that interests you. Contributions must be not less than three hundred or more than eight hundred words in length; must be written in ink on one side of the paper only; must have name, age, and address of the contestant in the upper right hand corner; and must be addressed to "Children's Book Week Essay Contest" in care of THE BOOKMAN, 244 Madison Avenue, New York City. The statement of a parent or teacher vouching for the originality of the composition must accompany each paper. Manuscripts should be mailed to reach THE BOOKMAN office no later than November 1. For the ten best essays written by boys or girls fifteen years or under THE BOOKMAN offers ten prizes: first, twenty five dollars in cash; second, ten dollars' worth of books; and one book each for the other eight. Two of the best essays received before October fifteenth will be published in the Christmas number. The announcement of prize awards and the first and second prize winning essays themselves will be published in the January number. In the past many good papers have had to be ruled out because they arrived too late. Be sure to do your contest mailing early!

"The Art Guide to Philadelphia" by Edward Longstreth is a most interesting and useful book, well illustrated, clear, and a handy guide to the tourist as well as to anyone interested in reading of the artistic complexities of the city of the Quakers. What a lot of curious little books of one sort and another collect on my shelf each month. Here is a strange story by one Allan Dowling, published by himself and illustrated by one Roddy McRae, very much in the Beardsley manner. Another, a story by Mildred Reynolds Saffold of Montgomery, Alabama, printed for the benefit of the woman's clubhouse fund, is sent me by her daughter. It is a homely story of Negro life, called "Sugar Babe". From the south, too, comes the story of Lady Astor's Negro nurse, Mammy Veenie, told by Ruby Vaughan Bigger. It is published in pamphlet form under the title "My Miss Nancy", and tells the story of the famous lady's early, very early, days in Virginia. "rickety rimes of riq", printed just like that, is a pleasant brown volume from Chicago, with verses by Richard Atwater which are as pleasant as the cover. They are, for the most part, fervently domestic. You may judge yourself of their quality by the following sonnet, doubtless of particular interest to fathers:

ON A VERY YOUNG FRIEND, WHO IS JUST LEARNING TO WALK

On doubtful feet she stands, deliberate:
Considering, with bashful finger to her nose,
How far one may rely on such wee toes.
And so she smiles — not quite disconsolate;
Tho when she trusted last to treacherous fate,
The sudden floor gave disconcerting blows.
True, one as quickly to one's proud height rose;
But with discretion: this time, one will wait
Until the hostile rug goes back to sleep.
Now? With an anxious glance to see all's clear,
Her timid left foot slides in tiny fear —
Then daring right — O desperate balance keep!
A moment's panic, blessed by fortune kind;
Ah! Now with confidence her way she'll find.

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Sinclair Lewis

PORTRAIT BY BERTRAND ZADIG OF SINCLAIR LEWIS, WHOSE DISTINGUISHED NOVELS HAVE GIVEN HIM A PLACE AMONG THE FOREMOST WRITERS OF THE DAY.

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